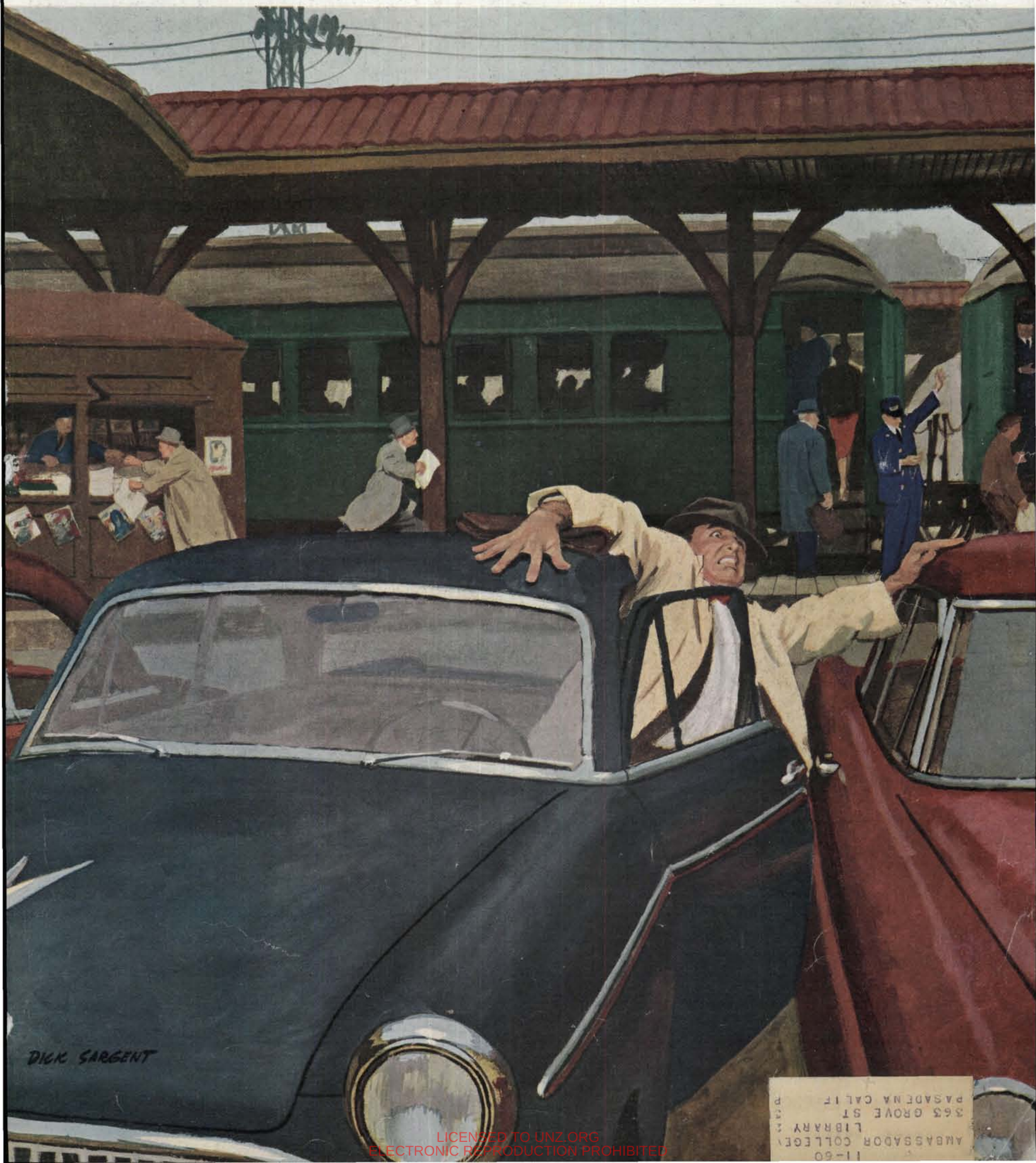
The Saturday Evening
POST
March 5, 1960 – 15¢

After Khrushchev, Who?
By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:
MEN AND CAPITAL
By JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH



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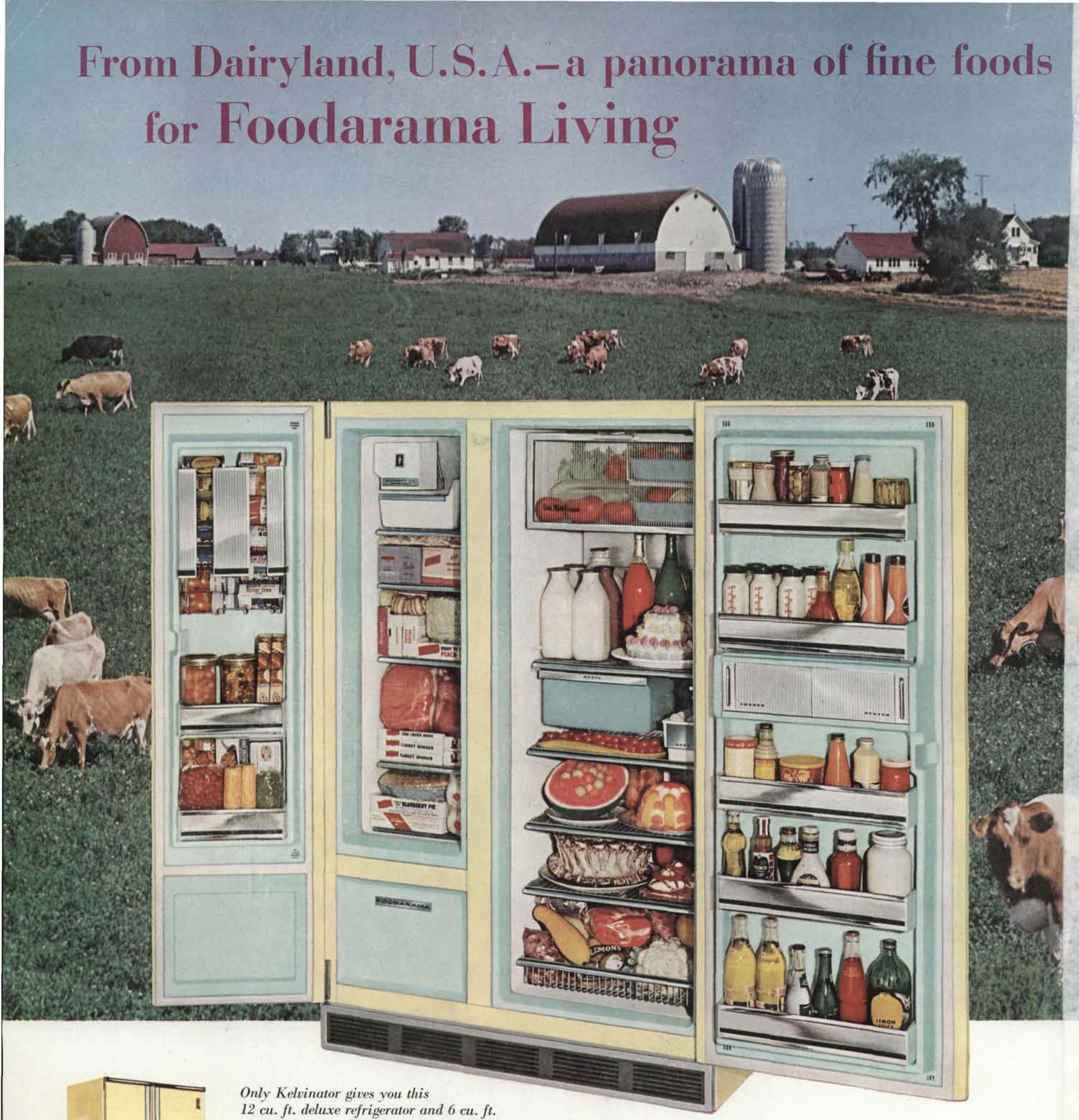
From Dairyland, U.S.A.—a panorama of fine foods for Foodarama Living



You may have your Foodarama in Buttercup Yellow, Bermuda Pink, Surf Turquoise, Aztec Copper or Classic White.

Only Kelvinator gives you this 12 cu. ft. deluxe refrigerator and 6 cu. ft. upright freezer, all in one cabinet only 41 inches wide . . .

Fabulous Foodarama by Kelvinator

Here's a happy new way to get more pleasure from the bounty of America's fertile farms . . . to eat better meals the year round . . . to entertain royally without rush or fuss . . . to save money and save time. It's Foodarama Living!

Foodarama's huge capacity puts an abundance of foods at your finger tips. You shop less but have more on hand. There's always room for supermarket bargains and low-price seasonal specials. And what a joy to have the convenience of ample freezer space right in your kitchen!

You never defrost either refrigerator or freezer. Foodarama's safer "No-Frost" system makes frost a total stranger . . . and does it so much more economically than other systems that you enjoy important savings every year. And you never fuss with ice trays because a remarkable new ice dispenser makes and stores ice cubes for you automatically . . . just reach in and take one or several as you need them!

Even with all this, Foodarama actually costs you less to buy and operate than a separate refrigerator and freezer.

Foodarama is a stunning example of the wonderful plus you'll find only in the kitchen and laundry appliances made by the Kelvinator Division of American Motors Corporation, Detroit 32, Michigan. Make it yours! Fabulous Foodarama!

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Outbreak of Colds!

Don't wait for the first sneeze or sniffle—reach for Listerine right away. Keep on gargling Listerine every few hours until the danger's past. Use it full-strength.

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions. In 12-year tests, those who gargled Listerine twice a day had fewer, shorter and milder colds than those who did not.

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...your No. 1 protection against infection

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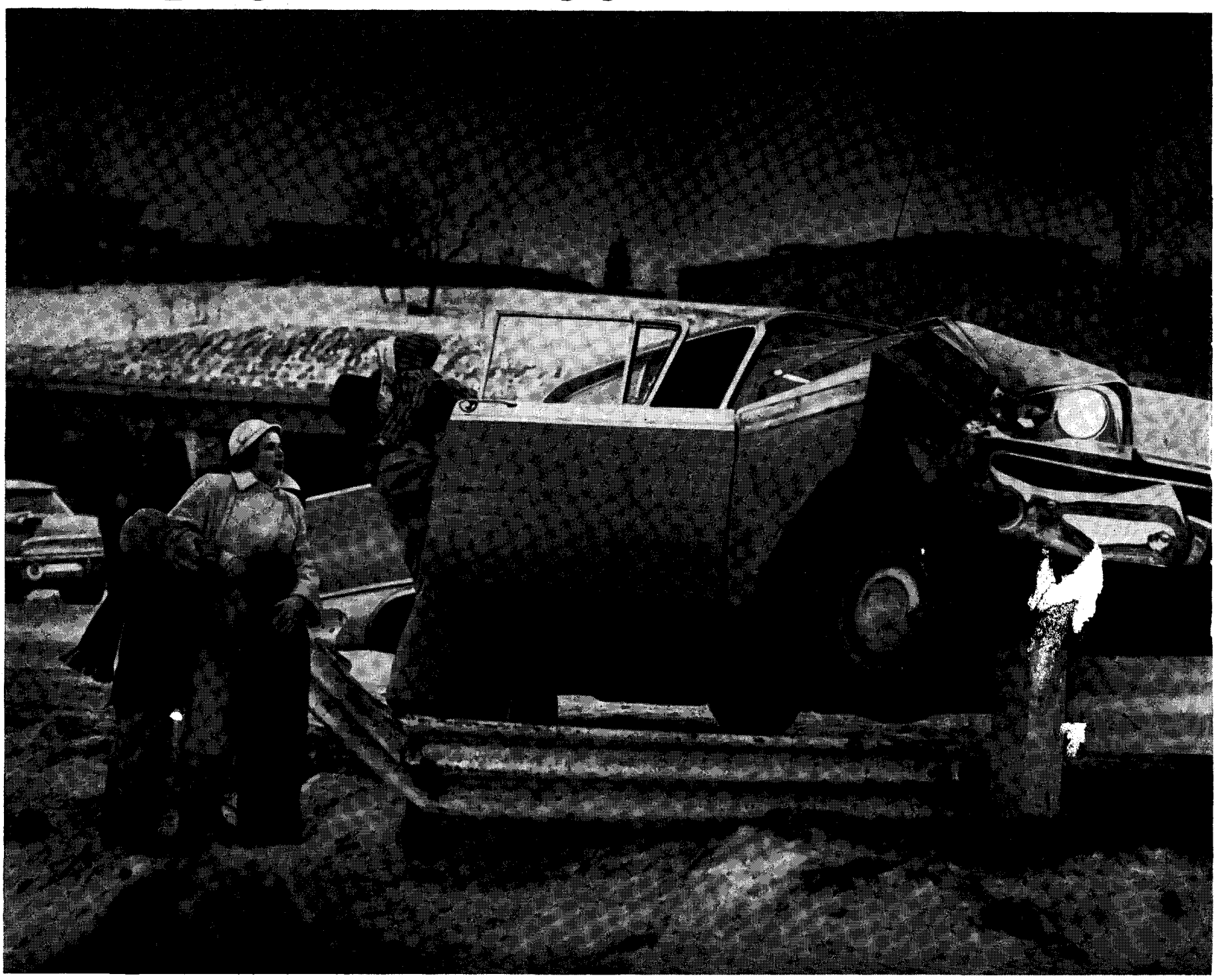
the company that stands by you



BRUSH WITH DEATH

Just 15 minutes later a Liberty man was at the scene

A Liberty Mutual policyholder writes: "Please allow me to express sincere appreciation for the most efficient manner in which you and your personnel handled the claim filed in the auto accident my family and I were involved in . . .

". . . immediately after I reported the accident to Mr. J. in the Liberty Mutual office . . . he contacted Mr. M. who was at the accident scene within 15 minutes after the call. Needless to say, my family and I are grateful for this exceptional service."

Our prompt claims service is available in every state — 24 hours a day. It's thrifty, too. We have always saved substantial amounts for our car-insurance policyholders.* To get Liberty's low-cost quality coverage, write or phone our nearest sales office and tell us when your present policy expires. We'll do the rest.

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A single homeowner's package policy from Liberty Mutual combines fire insurance with 16 other coverages (windstorm, theft, explosion, personal liability, etc.). By buying this package policy, you save about 20% of what it would cost you to buy these coverages separately. What's more, additional savings of 15% in dividends were paid to Liberty homeowner policyholders last year.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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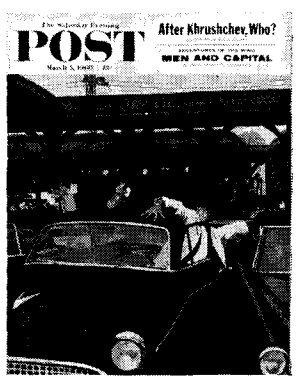

THE COVER

Has Charley Commuter been stabbed in the sacroiliac? Or did he just hear a rip in the seat of his trousers? Alas, something worse is causing his anguish: He is going to miss the 8:29. As artist Dick Sargent—and everyone else—knows, the First Law of Railroad Commuting is that one must board the same car every day and sit in the same seat. Charley now fears that his dilemma will set into motion an unalterable succession of events. At 8:30 the conductor will look at Charley's still-vacant seat and say, "H'm'm'm." At 9:33 Charley's boss will phone Charley's wife. At 9:35 Charley's wife will phone the police. The manhunt will be called off at 9:45 when Charley finally shows up at the office, wondering if there isn't some easier way to earn a living.

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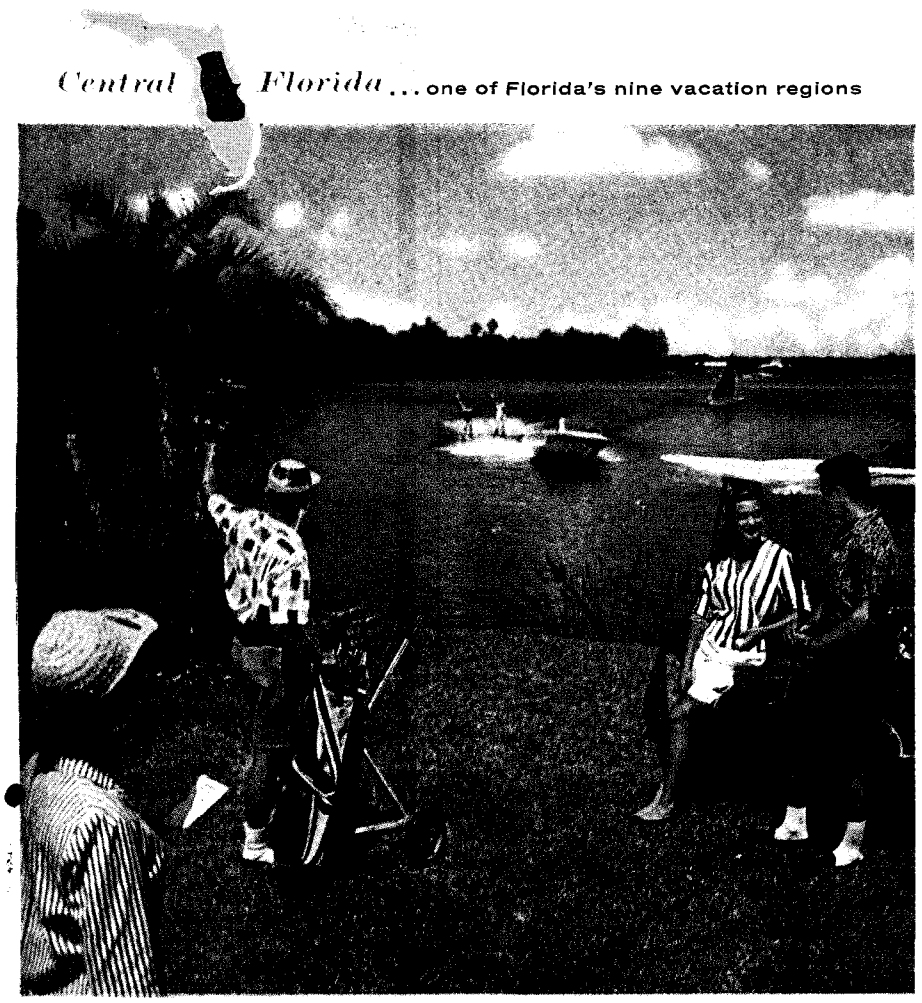


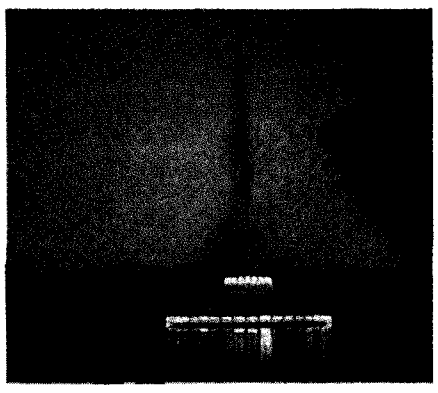
One look and you are lost to its pleasures

Sparkling lakes nestle among the green hills of Central Florida like gems in a jewel case. Hundreds of them! They beckon you to pleasure at every turn of the road.

Little wonder this is a paradise for water sports. Water skiing came of age here and breath-taking exhibitions go on daily near Winter Haven. Instructors can give you the hang of this sport in a few lessons.

Streams and channels join many of the lakes to give you miles of small-boat adventure. Launching ramps and camp sites are plentiful. Fighting black bass grow to unprecedented size, so bring your tackle. Up near Ocala are the big springs. Their clear waters let you see down 50 feet and more in diaphanous depths that teem with aquatic life.

Choose delightful places to stay, from lakeside motels to larger resorts with elaborate facilities. Get full details about this and all nine vacation regions of Florida. Then plan a grand tour of the state. The free guide book offered below is just what you need to get started. Send for your copy today.



Orlando enhances the beauty of Lake Eola with a fountain of glowing color.

Good fishing near Lake Wales is duplicated in hundreds of other locations.

Florida

YEAR-ROUND LAND OF GOOD LIVING

FREE! New 100-page book, A GUIDE to FLORIDA VACATIONS, 1960 edition. Covers Florida from stem to stern. Crammed with full-color photos, maps. Just mail coupon!

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EXECUTIVES: For facts on industrial advantages, write: Florida Development Commission, Dept. D, on your letterhead.

Letters

Crime and Punishment

Dear Sirs:

The Adventure of the Mind written by the Washington, D.C., judge [THE AWESOME DECISION, by David L. Bazelon, Jan. 23] is typical of the half-baked, fuzzy-minded do-goodery which has emanated from the nation's capital for the past thirty years. . . .

The murderer, pronounced cracked by the good judge, is sent up for a cure. He spends four or five years playing shuffleboard with his psychiatrist and is turned loose on a bright spring morning to start life anew. . . .

If this is the "new concept" in justice, I prefer the old-fashioned kind. At least then the taxpayer was spared and there were no repeat killings by the poor, sick little darlings.

J. C. MICHAEL
Oviedo, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

A most provocative and stimulating article. . . . His conclusion . . . that where criminal acts stem from mental disease or defect there will not be criminal responsibility, is nonetheless dangerous.

GEORGE RUSHFIELD
Flushing, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The criminal is mentally and emotionally crippled as a result of his not receiving the stabilizing experience of care, respect, understanding, responsibility and knowledge from those around him in his formative years.

How can such an invalid be held accountable, in a punitive sense, for that which stems from this beyond-his-control emotional disability?

RALPH J. HOGE, C-851
Western State Penitentiary
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Kennedy's Prospects

Dear Sirs:

I have read Beverly Smith's story on Senator Kennedy [THE PROSPECTS OF CANDIDATE KENNEDY, Jan. 23] with interest, but as a stanch supporter of Kennedy's I regretted reading . . . [his] two unfortunately evasive replies about birth control. Every Catholic knows—and I am one—that to any proposal suggesting promulgation of birth control he can answer only no, whether he is a private citizen or President of the United States.

M. E. MCDONALD
Midland, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

The senator is quoted as saying: "Our government does not advocate any policy concerning birth control here in the United States." Two of our states have very strict antibirth-control legislation which forces the Roman Catholic view upon peoples of all faiths. One of them is Massachusetts, the senator's own. The other is Connecticut.

MARGARET W. ANDERSON
Oxon Hill, Md.

Dear Sirs:

If Senator Kennedy becomes our next president there is a fact that cannot be denied. He will either have to compromise his religion or else his politics.

REV. JIMMIE MAYO, JR.
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

Thanks to author Smith, readers might now decide that Senator Kennedy is more than just a youthful Catholic.

BERNADETTE PLOUF
Hayward, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The more I hear of Senator Kennedy the more determined I am to boost him.

ELEANOR PERRY
San Diego, Calif.

Blonde or Brunette?

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed your Jan. 30 cover tremendously, and I feel a deep kinship for the young man, since I go through the same thing every Friday when we have

dancing at school. The only tactful thing for him to do is to sit down between the two girls and start a conversation.

CHRISTOPHER C. MOORE
Bernardsville, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Seventeen years ago a similar situation developed at a college dance. With a rather embarrassed "eeny-meeny-miney-mo" I established first contact with the present Mrs. Smith. Have him try it. It works.

FREDERICK E. SMITH
Ventura, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

If I were in his shoes I would simply ask the blonde for the present dance and tell the brunette that I'll be back for her on the next trip.

PAUL E. DARLEY, age 16
Riverside, Calif.

● *This young man has much to learn about the reactions of brunettes who are relegated to second place.—ED.*

Resigned, Not Fired

Dear Sirs:

In THE CASE OF THE HAWKS' BOSSES [by Irv Goodman, Jan. 23] it was stated that ". . . Alex Hannum was fired by Kerner after winning the N.B.A. championship." The facts are that I was under contract to the St. Louis Hawks for the '57–'58 season with a clause that Kerner could exercise the option of renewing the contract for another year. On the night that we won the N.B.A. championship Kerner announced to the team and the press that the job was mine for another

(Continued on Page 6)

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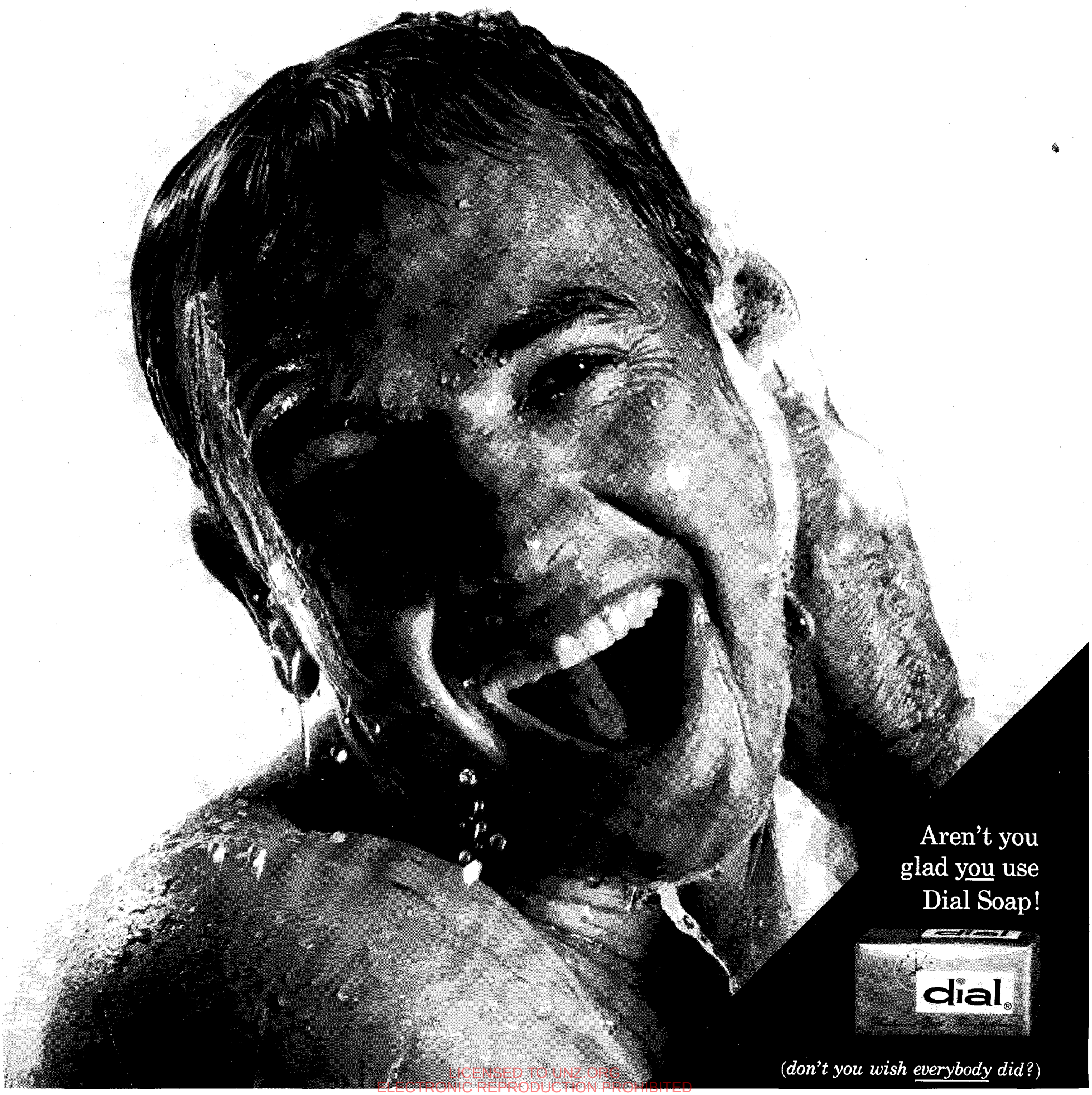
Man alive!

This is the way to start a day! And to end perspiration odor for the rest of it. Dial's AT-7 removes the bacteria that cause odor. Without bacteria, odor can't start. That's why Dial's protection lasts round the clock. And why people who like people like Dial!



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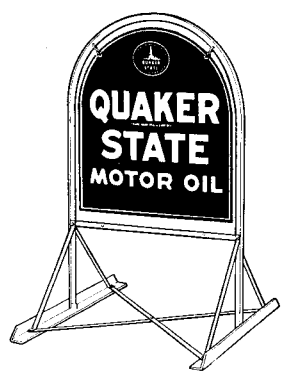
Bob Turnquist, of Morristown, N. J., one of the country's leading classic car experts, owns eight classic Packards, including the 1928 Phaeton shown here. The motor oil he always specifies is Quaker State.

"My classic Packard stays young as ever with Quaker State and so does my new car." Quaker State, refined from 100% pure Pennsylvania crude oil, the world's finest, is an investment in engine protection. Best for old cars, new cars—big cars, compact cars! Available most everywhere. Always ask for Quaker State by name.



Member Penna. Grade Crude Oil Assn.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

year if I wanted it. . . . The next day I went to Kerner's office and told him that I was resigning. . . . I could not stand being associated with Kerner for another year . . .

He then asked me to wait two weeks and reconsider. I did, and in our next conversation he offered me a $1000 raise. I refused. He said, "Think it over," and I replied that I already had thought it over. A release was prepared announcing my resignation. I hope in the future that Irv Goodman will make an attempt to get all the facts before going to press.

ALEX M. HANNUM, *Coach*
Wichita Vickers
Wichita, Kans.

● *"Hannum," says author Goodman, "wanted a raise and a contract for more than one year. Kerner said no and then announced Hannum's 'resignation.' Hannum told reporters the door was still open to negotiate. Kerner said, 'That door is shut.'"*
—ED.

The South and South Africa

Dear Sirs:

The fact that author Hodding Carter [WE NEVER FELT MORE AT HOME, Jan. 23] felt right at home in South Africa certainly doesn't say much for the State of Mississippi.

RONALD LEYS
Sheboygan, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

[The author] says: "In much the same way that the Southerner tells his questioner that the Yankees brought the black slaves to America. . . ." I've heard Southerners say that very thing. Yet United States histories tell us that the first shipload of slaves was brought to Jamestown in 1619. The Pilgrims, who were certainly the first "Yankees," didn't even land at Plymouth Rock until 1620.

SYLVA M. BROWN
Lake Wales, Fla.

● *Carter was merely citing the common Southern belief, not stating it as fact.* *—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The article . . . gave me a wonderful idea. A frequently advocated solution of the race problem has been to "ship the Negroes back." After reading of author Carter's infatuation with apartheid I heartily advocate that he and all agreeing Southerners emigrate to South Africa. They would feel "at home" there.

SARA P. STROUD
Grand Rapids, Mich.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

Dear Sirs:

Were cartoonists Chon Day and Al Johns drinking from the same bottle when they drew the cartoons on pages 34 and 92 of the January 30th issue?

K. L. SWORTZELL
San Francisco, Calif.

"Greetings, whoever you are."

"I think we'd better have another little talk."

Dear Sirs:

Is this a case of not letting your page 34 know what your page 92 is doing?

PHILIP S. WILDER
Brunswick, Maine

● *Yes. We goofed.—ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

20–Wide World. • 21–Sovfoto. • 22, 23–Walter Skor. • 24–Bill Shrout. • 25–Lynn Buckham. • 26–Kosti Ruohomaa from Black Star. • 27–Three by Norman Rockwell; Anonymous. • 28, 29–Larry Keighley. • 30–Henry Syverson. • 31–Robert McCall. 33–Philippe Halsman. • 34, 35–R. G. Harris. • 36, 37–Hanson Carroll. • 38, 39–Bruce Bomberger. • 40, 41–William M. Stephens. • 44–Sam Bates. • 104–The New York Times; Edith H. Berry; Helen Burgess; From Joy Adamson.

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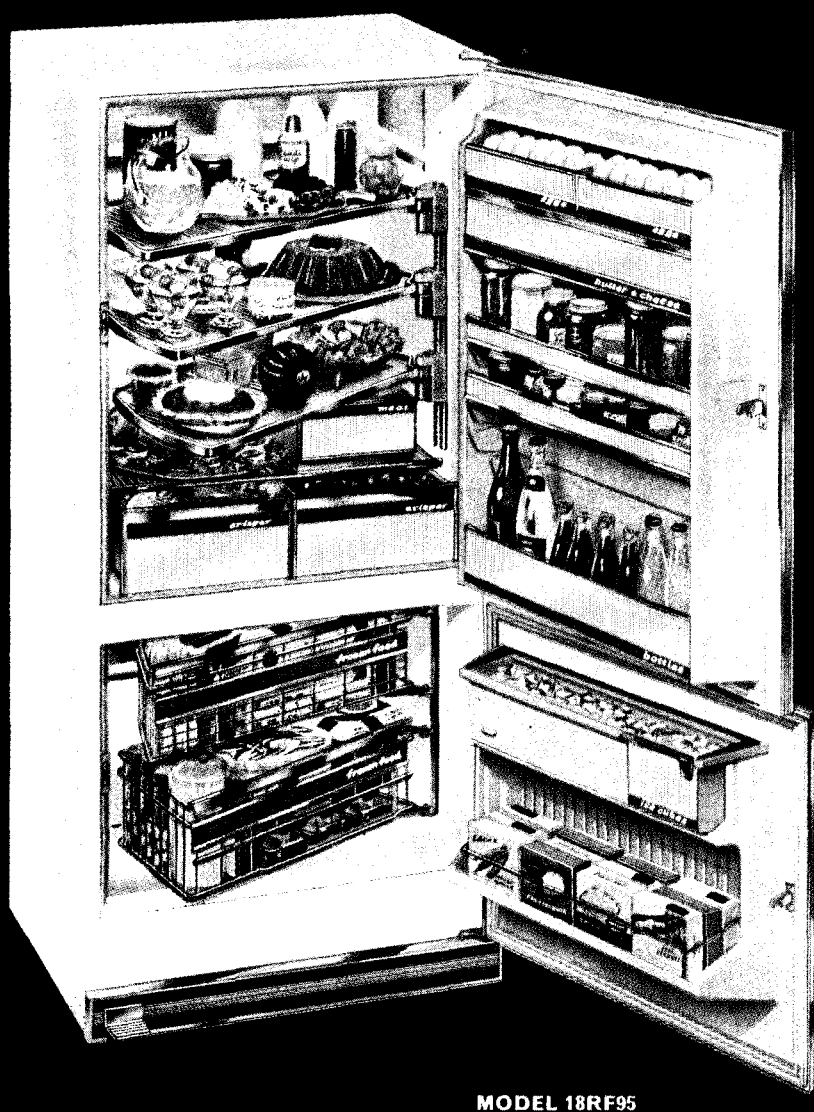
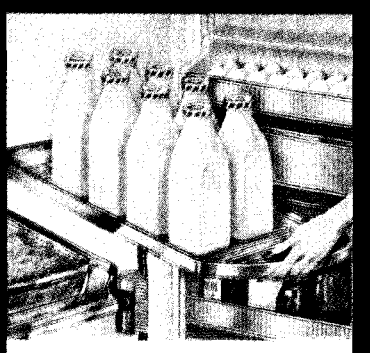
When this ad ran in 1950, Admiral Dual·Temp Refrigerator·Freezers had been operating on "No Defrost" principles since 1939! Over 20 years of experience behind every new 1960 Admiral Dual·Temp!

No defrosting ever

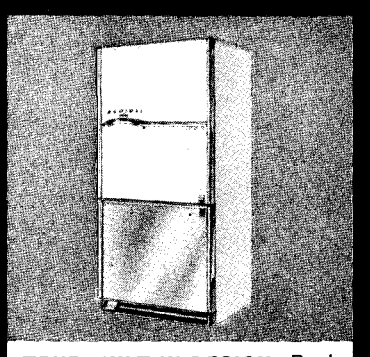
REFRIGERATOR FREEZER!



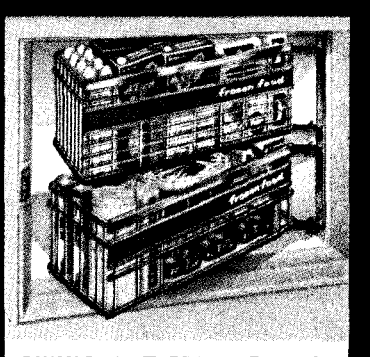


SWING OUT SHELVES—Super-strong, adjustable, put all foods within easy reach—hold up to 90 lbs.—won't rust or corrode.

MAGIC RAY AIR FRESHENER—Exclusively Admiral...foods don't trade flavors...protects flavors of delicate foods!



TRUE BUILT-IN DESIGN—Back fits flush with wall. High density insulation provides largest capacity per sq. ft. of floor space



SWING OUT FREEZER BASKETS—Store bulky packages. Baskets swing on nylon bearings—over 5 cu. ft. freezer space.

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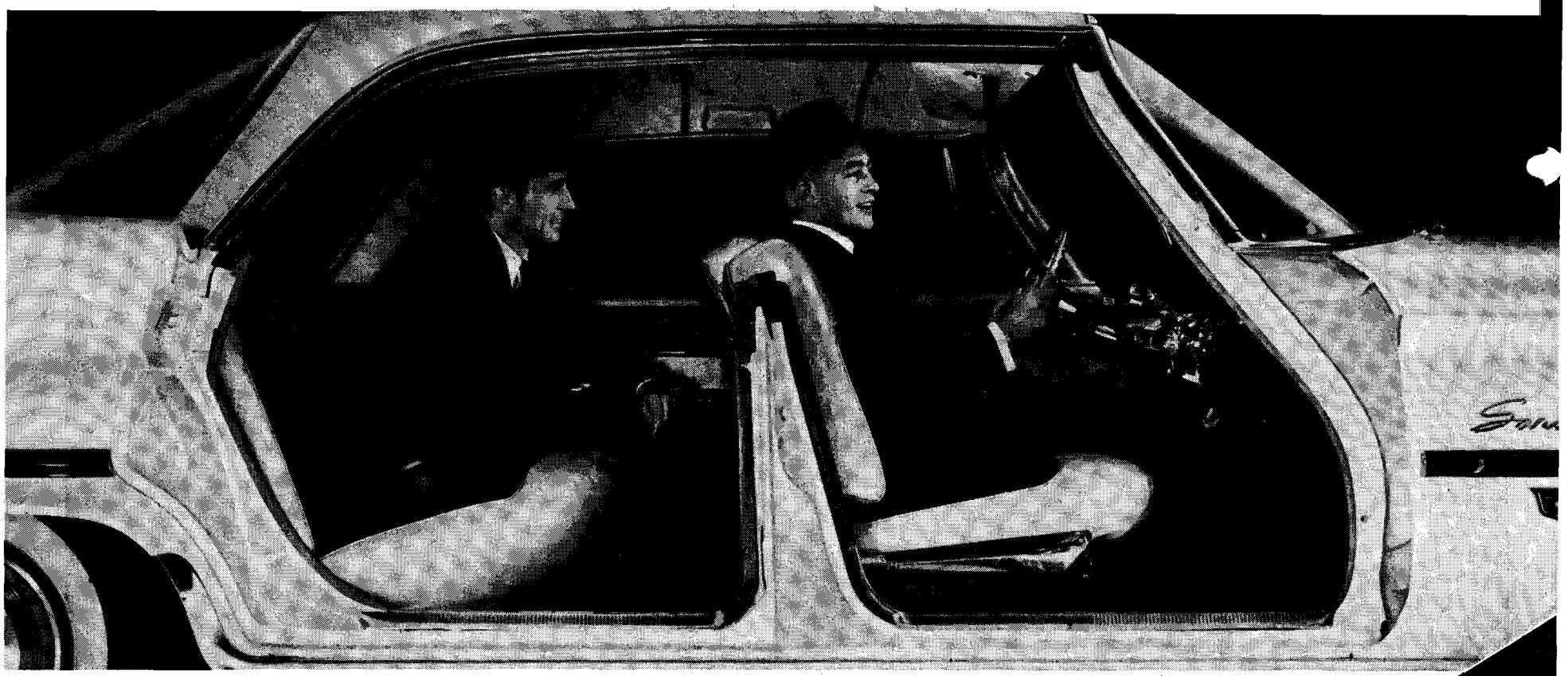
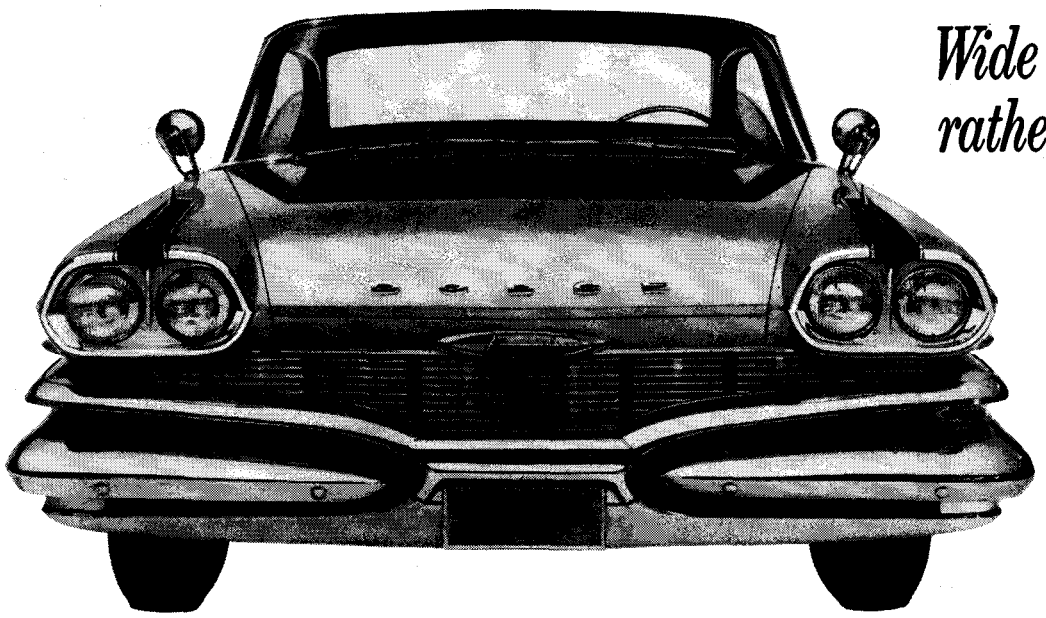


More room inside...without raising the roof or stretching the car



DODGE—New UNIBODY CONSTRUCTION surrounds you with silent strength.

CHRYSLER—Newly styled with the clean lines of natural motion.

Wide doors you can step through rather than squirm through

The new Unibody Construction of 1960 Chrysler Corporation cars has smartly solved two big problems: How to get more room inside without making cars larger outside. And how to make it easier for you to get in and out.

This new way to build cars let us lower the floor, widen the doors, and get rid of useless bulk. So these new cars are no higher, no longer than last year's, but are far more comfortable to live with.

Unibody surrounds you with silent strength

Unibody means body and frame are a single unit, instead of separate parts connected by nuts and bolts.

The biggest single difference between Unibody and old "unitized" construction is this: Road noise and shock are no longer telegraphed in to where you sit. Cars with Unibody Construction are so quiet you'll think you're going ten miles an hour slower than you actually are.

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Editorials

Khrushchev Smooths the Way to a "Red Peace"

You have to be a full-blown, goggle-eyed, love-conquers-all optimist to expect much from a new summit conference. As his part in the preliminaries, Chairman Khrushchev has been making it unmistakably plain that surrender is what he is looking for. He stupefied the guests at a reception at the Italian embassy in Moscow by making new threats on Berlin. The Warsaw group of Red satellites sounded the same tune; and Mikoyan rattled the bombs in our face, in the course of a "cultural" visit to Cuba. For those who are susceptible to hypnotism, Mr. K offers the customary fraud of total disarmament. For those who require sterner treatment, he mentions "fantastic new weapons." What he proposes, as Marguerite Higgins has ably pointed out, is "massive retaliation," but so deep is the euphoria into which many Americans have tranquilized themselves that Soviet threats are actually accepted as promises of peace!

As a subsidiary device to weaken Western resistance to the Communist aggression against Berlin, Red agents have undoubtedly stimulated the recent crackpot outbreaks of anti-Semitic acts in various countries. The Soviet connection with this business cannot be proved legally, although the West German police report the arrest of East German Communists for painting swastikas on a house. But the fuss already stirred up in "minority" circles in this country and in Great Britain makes it clear that Soviet policy is the beneficiary. Beset by demands that they do something to put down a "resurgence of Nazism," the conferees at the summit may find it difficult to stick to their guns on Germany.

This is likely to be difficult enough anyway, in view of the concessions which have already been made. In an article in *Orbis*, published by the University of Pennsylvania's Foreign Policy Research Institute headed by Prof. Robert Strausz-Hupé, Sen. Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut lists the concessions which the West has already made. Although it is widely believed that Khrushchev withdrew, or at least modified, his ultimatum on Berlin, the Soviet dictator's latest outgiving on this was a threat that unless his wishes prevailed, the Kremlin would make a separate treaty with East Germany, "with all the consequences flowing from this."

Senator Dodd, in his *Orbis* article, points out what some of these consequences could be and indicates his belief that they are inevitable unless we restate our original firm position. This included the stipulation that Berlin be discussed only in relation to the democratic reunification of Germany, and not isolated as an "abnormal" situation crying for correction.

Whatever concessions may have been made up to now, there is no reason why they should compromise the American stand at the summit conference in May. Senator Dodd declares that "we could—and should—take the legitimate stand that conversations must start from scratch, that the concessions offered at Geneva have lapsed, since they were not accepted." In a footnote Senator Dodd mentions hints that the United States intends to insist that the summit talks should start from scratch.

Whatever the merits, the success of President Eisenhower in defending our future security will depend to a large degree on solid popular support. If we have become so deluded by false optimism, or fear, that we accept threats of annihilation as promises of peace, and fail to understand that a retreat from Berlin would inevitably be the first step in a retreat from Europe and the signal for our present allies to make the best deal they can with the Communist colossus, the President will have a difficult time resisting the pressures against him. Senator Dodd believes that Khrushchev took home the impression that "America is soft, irresolute, without positive goals, lacking comprehension of the totality of the present conflict, easily duped and determined to preserve the peace—if not at all costs, then certainly at the cost of some further concessions."

The job before responsible Americans, in Congress and out, is to make it plain that, contrary to what Khrushchev may have concluded from his American journey, the people of this country understand Communist purposes and have no intention of submitting to them. With this knowledge as a background, President Eisenhower can go to the summit assured that, whatever assaults he may meet from the Red conspirators, he need not fear any wobbling at home.

Most Americans Like What the Red Cross Does, But They Cut Down Their Donations!

Donations to worthy causes are too often made not willingly but grudgingly, not openhandedly but parsimoniously, rationed against the certainty of future appeals from competing organizations.

Despite this, and to his everlasting credit, the average donor has met his responsibilities well. However wearily he may reach for his wallet, he does reach for it. During the past four years, in fact, while the country's population has grown by 7.1 per cent and the cost of living has risen 7.5 per cent, the dollar total of philanthropic gifts has increased 9.2 per cent. In the same period, however, donations to the Red Cross have fallen off by 1.3 per cent. This is a fact that seriously disturbs the people who run the organization, and it ought to disturb the reluctant donor.

No other charitable organization operates on a wider front to prevent or to lighten human suffering. Last year, for example, the Red Cross collected more than 2,000,000 pints of blood, served 128,000 patients in veterans' hospitals, gave help of one kind or another to almost 1,000,000 servicemen and -women, and provided disaster relief to more than 17,000 stricken families.

Most of this work was performed by the organization's 2,000,000 volunteers—who outnumber paid workers 149 to one—but it still cost a whopping $86,456,200, or about $2,500,000 more than the Red Cross raised during the fiscal year.

Nevertheless, the average donor has cut his Red Cross contribution in favor of other charities. Why? One reason, probably, is that in the increasingly crowded competition for each philanthropic dollar, it is the dramatic appeal that cuts the largest slice. And most of the activities of the Red Cross are relatively unglamorous. When the Red Cross rushes volunteer workers, food and medical care to a flooded town, that's news; but when, weeks or months later, it is still helping flood victims rebuild and refurnish their homes, other matters occupy the front pages. Yet this kind of undramatic rehabilitation takes eighty-five cents of every dollar the Red Cross spends on disaster relief.

Another cause for the public's diminishing response to Red Cross fund appeals is, no doubt, a widespread misunderstanding of and irritation at the organization's money-raising techniques. Some of the 3700 local chapters rely entirely on community United Fund drives to meet their goals. Others stay out of the United Fund and conduct separate campaigns in March. And a few both participate in the United Fund and conduct separate drives. The reasons for this inconsistency derive from the large measure of autonomy given local chapters, from the budgetary limitations imposed by many United Fund campaigns, and from the fact that the Red Cross has only limited control over its expenditures. The congressional charter under which it operates specifies certain services which it must render, regardless of the cost. One of these is service to the armed forces, which costs about $33,000,000 a year. Another is disaster relief, which has averaged nearly $15,000,000 over the past five years.

Few people would find fault with Red Cross services. If the harassed donor could shrug off his annoyance at the organization's apparently haphazard fund-raising methods and fix his thoughts on the vast amount of good the Red Cross does, his status as a cheerful giver to a great American relief enterprise would be restored.

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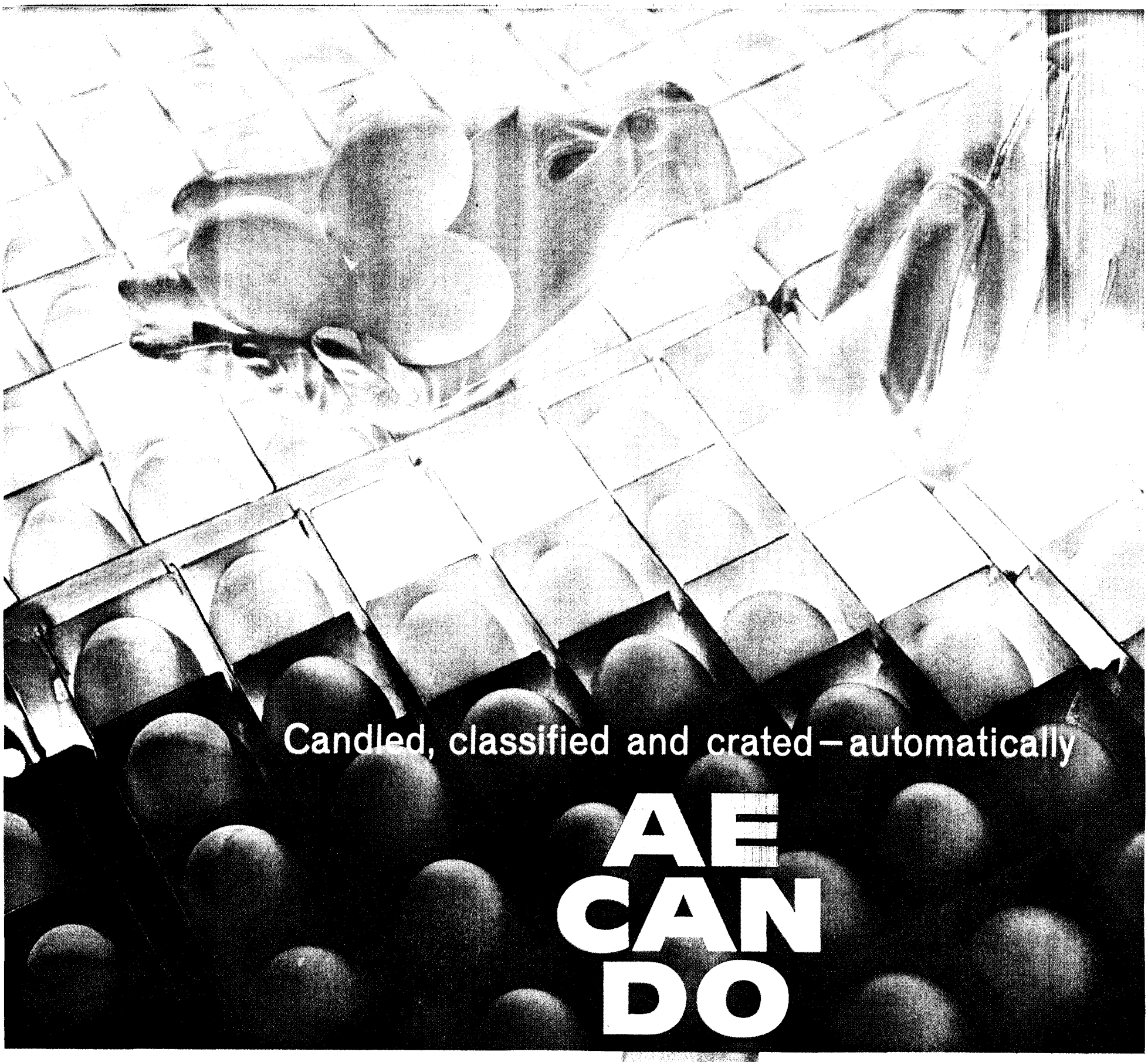

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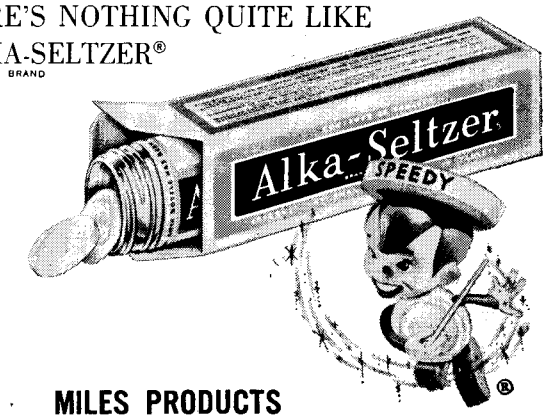

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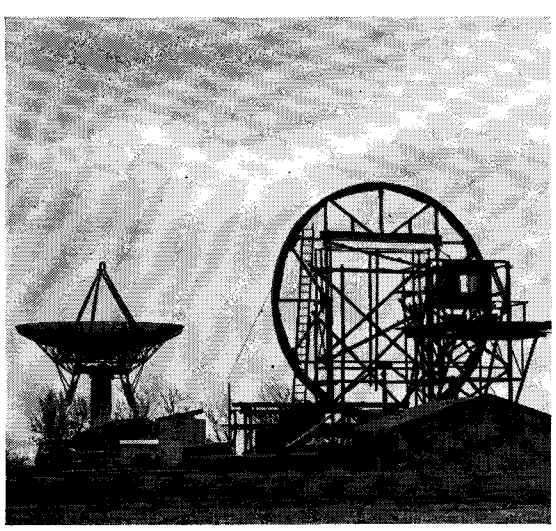

Under construction in foreground is a new antenna which Bell scientists hope will receive signals reflected from earth satellites during forthcoming tests. Background: a Project Echo transmitting antenna.

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To explore the possibilities of this type of global communication, scientists and engineers at Bell Telephone Laboratories are now working hard on the communication phase of Project Echo. This experiment, sponsored by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, seeks to reflect radio and voice signals across the United States by means of a 100-foot satellite.

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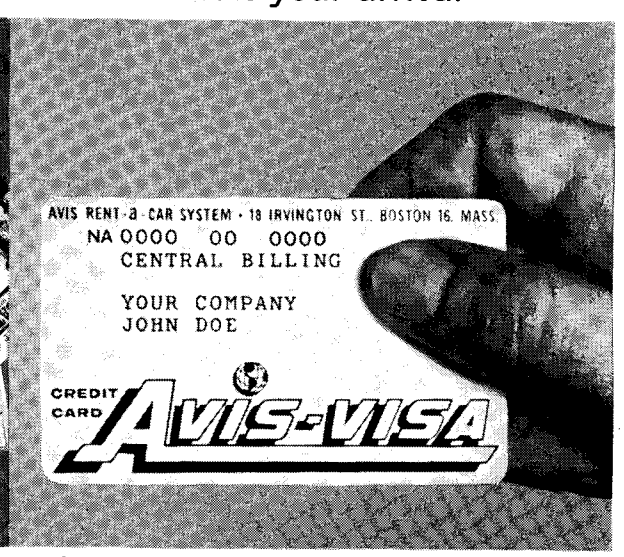

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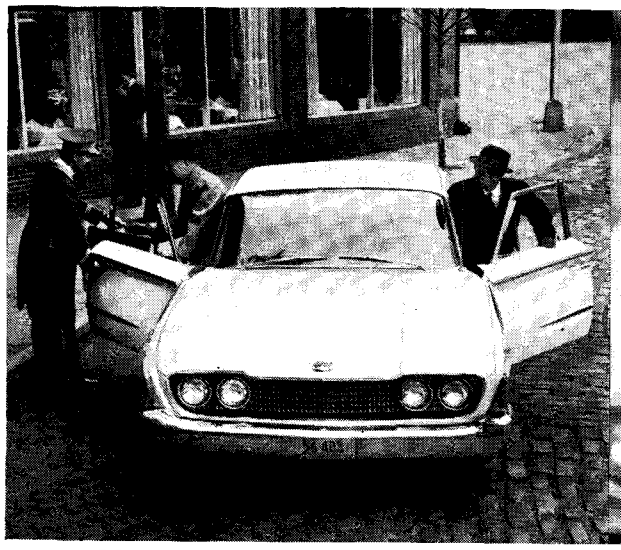

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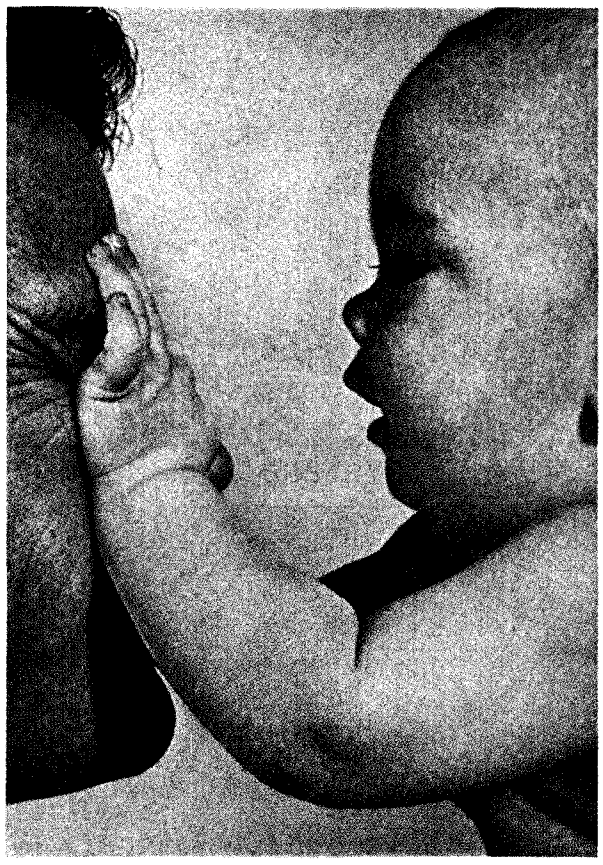

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The Saturday Evening POST
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AFTER KHRUSHCHEV, WHO?

An expert on Soviet Russia reports on the crucial struggle for power in the Kremlin and lists the leading candidates to succeed Nikita, who is nearly sixty-six.

By
HARRISON E.
SALISBURY

Today Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev calls the turns in Russia. He will celebrate his sixty-sixth birthday on April seventeenth—a vigorous, almost tempestuous sixty-six. His health seems robust, although he goes easy on the toasts these days and follows a low-salt diet. "God grant that you should all feel as good as I do," he said as he wound up his exhausting American trip.

But Khrushchev is mortal, like the rest of us. Some morning we may awaken to find that a cardiac accident has shifted Kremlin power into new hands. Whose hands might these be? After Khrushchev—what? And who?

Already the jockeying for position has begun among the powerful and ambitious men around Khrushchev. The succession may well be years away. But the struggle to be close to the levers of Kremlin power at the decisive moment is already in progress. Some men are moving up. Others are falling out of the inner circle. The fight for power goes on without cessation.

Never once before Stalin died in 1953 was the name of Khrushchev mentioned as his possible heir. No one in Moscow and no expert abroad suggested him as a dark-horse possibility for the job. Yet Khrushchev managed to outwit all his rivals.

Today the problem of Kremlin succession warrants a priority even higher than when Khrushchev made his successful bid. The fate of the world may depend on the policy initiated by a new Soviet leader. Yet, the intricate power structure of the Kremlin remains a mystery in which the most assured convictions often prove the least reliable. As one observer put it in the Stalin days: "Anyone who claims to understand Kremlin politics is obviously ill-informed." Another said: "There are no experts on the Kremlin—only varying degrees of ignorance."

Fortunately for the free world it is somewhat less difficult to penetrate Kremlin politics in the extrovert world of Khrushchev than in the paranoid miasma of the late Stalin years. Today there is evidence to ponder. It is even possible to lay down certain rules which are likely to govern the succession. We may not be able to pinpoint Khrushchev's successor. But we can at least determine which men are most likely to succeed in certain circumstances and within certain limitations.

Stalin delighted in mystification, confusion, deception and concealment. The Kremlin was a riddle not only to the West but to its inmates as well. Less than six months before he died the old dictator mixed up all the political cards in the Soviet deck. After he reshuffled the pack at the nineteenth Communist Party Congress, no one could guess who his successor might be. Khrushchev says that Stalin thought he would live forever and consequently never picked anyone to take his place. "This made it very difficult when Stalin died," Khrushchev says. CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Khrushchev does not hesitate to talk about the succession, even with foreigners. The difficulties bequeathed by Stalin are not going to be repeated, he told ex-Gov. Averell Harriman last summer. A successor has already been picked. He is Frol R. Kozlov, the tall, handsome party leader from Leningrad who visited America to open the Soviet Exhibition in New York last June.

"Isn't that right, Anastas?" Khrushchev said, turning to his first deputy, Anastas Mikoyan.

"Yes, indeed," Mikoyan dutifully replied.

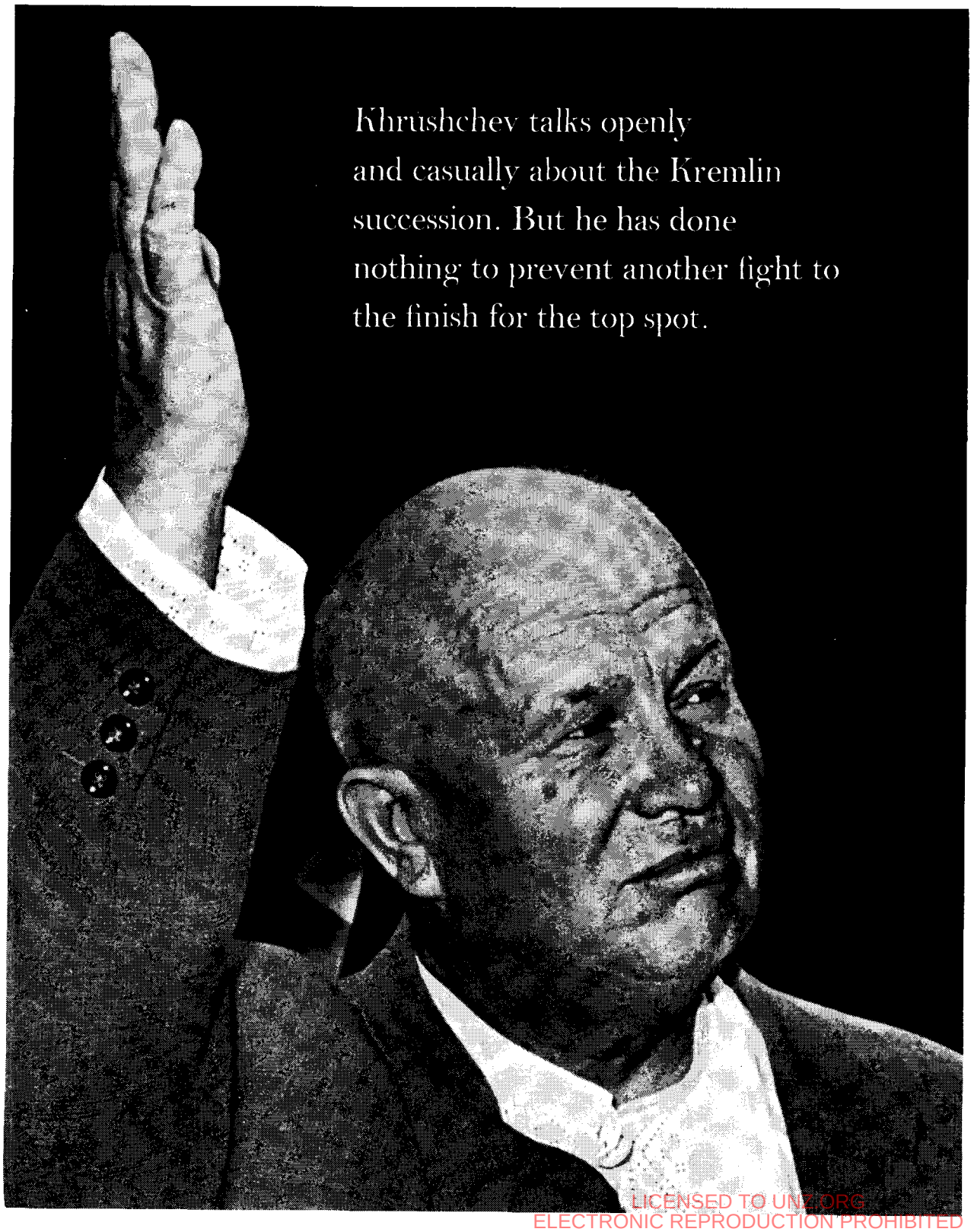
If these words are taken at face value there is no enigma. The problem is solved. We can devote our time and energy to exploring the views and inclinations of Crown Prince Kozlov. The trouble with this is that not everyone in Moscow believes that Khrushchev's statement on Kozlov has settled the question. There are those who think that Khrushchev may not be above trying out a little mystification himself. And there are increasing signs that he has begun to employ the old Stalin tactic of playing off one powerful member of his entourage against another.

Not that Kozlov should be ruled out as a possible successor. At fifty-one he is an able, vigorous politician who has blossomed in the past year under the stimulus of a trip to America and his role as Vice President Nixon's host in Russia. But he is still a newcomer to the Big Picture. Khrushchev brought him forward quite recently, moving him to Moscow from Leningrad, where he had served as Khrushchev's lieutenant since soon after Stalin's death.

Until recently Kozlov's manner and dress betrayed the wooden, pompous style of the ham-handed party man from the provinces. Now he dresses with more care. He carries himself with a new dignity, lets his picture be taken and shows more self-confidence, wit and grace than before.

Unlike most of Khrushchev's team, Kozlov never served in the Ukraine. Born and reared in the peasant back country not far from Moscow, he was sent to Leningrad in the darkest days of the late Stalin era—after a vicious purge had carried most of the Leningrad party leaders to the execution chambers in 1948–49. He managed to ride out the tricky shifts in the political winds until Stalin died. There is no doubt that Kozlov is a tough Communist politician. But many in Moscow are betting that he is more likely to prove to be a Bulganin than a Khrushchev. Moscow means by this that Kozlov is more likely to wind up in the premiership than in the party secretaryship, the real repository of Soviet power.

The Soviet high brass shown above


Khrushchev talks openly
and casually about the Kremlin
succession. But he has done
nothing to prevent another fight to
the finish for the top spot.

Khrushchev's seemingly casual nomination of Kozlov as his successor raised many eyebrows in Moscow. Some persons question how seriously Khrushchev intended his remarks. But, even if he meant them, efforts by Soviet leaders to anoint a successor seldom work out. Lenin wrote a "last testament" as a guide to his associates. Fearing a split between Trotsky and Stalin, he proposed that Stalin be removed as party secretary. But even though the party revered Lenin as a saint, it ignored his words. Stalin swiftly grabbed the reins of power, drove Trotsky from Russia and executed most of Lenin's surviving colleagues in the great purges of the 1930's.

Stalin was an almost unknown outsider, but he won the Kremlin prize. History repeated itself in the case of Khrushchev. The Big Three at Stalin's death were Malenkov, Molotov and Beria. Khrushchev was just the man in charge of the funeral arrangements. Six years later Khrushchev stands at the top. All his better-known colleagues have vanished.

This, as *Pravda* would say, is no accident. Actually it stems from the primitive, crude fashion in which power is transferred in the Soviet state. Russia lacks an orderly tradition for choosing a chief of state. Even in the old czarist days intrigue, plots, exile and murder were so common that a cynical Englishman remarked that "In England the throne descends by the rules of primogeniture. In Russia it descends by regicide."

Communist rule has done little to change this. In theory the Soviet has an elaborate constitutional system. But this is a façade.

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recently gathered on Ivanov Square in Moscow to celebrate the unveiling of a new Russian helicopter. The next chief of state is probably in this picture.

Real power resides within the highest echelon of the Communist Party. It is the party which manipulates the electoral system and decides who shall win.

The Communist Party picks its leader by a vote of the Central Committee—a narrow body of 125 to 135 men. The composition of this committee is determined by an even smaller body—the Presidium (formerly Politburo) of the Communist Party, a group of eleven to fifteen members. Thus, a change of leadership takes place not through a national election, not through a vote of parliament, not by a party convention, not by the elevation of a vice president into the vacant presidency.

The leadership is fought for and seized in a bitter and largely secret struggle within the narrowest circle at the very pinnacle of the party. It is won in a contest of will and wile in which the only limit upon weapons and tactics is that imposed by the participants themselves. Stalin placed no restraints upon his intrigues. Stalin's heirs (except for Police Chief Beria) apparently agreed not to use the police power or terror against one another.

But, for all his de-emphasis of police power, Khrushchev has done nothing to ensure that this terrible weapon will not be employed in the next struggle for power. Nor has he done anything to ensure that another fight to the finish will not break out when he dies.

This is the reality of the situation. What counts in the succession is not the blessing of "Anastas and myself," but manipulation of the levers of power at the fulcrum of the Soviet apparatus.

This is why the "politics of the presidium" is constantly under study by Soviet specialists of every foreign office and intelligence agency in the western world. Few questions can more deeply affect our future. Who is going up? Who is going down?

In Stalin's day a kind of rough chart of political ups and downs was maintained by a display of "portraits of the leaders" twice a year, in November and May. Stalin hung the pictures of the Politburo in the order of their supposed importance. If a man dropped from third to sixth he was going down. If he rose from eighth to fifth he was coming up fast. Such was the theory. Actually Stalin manipulated the ups and downs to confuse his subordinates and keep them at one another's throats.

Still, the portraits did offer some clue to what was going on in the secret-haunted Kremlin. The men who were at the top in the first months after Stalin died—Malenkov, Molotov and Beria—all held high numbers in the "portrait stakes." But the man who really won out—Khrushchev—never ranked higher than No. 8 on the portrait parade.

Just as Dark Horse Stalin came in first in the mid-1920's, so did Long Shot Khrushchev in the mid-1950's. Will it happen again? History has a way of repeating itself in Russia. In trying to figure out Khrushchev's successor much can be learned from the role Khrushchev played under Stalin. The Khrushchev we know is an extraordinarily talkative extrovert. Few men in public life in any country talk more often, more freely and at such length.

This is just the opposite of Stalin's way. Stalin's style was secret, cloistered, poisonously suspicious. Khrushchev's is open and public. Two men more unlike would be hard to find; yet for fifteen years before Stalin's death Khrushchev held important jobs under him. For more than ten years he was Stalin's henchman in the Ukraine. In Stalin's final years Khrushchev ran the Moscow party apparatus.

How could this vigorous, robust, vocal man have survived those grim Stalin days and then come out on top of all his Kremlin associates? He could not have sat silently in Stalin's presence and cast down his eyes, for this was precisely what made Stalin most suspicious. "Look me in the eyes," Stalin would say. "Speak frankly. What are you trying to conceal from me?"

No. Even if Khrushchev had been physically capable of keeping his mouth shut, it would not have helped. He could not have survived by that route. There are those who assume that Khrushchev came to the top because he was Stalin's faithful henchman; that he carried out whatever bloody or infamous business Stalin had on hand; that when Stalin died Khrushchev grasped the leadership by the same kind of treachery that won the Kremlin for Stalin.

Of course, Khrushchev was a reliable supporter of Stalin just as he is a dedicated believer in Communist doctrine. Were he not both he would not have survived and won high office. But Khrushchev is not Stalin and he did not follow the Stalin path to power. He was once asked by a reporter how it was that he, a man who had not been very prominent before Stalin's death, had moved up to the top.

It once happened, he replied, that there were four persons in prison in the Ukraine—a burly anarchist, a clever Social Democrat, a dedicated Communist and a little Jew named Pinya. They often disagreed and decided to elect the little Jew as their chairman to resolve all disputes. Finally they decided to escape from prison. They dug a tunnel, and the question arose of who should go first. Each had some excuse because it seemed sure that the first man out would be shot by the guards.

The little Jew intervened. "I am your leader," he said. "You elected me by a democratic process. So I will go first."

The moral, said Khrushchev, is that each man, whoever he may be, finally rises to the level of the responsibility which he is given.

"You know who that little Jew was?" Khrushchev asked. "That little Pinya, that was me."

What Khrushchev seemed to be saying was that to get ahead (Continued on Page 84)

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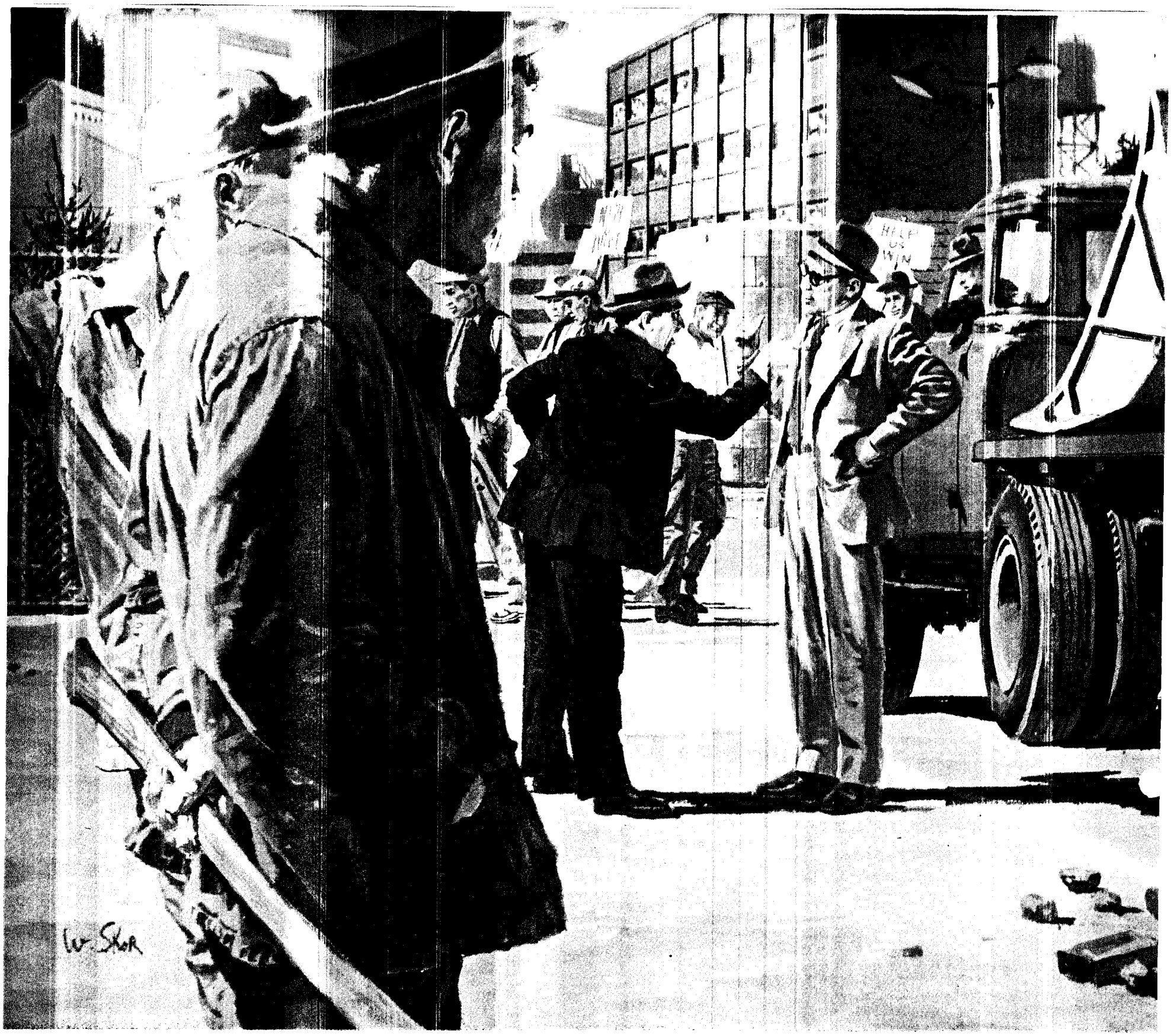

"I just asked myself," said the picket boss, "what I would do if I was a donkey like you."

BOTTS and the PICKET LINE

A new adventure of the World's Greatest Salesman.

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF GILBERT HENDERSON, PRESIDENT

Friday, August 14, 1959

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS
SALES MANAGER, EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.
SHERWOOD HOTEL
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Dear Botts: As you are doubtless aware, our Earthworm City plant has been closed for over a week by a strike. Negotiations with the union are now in progress, and we hope for an early settlement. However, the situation is so delicate that the company is most anxious to

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avoid any action which might antagonize our striking workmen or their leaders.

Kindly instruct all sales personnel, including our dealers and their employees, that they are to refrain from any acts which might lead to violence or disorder. It is especially important that none of our people should attempt to cross a picket line.

Most sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON

SABLE FLATS HOTEL
SABLE FLATS, MICHIGAN

Tuesday evening, August 18, 1959

Dear Henderson: Your letter forbidding the crossing of a picket line has been forwarded and has reached me in the middle of a crisis so serious that I may be forced to disregard your instructions and obey, not the order which you have actually given, but rather the order which you would have given if you had known what you were talking about. To the end that you may understand exactly why I am invoking this well-known higher principle of discipline, I will explain the situation in detail.

Yesterday in Detroit I called on Mr. Frank Bolton, president of the great Bolton Paper Company. I suggested that he ought to use more Earthworm tractors in his far-flung logging and pulpwood operations. He promptly invited me to accompany him to one of his paper mills here at Sable Flats, where an emergency had arisen which he thought might require the services of a large tractor. We flew up in his private helicopter—arriving late this morning—and I was at once confronted by a most interesting problem.

The paper mill is located in a narrow valley at the edge of the town of Sable Flats on the bank of a small stream known as Sable Creek. The previous night a big landslide just below the mill had blocked the creek with a mass of mud and uprooted trees. The superintendent of the mill estimated that unless the obstruction were cleared away, the rising waters would probably flood the mill in about four days—or sooner in case of rain. It seemed unwise to dynamite the obstruction—first, because it was too close to the mill and second, because a heavy explosion might start another slide. The superintendent was worried. Mr. Bolton was worried. I was pleased.

"Gentlemen," I said, "your troubles are over. As of this moment I am taking charge of the entire situation."

"And just what do you think you are going to do?" asked the superintendent.

"I am going to call on our Earthworm dealer here in Sable Flats. (Continued on Page 92)

Illustrated by Walter Skor

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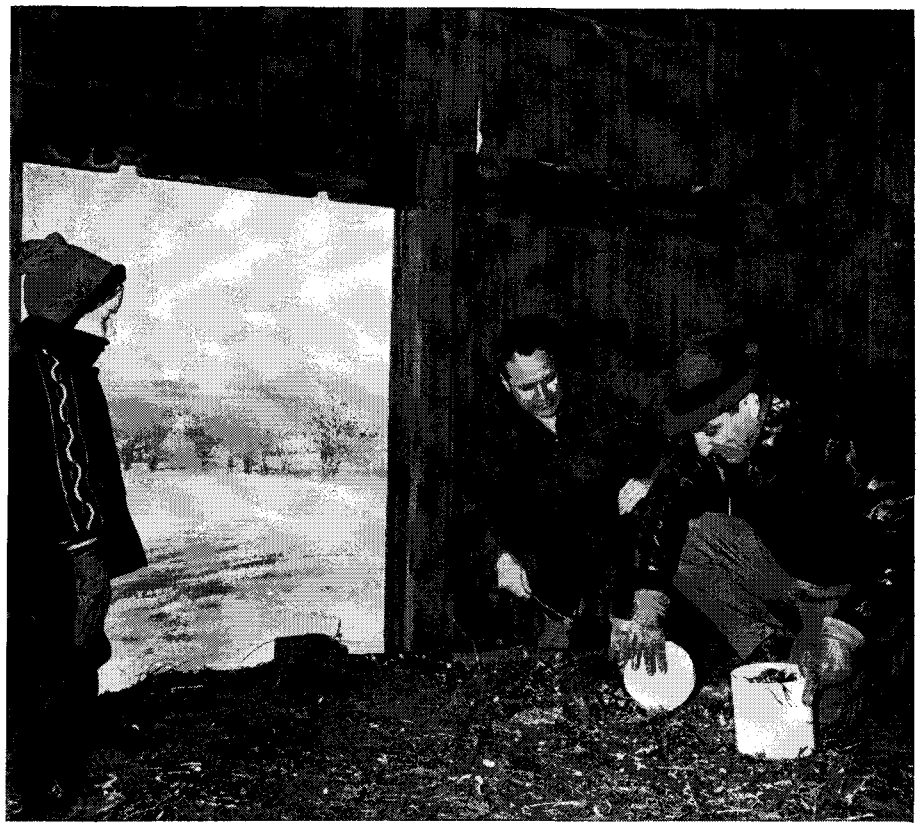

Olathe, Kans.: Dr. Michael Furcolow (wearing hat), who heads the U. S. Public Health Service research on histoplasmosis, collecting test specimens of pigeon droppings, which often contain the fungus causing the ailment.

Dr. Amos Christie with a young patient at Vanderbilt University Hospital, a center for the study of "histo," in Nashville, Tenn. Doctor Christie helped develop a skin test for detecting the infection.

Untold numbers of Americans have suffered from deceptive histoplasmosis, which often mimics other infections. Here's how the doctors exposed . . .

The Disease That Fooled X Rays

By Constance B. Gilleo

When Ronnie Stevens was carried into the Missouri State Sanatorium at Mount Vernon in September, 1958, he was so ill that his parents, his doctors and even Ronnie himself wondered if he would survive. A slight, lively twelve-year-old from Marble Hill, Missouri, Ronnie had been in good health until a week before, when he suddenly was stricken with a severe cough and persistent fever of 104 degrees. When his lung X rays revealed the shadowy areas typical of overwhelming tuberculosis, he was admitted immediately to the state sanatorium as an emergency case.

A week later the hospital's chief of medicine, Dr. J. Lewis Yates, had unexpected news for Ronnie's parents: Laboratory tests showed that their son did not have tuberculosis after all; he had a disease called histoplasmosis.

The Stevenses were mystified. Exactly what was histoplasmosis, and how good were Ronnie's chances? To the first question Doctor Yates had a ready answer: Histoplasmosis is a noncontagious disease caused by inhaling *Histoplasma capsulatum*, a soil fungus which often thrives in chicken houses. (Ronnie had cleaned a chicken house shortly before he became ill.) The disease is most prevalent in the Missouri, Mississippi and Ohio river valleys and it often masquerades as influenza, tuberculosis or virus pneumonia. But about Ronnie's recovery Doctor Yates could not be so certain, for he knew the youngster had an unusual and highly dangerous form of histo. Anxious weeks followed, while Ronnie was kept in bed and given Amphotericin B, Squibb's antifungal agent. (This and the sulfonamides are the most effective weapons available against histo at this date.) For a time Ronnie's condition was critical, but when he finally was discharged from the sanatorium, after three months' treatment, he was fully restored to health.

One of the strangest and most misunderstood ailments in American medical annals, this disease was long relegated to the limbo of rare, deadly, tropical infections. But research begun in the mid-1940's by Dr. Amos Christie of Vanderbilt University has changed this view radically, and histo has emerged as a disease native to large areas of the United States, in forms which may be imperceptibly mild, moderately severe or rapidly fatal. (Continued on Page 100)

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MARRIAGE MOOD

By SAMUEL GRAFTON

Even for an admitted husband-hunter her approach was astonishingly bold.

My friends are having a lot of innocent amusement about my getting married. "Hear you got hooked," is the way they put it. I am beginning to hate that word.

How can they say I got hooked? I have fielded more matrimonial plays in my time than Mickey Mantle has caught fly balls.

I am a normal young man, Alton G. Vendable, twenty-eight years old; and if I decide to get married, what's so funny? Do I have two heads or something?

The whole thing happened fair and square. Those guys who are laughing should only have had as fair a shake at making up their minds as Estelle gave me.

The third time I took Estelle out we were going home from a pleasant evening at the Bluebottle Fly Inn. I kissed her in the cab—because it was that time of evening—and I said, "When are we going to do this again?"

"Never," she said. "I don't want dates any more. I want to get married."

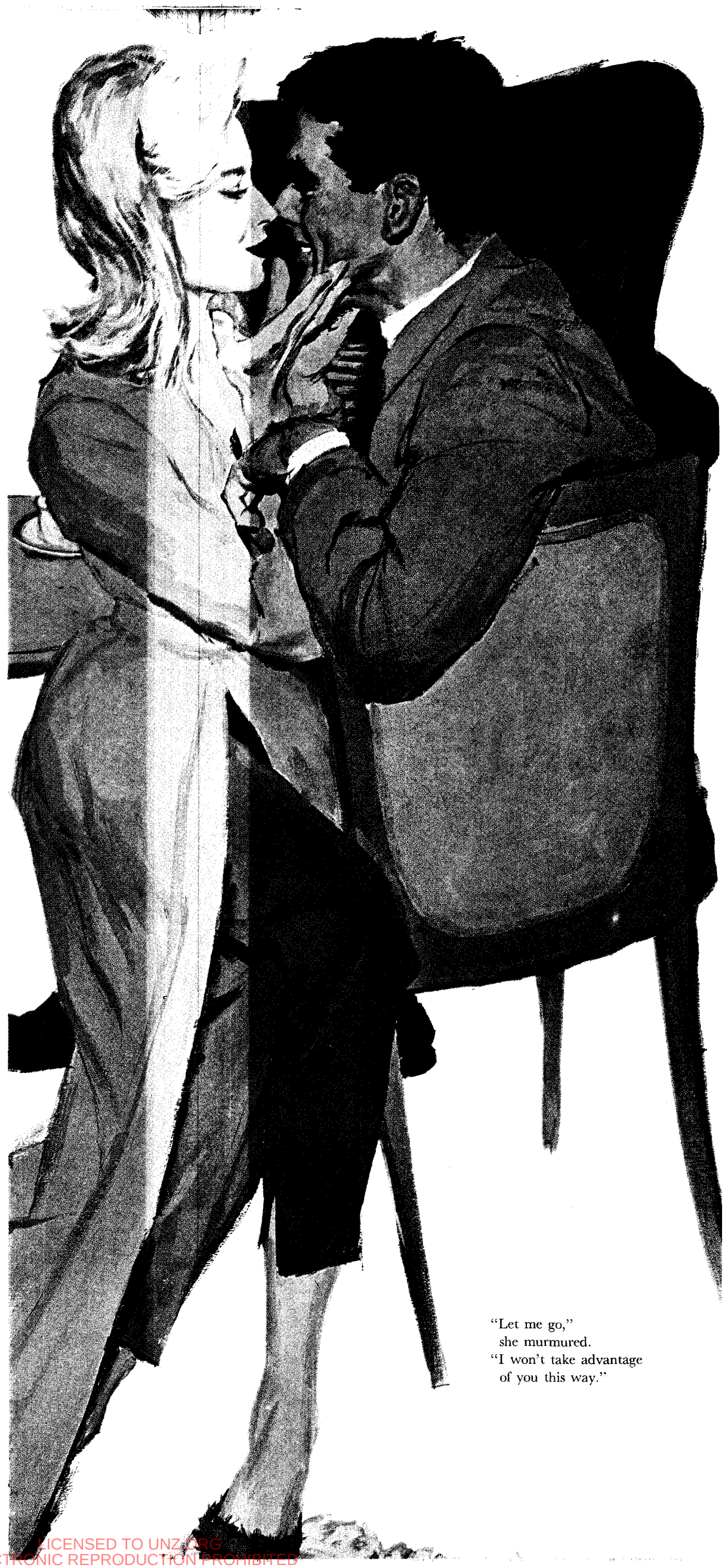
"What?" I said, opening my door though the cab was still moving at a good clip.

"I want to get married," she said, repeating the awful words like she was saying, "Please pass the corn chowder." "Close the door while I explain. I don't want to dress up on Saturday night and smile for four hours in a dark night club to keep a man interested. I want to stay home with a man I like and kiss him without caring who comes in the door. I want to get married."

O.K., you might say she made a try for me. But it was honest, no? No games, no guile. Honest, right? What's so funny?

There we were in front of Estelle's apartment house on upper Broadway; the cabby was sitting strictly eyes front, and I looked at this girl. She is—well, you know Estelle. She is tall and nice and has that light hair; and her lip and nose make that little movement when she laughs. But marriage!

"Well, Estelle," I said, because you shouldn't shilly-shally in these emergencies, "you have your life, and I have (Continued on Page 72)



"Let me go," she murmured. "I won't take advantage of you this way."

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MY ADVENTURES AS AN ILLUSTRATOR PART FOUR

When I Busted Out of the Navy

As an artist the author prospered so well that he took a wife. Then in a burst of patriotism he joined the Navy—and was officially declared a misfit.

By NORMAN ROCKWELL
as told to Thomas Rockwell

For his 1948 "Gossip" cover, Rockwell used himself as the model for the victim. Compare Rockwell in the mirror below with Rockwell in the bottom row of the cover on the next page. Above the mirror are sketches of the woman who started it all and the man at end of the top row.

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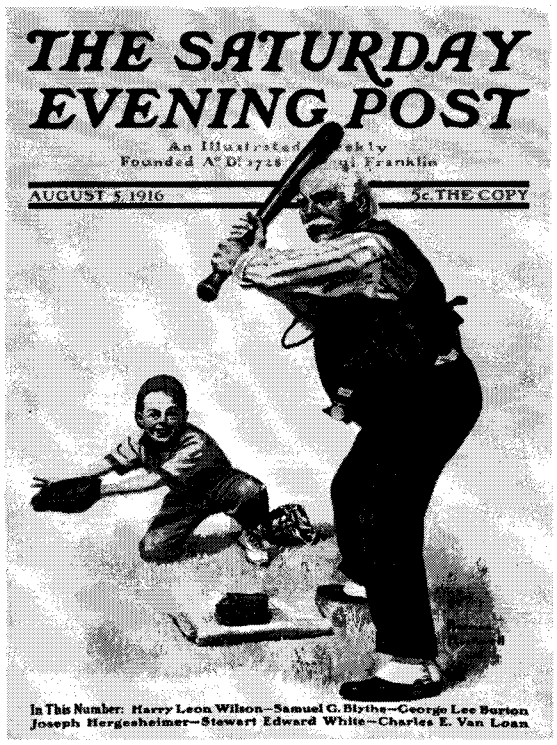
Besides himself, the artist also included among the gossipers his wife, Mary, who died last summer. She is shown in the second and third figures in the middle row.


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
AUGUST 5, 1916
5c. THE COPY
In This Number: Harry Leon Wilson—Samuel G. Blythe—George Lee Burton
Joseph Hergesheimer—Stewart Edward White—Charles E. Van Loan

This is the cover—Rockwell's third—which *Post* editor George Horace Lorimer made him do over five times as a test of the artist's perseverance.

THE SATURDAY
Charles Francis Coe—Horatio Winslow—Richard Connell—Floyd W. Parsons
Eleanor Mercein—Thomas McMorrow—Day Edgar—Joseph Cummings Chase

"I always acted out my ideas for Mr. Lorimer," says Rockwell. His enthusiastic portrayal of a nostalgic old cowboy sold the editor on the sketch for this cover.

I've never been happier or more confident than I was that day in March, 1916, when I made my first sale to *The Saturday Evening Post*. Returning to New Rochelle with the good news, I rushed to my boardinghouse and hunted up Irene O'Connor, a schoolteacher who lived there too.

First I boasted. No more illustrations for children's magazines—I had arrived. Two covers sold to *The Post*, at seventy-five bucks apiece! Three sketches O.K.'d! And all this on my first try; I was standing on the threshold of wealth and fame.

Then I asked Irene to marry me. She refused, saying she was engaged to an agricultural student at Michigan State. Then she changed her mind and accepted. We set a date, and I went to work on my third *Post* cover—an old man playing baseball with a bunch of kids.

When I took it down to Philadelphia, there was trouble. Walter Dower, the art director, said that the *Post* editor, Mr. George Horace Lorimer, thought the old man was too rough and tramplike. Would I do the painting over? Of course. I went home, stretched a new canvas and tried again. "Better," said Mr. Dower. "Mr. Lorimer thought it was better. But the old man's too old, he thought." I did the painting over again, using a young man. The boy was too small. I posed and painted a larger kid.

I did that painting over five times before Mr. Lorimer accepted it. By the time he finally O.K.'d it, I had decided that doing *Post* covers was going to make my life more complicated than I had expected. (Mr. Lorimer later told me that he'd been testing me. I wonder if he ever knew how near I came to flunking.)

My feelings were salved by my first fan mail. I got five or six letters on my first *Post* cover. Art directors of other magazines began to give me assignments. One of them was *Life*, a humor magazine in those days, and second in importance to *The Post* as an illustrator's market.

Most *Life* covers were jokes and had titles. For instance, I painted a picture of a Pilgrim boy being chased by Indians. Title: A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Every Tuesday all the artists would gather to see John Ames Mitchell, the editor. As we entered the anteroom of his office, Miss Berry, the receptionist, would give each of us a little card with a number on it. Then we'd all sit on a bench and wait for Miss Berry to call our number. While we waited, each one of us would open his portfolio and rearrange the drawings in it.

Sailor Rockwell (left) with two shipmates at the Charleston (S.C.) Navy Yard in 1917. He was so skinny he had to cheat to pass his Navy physical.

I always started out by putting my best ideas last, so that Mr. Mitchell would look all through the portfolio. But when I sat down in the anteroom I'd get cold feet and figure that Mr. Mitchell might become discouraged before he reached the good ideas, and reject everything. So I'd decide to put the good ideas first, while I waited for my number to be called. Fearing that someone might snitch my best ideas, I'd open my portfolio a crack, reach in and rearrange the drawings by pulling one on its end and shuffling the others around it. All the other artists were doing the same thing. We must have looked like a side show, all of us sitting in a line struggling with our drawings and glancing suspiciously at one another.

About ten o'clock every Tuesday morning the door of the anteroom would slam open and James Montgomery Flagg, the tycoon of illustrating at that time, would hurry in. He'd go right past us into Mr. Mitchell's office without waiting for a number or even to be announced. We'd hear shouts of greeting as the door closed. Half an hour or so would go by. Then suddenly, Flagg would rush out, slamming the door, and Miss Berry would begin to call our numbers.

Next in importance after *Life* was *Judge*, another humor magazine. If Mr. Mitchell didn't want a drawing, I'd take it to *Judge*. Then if *Judge* rejected it, I'd take it to *Leslie's*. If they turned it down, I'd crate it up and send it to *The People's Popular Monthly* in Des Moines, Iowa. They paid a fraction of *Post* prices for covers; it hardly took care of the cost of my models and material, but at least I didn't have to throw the drawing away.

Very few of my drawings traveled as far as Des Moines. That year I did six *Post* covers and sold many paintings and drawings to *Life*, *Judge* and *Leslie's*. In short, I prospered; so much so that I married Irene O'Connor in the fall.

One week after we were married, Irene left to spend two (Continued on Page 58)

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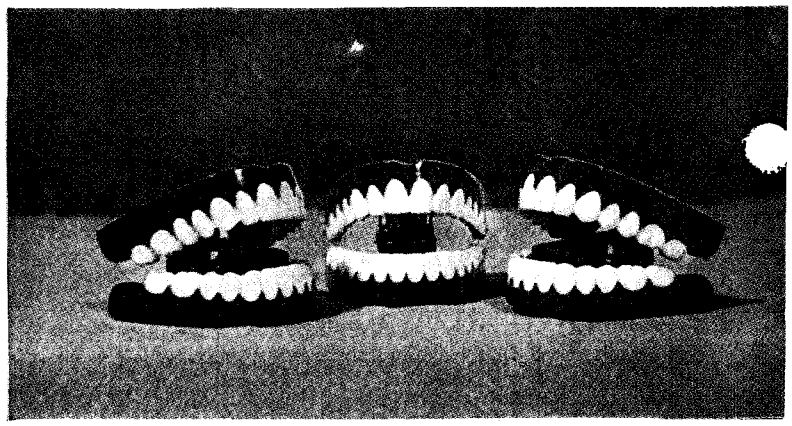
For boys and girls who want to play doctor, Glass, shown here in his Chicago office-apartment, came up with the Hypo-Phony, a bizarre instrument they can use to give their friends "blood tests."

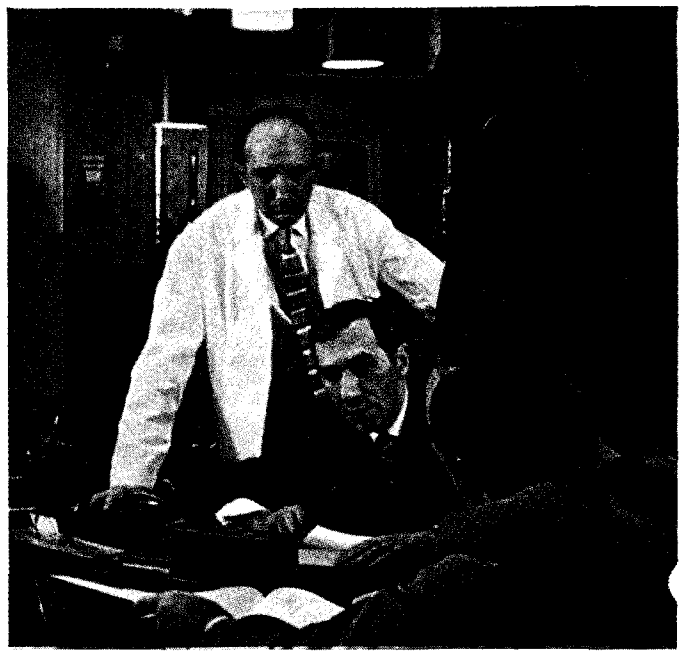


Yakkity-Yak Teeth ($1). Total sales of these clacking spring-powered dentures, dreamed up by a former Glass assistant, grossed $3,200,000 and netted Glass $84,000.

Troubled King of Toys

The reigning genius in an immensely lucrative business, Marvin Glass considers himself "a complete and utter failure."

By Peter Wyden



Glass (center) won't unveil a new toy to a buyer unless he signs a promise not to copy it. Left, engineer John Parks of Glass's staff.

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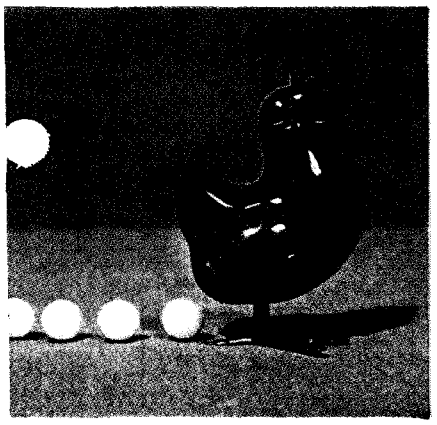
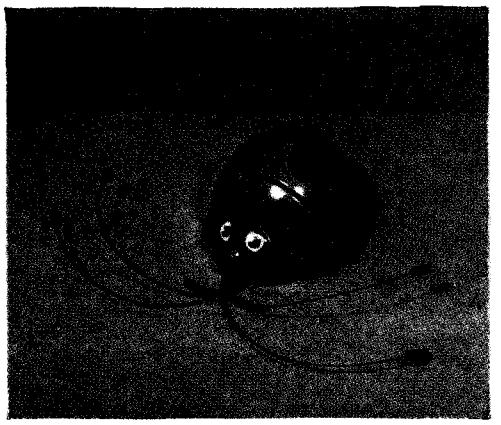
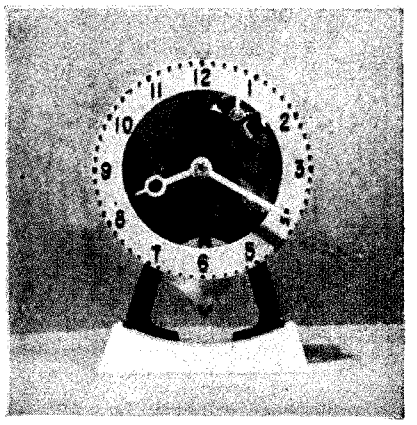


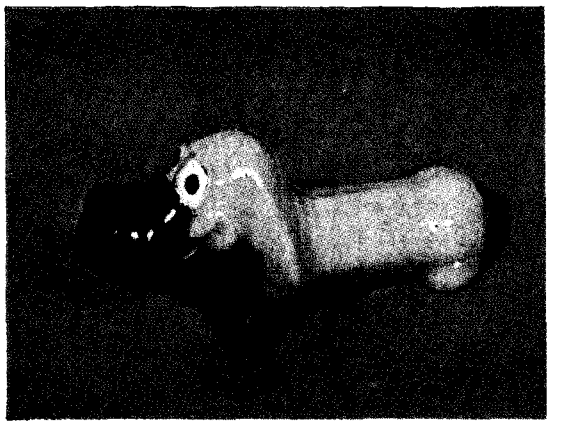
Busy Biddee Chicken (39c). When she is pressed down she lays five white marbles. The public snapped up 14,267,000 such hens.



The Brainy Bug ($4.98). Powered by two flashlight batteries, it changes course upon hitting an obstruction. Glass developed the toy from an idea sent in by an amateur inventor.



Tic Toy Clock ($4.98). It keeps fairly good time for twelve hours per winding—and busy-fingered children can take it apart and reassemble it.



The Moody Mutt (49c). A push on his forelegs causes him to bare his fangs and look ferocious. Glass got $64,000 from the sale of 3,600,000 of the pooches.

The Ric-O-Shay pistol ($3.98), which makes a noise like a ricocheting bullet on TV, is one of Glass's technical triumphs.

To help coax infants into eating, Glass designed the Hungry Piggy ($1.98). Food put in its mouth goes back into baby's bowl.

Every time Glass sees a new doll he buys it for his ten-year-old daughter, Diana. Her collection is worth $3500, but she rarely plays with the dolls because she considers them too fancy.

In the $1,650,000,000-a-year toy business, a savagely competitive jungle where even the fittest can't survive unless their gamblers' luck holds up, the most knowledgeable combatants are agreed on one thesis—that Marvin Glass, a forty-five-year-old Chicagoan who measures five feet five inches, weighs 127 pounds and slumps through the world with the pained expression of a depressed dachshund, is their most important and prolific independent designer and idea man.

Manufacturers pay him $1000 a day plus expenses merely to have him inspect their pilot models and answer one question—"Should we make this?" In his own shop Glass has conjured up enough best-selling toys and novelties to outdraw his equally spectacular flops. Ten years ago he was buried in debts. Today he is a millionaire, and his taxable income for 1959 was around $260,000. Nevertheless, he says, "I consider myself a complete and utter failure."

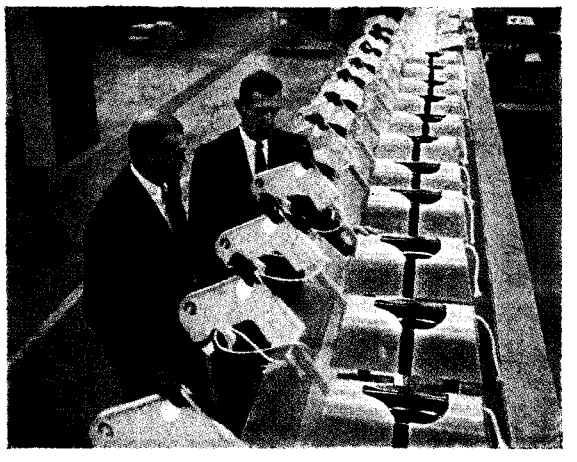
Photographs by Larry Keighley

This estimate, he feels, was affirmed by no less an authority than the United States Supreme Court. It happens that the only judgment on a toy ever rendered by that tribunal within memory of patent experts was a Glass invention—the Hungry Piggy. In 1949, having observed how frustrating it was for his wife to persuade their baby daughter to eat, he designed a greedy-looking pink plastic hog and mounted it on a bowl so a mother could appear to feed it. Actually, the food would pour back into the bowl's bottom, but babies imitated the toy's action and did not wise up to it until 700,000 piggies were sold at $1.98 each.

Glass has not manufactured a toy for years; and with the piggy he followed his usual course—he patented his creation, sold it to a manufacturer and started collecting royalties which eventually totaled $49,000. Another company, doing what comes naturally to many toymakers, decided to "knock off" the piggy; that is, the other firm brought out a similar gimmick. Glass sued for patent infringement. The lower courts sustained him, but the Supreme Court did not, even though the justices chuckled benevolently while the piggy perched on the bench and Glass's attorney gravely explained its operation—"One for the piggy, and one for baby."

The financial blow was immaterial to Glass. "The only value to money is not having to worry about it," he says and he lives by this dictum. He almost never writes a check or looks at a bill. His secretary pays for everything. In restaurants where he is known he doesn't even sign the check and lets the waiter struggle with the ethical dilemma of determining his own tip.

In the Hungry Piggy case, however, much more was involved, and Glass's psyche has never shaken off the moral burden of the precedent cited by the court. It was another patent case, in which Associate Justice William O. Douglas had written, in a concurring opinion, that a (Continued on Page 54)



Old Pals ($5.98) on the assembly line at the Hubley Mfg. Co., of Lancaster, Pa. Glass designed the horses to walk when the rider rocks back and forth.

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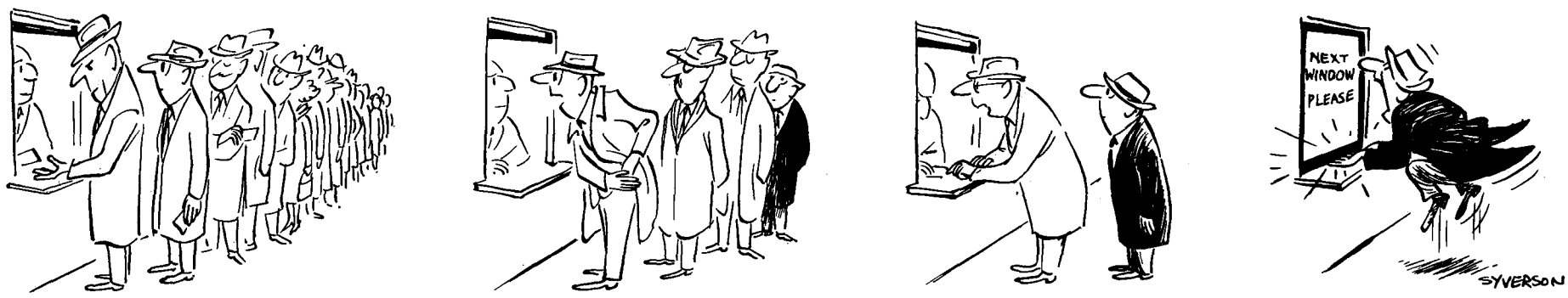

NEXT WINDOW, PLEASE

By COREY FORD

A noted humorist, who complains that he always seems to be the last guy in every line, reveals his plans for revenge.

One trouble I find with this supersonic age. Everything goes so fast these days that it takes twice as long. Dial telephones span the continent in a jiffy, but you may have to wait for hours to get a circuit. Jets fly from coast to coast in less time than you stand in line to claim your luggage afterward. Cars travel on an express highway at lightning speed, but everybody winds up bumper to bumper following a milk truck just ahead.

All of which boils down to Ford's Law: The progress of a file of passengers boarding a bus is equal to the rate of climb of an elderly lady teetering on the bottom step with an armful of bundles, fumbling to get at her change purse. Or, to put it more simply: A line is no quicker than the man in front. I know, because I'm always the man behind him.

Let me dash into a railroad terminal, with three minutes to make my train, and someone is invariably ensconced at the ticket window ahead of me with both elbows braced on the sill, engaged in a long and involved discussion with the agent. Usually he is planning a trip to California next week, and he wants to know whether he can make connections out of Minneapolis and stop off at Dallas on the way back. The lines at the windows on either side of me move with clocklike precision, but mine stands stock-still while the agent unfolds one of those accordion-pleated tickets which has to be made out in longhand and stamped three times on each side. After shifting from one foot to the other and glancing nervously at the clock, I decide to give up my place and duck to the rear of the next line, only to find when I reach the window that it handles local fares only. I'd buy my seat on the train, but it has just left without me.

It happens every time I go to the post office. No matter which wicket I step up to, the party in front of me has a dozen bulky packages to be weighed and insured, including requests for return receipts. One of them is going by airmail to Guam, moreover, which means that the clerk must leave his wicket and consult a postal manual to find out whether Guam is a United States possession. If I pick out a lane at a bridge tollgate, I'm sure to pull in behind a driver who has nothing smaller than a twenty. Either that, or he unfolds a road map and starts getting directions from the attendant.

The other day at the bank I waited for twenty minutes while a stenographer cashed the pay checks for all the other girls in the office, made a monthly deposit on each of their Christmas Club accounts, and ended up buying an E bond. By the time my turn arrived, so did the paying teller's lunch hour, and I found myself confronting a neat wooden sign: NEXT COUNTER PLEASE.

I never choose the right turnstile at a supermarket. I look over all the exits carefully, avoid several lines of customers wheeling carriages loaded to the gunwales, and take my place behind a lady whose cart contains a single bag of grapefruit. It turns out that grapefruit are three for a quarter today and she has selected four, calling for

(Continued on Page 61)

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By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

Who could get through to the surrounded regiment? "Any of you think you're mean enough, step up," the general said.

The Road to St. Vivien

The general's name was Daniel Boone Tucker but, dating back to his plebe days at West Point, he'd been known through the service as "Old Dan Tucker." The moniker, of course, was a natural. Even now, a few months short of forty, Dan had a perennially youthful face set off by sandy hair inclined to curl. The kid effect was belied by a pair of hard blue eyes and a command of profanity, when Dan was displeased, that was awesome and wonderful to hear.

The "Old Dan Tucker" tag had been hung on him by a hillbilly roommate named Matthews, and the original Dan Tucker had been a cantankerous man, rough as a cob and justly celebrated in song, so Matthews had claimed. The song had started something like this:

Get out of the way for Old Dan Tucker,
He's come to town without his supper.

For some reason that fool refrain kept running through Dan's mind now as the battered truck, towing a shiny new trailer, lurched over the icy secondary track they'd been following ever since the armored car had chased them off the Abomont road.

Old Dan Tucker was going to town darned slow, Dan thought sourly; any minute now he was going to find himself on foot again because there couldn't be much more than a canteen cupful of gas left in the truck's punctured fuel tank. On this little-used road he stood a snowball's chance in hell of catching another ride.

Yet, somehow, he had to get to St. Vivien—still miles to the east across the snowy hills. In St. Vivien was Combat Team Bailey, hard pressed by German assaults from two sides; Dan had to see that Combat Team Bailey held that town, with its vital road center, until the rest of the division could arrive. Maybe that would be tonight—maybe tomorrow or next week. Didn't matter. St. Vivien must hold!

Dan was assistant division commander, and he'd been at the advanced C.P. at Maugan when the last message had come in from St. Vivien at 0350 this morning. Mark Bailey was dead, so was his exec and one battalion commander. Of the other battalion commanders, one was missing and one wounded. Combat Team Bailey needed (Continued on Page 46)

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Men and Capital

By JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

Those who guide our worries on large issues regularly ask us to ponder man's losing competition with the machine. On the assembly lines he is being replaced by automatic machinery which is regulated and instructed by electronic controls. If the resulting product is a consumer item, it has almost certainly been designed to minimize both the effort and intelligence required of its user. Not even the question of whether people will want it has been left entirely to judgment. This has been ascertained by market surveys and ensured by advertising, and both, perhaps, were analyzed with the aid of an electronic computer, sometimes too ambitiously called an electronic brain.

The tendency to dispense with men and intelligence is held to go far beyond the consumer gadgets. The unmanned missile is about to replace the old-fashioned hand-operated bomber. In the near future, according to enthusiasts, unmanned missiles will take flight to intercept other unmanned missiles which will prevent these from intercepting still other unmanned missiles. One gathers that the whole operation will be handled under contract by the manufacturers. If the globe were larger or the explosions smaller, the prospect would be attractive. The machines having taken over, men would all be noncombatants. The charm of war has always been greatest for those whose role was to observe it from a certain distance.

These visions of the triumph of the machine can be multiplied endlessly. We do not take them quite seriously, for we do not really believe that we are being replaced, and our instinct is sound. If there is a competition between man and machine, man is winning it—not for at least two centuries has his position been so important as compared with that of the apparatus with which he works.

The fact that this is the age of ascendant man, not triumphant machine, has practical consequences. If machines are the decisive thing, then the social arrangements by which we increase our physical plant and equipment will be of first importance. But if it is men that count, then our first concern must be with arrangements for conserving and developing personal talents, for it will be these on which progress will depend. Should it happen, moreover, that our society succeeded in supplying itself with machines and failed in providing itself with adequately trained manpower, there would be cause for concern. There is such *CONTINUED ON PAGE 96*

About the Author

John Kenneth Galbraith, fifty-one-year-old professor of economics at Harvard University, was born in Canada and received his higher education at the Universities of Toronto and California and at Cambridge. After war service with United States Government agencies, Professor Galbraith served on Adlai Stevenson's 1952 and 1956 campaign staffs; he is currently an economics adviser to the Democratic Party. Professor Galbraith's iconoclastic survey of American economic problems, *The Affluent Society* (Houghton Mifflin), was a best seller during much of 1958 and 1959. Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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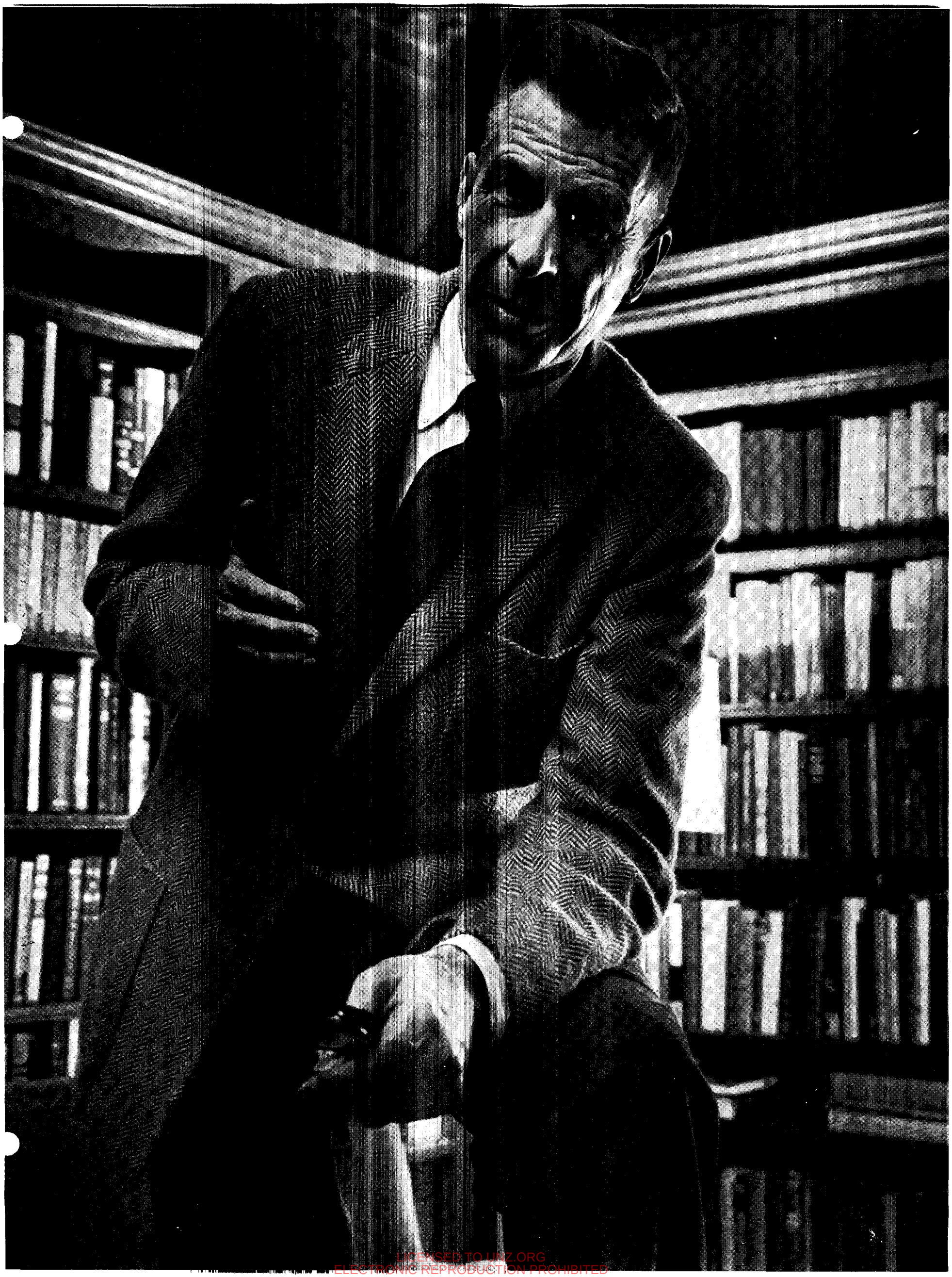

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She loved him too much to suspect that he was urging her to take a . . .

SIP OF DEATH

By MOLLIE GILLEN

The walk was too full of memories, and we probably wouldn't have gone again except for the way things were; but I wanted one perfect day for Jess, and this would be it.

On our first night together, when we lay dreaming, watching the gossamer filaments of moonlight thrown across the ceiling from the moving lake, we had said we would make it a pilgrimage on all our anniversaries. And maybe we would have, and maybe we wouldn't, except for the way things turned out.

It was the day we'd first met, and I hadn't expected anyone like Jess at the end of it when I set out alone on that bright April morning a year and a half ago. It had been one of those rich, full days that linger in the memory, and afterward you might ask yourself, Why? Why, when all through it, except for what happened at the end, there was nothing of special importance to mark it? But it

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In a moment now she would drink the coffee.

was an enchanted day all the way through—and then, at the end of it, there had been Jess.

The day had been perfect, a day of wind and sky and high white clouds. I had felt cleansed and at peace, and as I swung around the bend in the late afternoon I burst into splendid song. "*Heigh-ho!*" I roared, "*Come to the fair!*" Then I stopped short in the middle of my song, feeling the foolish blood mount to my face. For a girl watched me, sitting deep in the grass on the high bank above me, amusement tugging at her lips; a girl with a thin brown face and lively questioning eyes, with the sun on her hair and her lap filled with scarlet blossoms cut from the thorny hedge. Some timeless certainty within me knew she was the loveliest thing I would ever know, and with sudden shock I felt wild elation surge through my body. But I said nothing, only faltered a moment in my stride and laughed and waved a would-be nonchalant hand to her. Then I had rounded the next bend, out of her sight, and went on my way, silenced, wondering what sort of an idiot she must have thought me, hearing again my own hearty roar and seeing myself as she must have, bursting into view with my mouth open.

All the way to the station, as the yellow sunlight deepened to bronze and the rays slanted into my eyes, I went over the scene again: came round the corner unconcerned and unaware of audience, and saw myself with her eyes, sunburned, wind-blown, open-mouthed, the air between us ragged with the broken edges of my song. Waiting for the train, I looked back along the lane, watching for her; and when she came at last, walking up the white gravel path, there seemed to be a singing in the very air.

It is never a good idea to go back to a place where you've been happy: it is no longer the same place. But this was different. So we started out on our first anniversary, and it was October, and the day bright and clear after heavy rain. Jess was happy. She wasn't saying much, but I could tell from the rapt, secret look in her eyes, as if she were looking at a light no one else could see, just because the day was lovely and she was going on a picnic. I wondered if she knew that this was the last day and that she was going to die.

I wanted her to savor every moment of it, but I needn't have worried. Jess always lived each day as if it might be the last. She always got a double value from every minute. For her it would be full of enchantment while it happened; but at the same time she could feel the wonder of when she would be old, looking back and thinking, *This is the way it was*. But Jess had been sold short on memories, because she had been chosen to die. She would never be old and have memories. Today was all she would have.

(Continued on Page 88)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

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The Face of AMERICA

Minding Their Business

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On the first Tuesday of every March the citizens of Strafford, Vermont, gather at their 161-year-old "meeting house"—so-called because it was once a house of worship—to discuss much of their township's important business for the coming year, as they have done since shortly after Strafford's earliest settlers, James and Thankful Pennock, broke ground here in 1768. On the platform at last year's assembly (above) are the three officers who were re-elected a few moments before this picture was taken—Gile S. Kendall, constable; George I. Varney, moderator; L. Irene Chandler, town clerk and treasurer. Storekeeper Varney has served as moderator for twenty-five years. Miss Chandler has been clerk for twelve years, and the job was in her family for forty-two years before that. "About the only way the meeting has changed in that time is that we spend more money today," Miss Chandler declares. Tax problems will be threshed out after that potful of baked beans on the wood-burning stove (right foreground) has been consumed. A firm tradition at the Strafford town meeting dictates that money matters aren't discussed until after lunch.

●Photograph by Hanson Carroll

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The young stewardess, hand clasped to her mouth, stared at the figure lying near her on the floor.

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NIGHT WITHOUT END

By Alistair MacLean

The pilot survived the crash. Then someone murdered him.

Outside that door," Doctor Mason said, "it's one hundred ten degrees below the temperature in this cabin."

Peter Mason was warning the eleven survivors rescued from an airliner that had mysteriously crash-landed near his scientific outpost on the Greenland icecap.

On their first trip to the wreckage Mason and his men—Jackstraw and Joss—brought back a critically injured crew member, the plane's stewardess and Johnny Zagero, a passenger. On the second trip Jackstraw and Joss took all the remaining passengers but Marie LeGarde, an elderly actress who stayed behind to help Doctor Mason with an injured young woman. Minutes later the two men returned, picked up Mason and the two women, and completed the final trip through the forty-below-zero arctic night. Left behind in the plane were four dead.

Back at the shelter, Mason was shocked to find the short-wave radio smashed beyond repair. It had fallen—or been pushed—from its table. With it went their hopes of calling for help. Now the only chance for survival was a grueling three-hundred-mile trip across the icecap on a snow tractor.

III

Half an hour later I had done all I could. I was fixing and binding on a stiff leather helmet to protect the back of the injured man's head, and Joss was strapping him down, inside the sleeping bag to the stretcher so that he couldn't toss around and hurt himself, when the stewardess touched my arm. "What—what do you think now, Doctor Mason?"

"It's hard to be sure. I'm not a specialist in brain or head injuries, and even a specialist would hesitate to say. The damage may have penetrated deeper than we think. There may be hemorrhaging—it's often delayed in these cases."

"But if there's no hemorrhaging?" she persisted. "If the damage is no worse than what you think, what do you see?"

"Fifty-fifty. I wouldn't have said so a couple of hours ago, but he seems to have quite astonishing powers of resistance and recuperation. Better than an even chance, I would say—if he had the warmth, the food, the skilled nursing he would have in a first-class hospital. As it is—well, let's leave it at that, shall we?"

"Yes," she murmured. "Thank you." She was exhausted, and shivering with cold.

"Bed," I said. "You're dying for sleep and warmth, Miss—I'm so sorry, I forgot to ask your name."

"Ross. Margaret Ross."

"Scots?"

"Irish. Southern Irish."

"I won't hold it against you." I smiled. There was no answering smile from her. "Tell me, Miss Ross, why was the plane so empty?"

"We were an 'X' flight—an extra or duplicate charter for an overflow of passengers—out from London yesterday. Day before yesterday it is now, I suppose. We just stayed the night in Idlewild and had to return after we'd slept. The office phoned up people who had booked out on the evening plane, giving the chance of an earlier flight. Ten of them accepted."

"I see. By the way, isn't it a bit unusual to have only one stewardess aboard? On a transatlantic flight, I mean?"

"I know. There's usually two or three—a steward and two stewardesses—or two stewards and a stewardess. But not for ten people."

"Of course. Hardly worth stewarding, you might say. Still," I went on smoothly, "it at least gives you time for the odd forty winks on these long night flights."

"That wasn't fair!" I hadn't been as clever as I thought, and her white cheeks were stained with red. "That's never happened to me before. Never!"

"Sorry, Miss Ross—it wasn't really meant as a dig. It doesn't matter anyhow."

"It does so matter!" Her extraordinary brown eyes were bright with unshed tears. "If I hadn't been asleep, I would have known what was going to happen. I could have warned the passengers. I could have moved Colonel Harrison to a front seat facing the rear ——"

"Colonel Harrison?" I interrupted sharply.

"Yes. The man in the back seat—the dead man."

"But he hadn't a uniform on when ——"

"I don't care. That was his name on the passenger list. If I'd known, he wouldn't be dead now—and Miss Fleming wouldn't have had her collarbone broken."

So that's what has been worrying her, I thought. That accounts for her strange, distraught behavior. And then a moment later I realized that it didn't account for it all—she had been behaving like that before she had known what had happened to any of the passengers. My slowly forming suspicions came back with renewed force—the lady would bear watching.

"You've nothing to reproach yourself with, Miss Ross. The captain must have been flying blind in the storm—and we're more than eight thousand feet up here. Probably he'd no knowledge of what was going to happen until the actual moment of crashing." In my mind's eye I saw again the doomed airliner, landing lights on, circling our cabin for at least ten minutes, but if Miss Ross had any such thing in her mind's eye, it was impossible for me to detect it. She had no idea at all—or she was an extraordinarily good actress.

"Probably," she murmured dully. "I don't know."

We had a hot and satisfying meal of soup, corned meat, potatoes and vegetables—everything out of cans, but passable enough for all that. It was the last satisfying meal that our guests—or ourselves, for that matter—were likely to have (Continued on Page 64)

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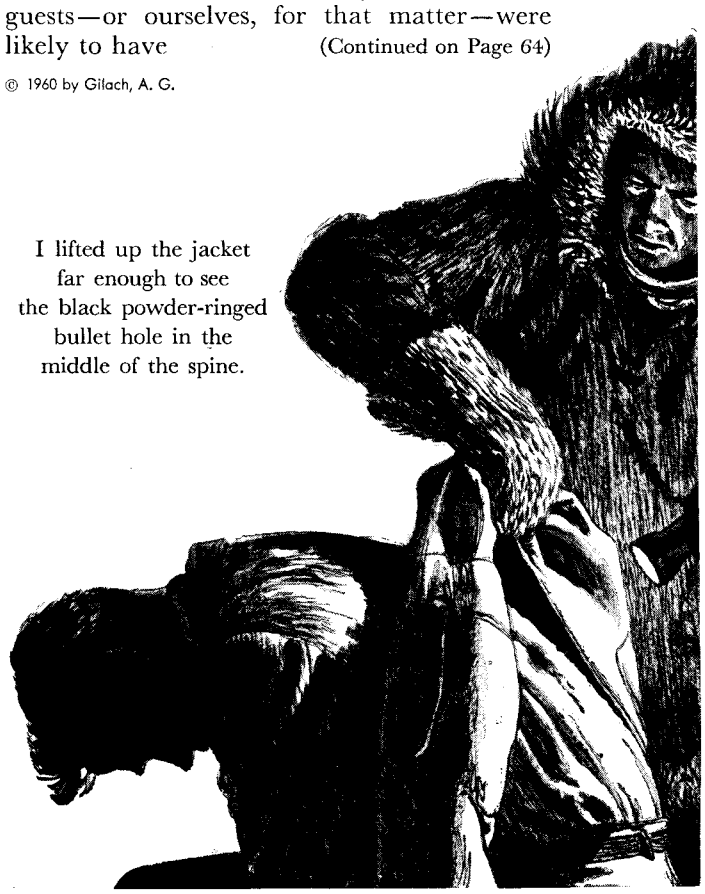

I lifted up the jacket far enough to see the black powder-ringed bullet hole in the middle of the spine.

Illustrated by Bruce Bomberger

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A POST PICTURE STORY

The Man Who Rides Sharks

Text and Pictures by WILLIAM M. STEPHENS

Royal, armed with a spear gun, on the prowl for sharks among the coral-encrusted foundations of a navigation light off the Florida Keys.

Getting ready for a ride: After lassoing a six-foot lemon shark—a type considered dangerous—he grips the fish's snout as he pulls himself astride.

William R. Royal of Venice, Florida, is a builder of houses. He is also an underwater hunter of consummate skill who specializes in sharks and old bones. He stalks the sharks on the ocean reefs off Florida and dives for the bones—fossilized remains of extinct animals and early humans—in the Gulf of Mexico and in deep fresh-water springs.

A fifty-four-year-old grandfather with eighteen living progeny—nine children, nine grandchildren—is an improbable type to be leaping daredevilishly upon the backs of giant sharks or exploring labyrinthine caves hundreds of feet below the surface. But Royal, displaying amazing strength and stamina, can "free dive" to ninety feet and remain under, holding his breath, for three minutes. With a diving lung he has descended to a depth of 260 feet in the total darkness of an unexplored spring.

Royal took up skin-diving in 1953 while he was stationed on Johnston Island, a coral atoll in the Pacific. Here he patrolled the reefs almost daily, spearing manta rays, moray eels and sharks. He challenged hundreds of sharks and single-handedly landed about thirty-five of them, up to seven and one-half feet in length. Royal has encountered perhaps 1000 sharks, but admits to only a few narrow escapes. His closest call came when a twelve-foot tiger shark made four determined passes at him and he was forced to beat it off with the butt of his spear gun after the beast had broken his harpoon.

He has landed the largest moray eel ever taken by a diver, a seven-foot two-inch specimen as thick as a man's thigh. Although most divers carefully avoid the haunts of the vicious morays, Royal delights in enticing them from their coral caves with pieces of bait, then spearing or lassoing them.

He sometimes uses a lasso to catch sharks. After strewing dead or wounded fish on the bottom to attract the predators, he slips a noose over a shark's tail, then pulls himself astride the fish. By manipulating its pectoral fins, he forces it to swim in any desired direction. A stick or spear is carried to fend off the shark's rushes. Royal considers shark-riding to be highly enjoyable and relatively safe. "A lot safer," he says, "than riding in a New York taxicab."

Bill Royal is intensely interested in underwater archaeology. From the floor of the Gulf of Mexico he has recovered the fossilized bones and teeth of mammoths, mastodons, camels, saber-toothed tigers and other prehistoric animals. In a deep mineral spring he has found an underwater graveyard containing thousands of human bones. A burned log which he discovered there has been established through radiocarbon tests to be 10,000 years old.

A former Air Force lieutenant colonel with 8000 hours as a pilot, Royal considers the world beneath the sea to be even more fascinating than the air above. Often remaining submerged for six or more hours in a single day, he has spent an estimated 5000 hours underwater. "If I could find a way to breathe and eat down there," he says, "I don't think I'd ever come up." THE END

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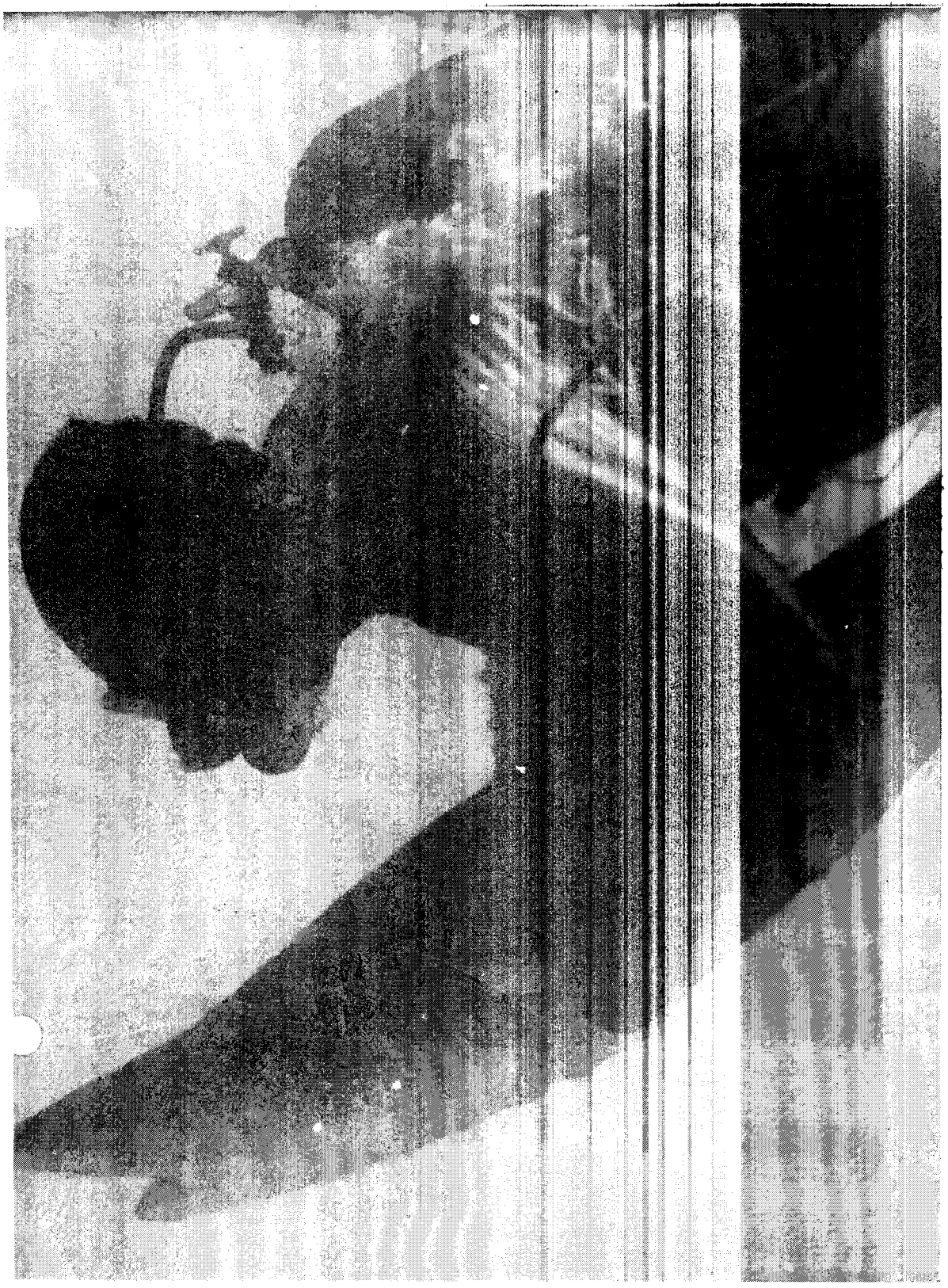
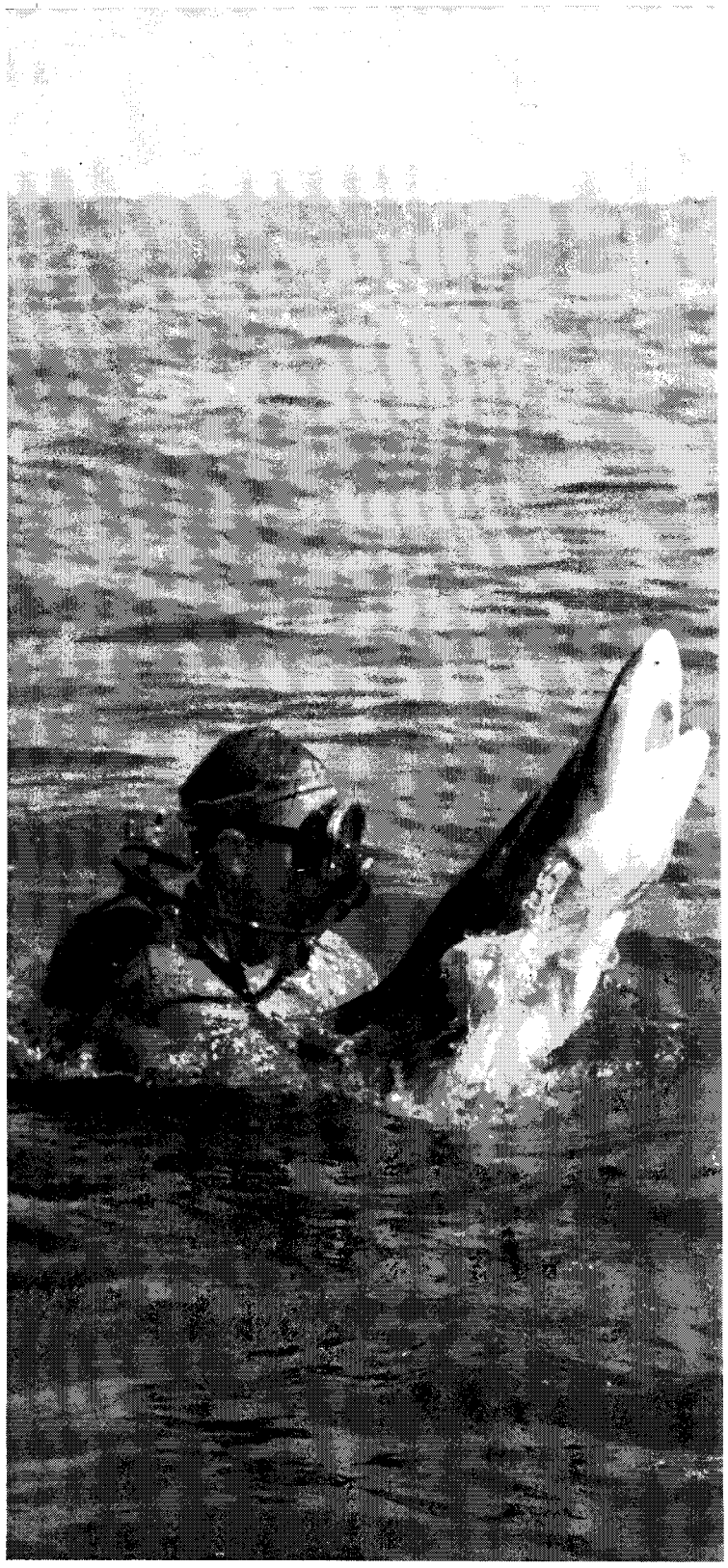


By manipulating the shark's pectoral fins, Royal can steer it in any direction he wants for fifteen minutes or longer. As protection against the shark's rough hide, Royal wears a shirt and trousers.

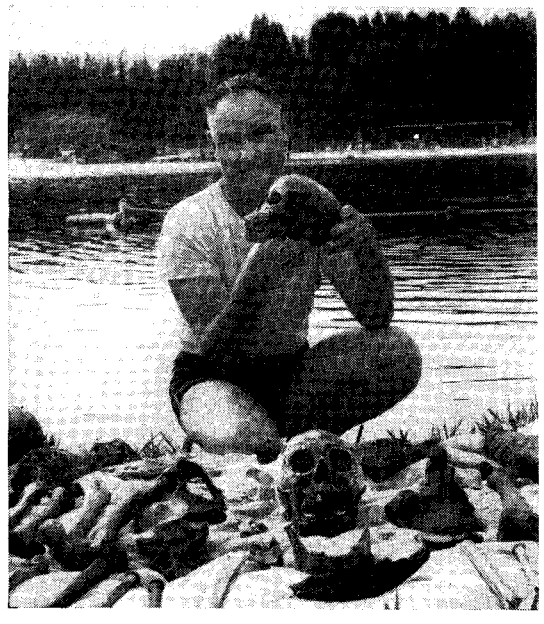


Breaking the surface of the Gulf of Mexico after an underwater jaunt. According to Royal, the only risky phases of the game are getting on and off.

Royal often goes after sharks without using a diving lung. He weighs 210 pounds, stands six feet two inches tall.

Coming ashore near his home at Venice with the bone and tooth from a prehistoric mammoth.

Warm Mineral Springs, Fla. Royal brought this stalactite up from a depth of 70 feet, where the water temperature was 92 degrees.



In an ancient underwater graveyard at the springs he discovered countless human bones, and several well-preserved skulls.

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I'm Glad You Asked Me That Question

(or, Why I Keep My Head in the Basement)

"—— yes, sir, six pounds, two ounces! Biggest bass I ever. . . . Have it mounted? You bet your life I did. Fellow up in Ontario —— Why don't I keep it over the mantel? Well, now, I did have it there and, believe me, my wife was a great little sport about it. Some women object to that sort of thing, but not Evelyn. No, sir! Of course, the kids weren't too enthusiastic—teen-age girls, you know. 'After all, daddy, an old dead fish head.'

"But that wasn't the real reason Evelyn decided—or that is, we decided—to move it into the den. After she picked up that antique clock, we all agreed it was perfect for the mantel, and anyway the den is the real man's room; you know, gun rack, rod case, trophies and. . . . Oh, my rods and guns are up in the attic now. You see, we felt that—but, as I was saying about this fish, the trouble was that it hung right in front of the picture window. Looked a little peculiar from the street. Conspicuous, you might say. One wise guy called up and said, 'Look, Swezey, if you must sit by the window, at least close your mouth.' Ha-ha, very funny. So Evelyn put it on the other wall, back of the door there. That was fine except that every time we opened the door it banged against the fish, and Evelyn worried about it. Not the tooth marks in the door; she never, well hardly ever, mentioned them, but she was afraid the fish might be damaged. So it seemed like the best thing just to keep it down in the basement. With the stuffed pheasant and the moose head.

"The reason we put my rods and guns up in the attic was ——"

JACK SWEZEY

The Fender Benders

Driving's something quite a mob of
People do a bang-up job of.

RICHARD WHEELER

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I understand you're from out of town."

"Memo to all department heads: Your mother says we're eating dinner early tonight."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Dr. Foofel's Notebook

WHY DO BUMBLEBEES FLY?

Bumblebees think it's faster.

WHAT IS ELECTRICITY?

Nobody really knows what electricity is. At least, nobody that I know personally. As a matter of fact, I feel a little silly even mentioning the subject.

Electricity must exist, however, as everyone seems to get billed for it. It's the stuff that turns up when you run water over a dam. The bigger the dam, the more the stuff. That's how nature operates.

Naturally you just can't let this junk accumulate. You've got to move it off the shelves. Canning won't work—or bottling it. A common trick is to stick the "juice," to use the colloquial, into wires and stand way back at the other end. People who touch these wires become much wiser.

Electricity in wires, if you're still with me, is made up of billions and billions of electrons. Scout's honor. These are little tiny things. They're so small, in fact, that nobody's ever seen an electron. Not even another electron. They weigh $\frac{1}{1837}$ as much as a hydrogen atom, even with clothes on. That's assuming you keep your thumb off the scale. The scales don't weigh very much either.

This won't make your day, but electrons repel each other. I don't know why this is. Maybe if they had more privacy? Try putting a few billion electrons on a Coney Island Express and you'll see what I mean. Hundreds will get off at Fourteenth Street.

About the only thing an electron really likes, and this can't be said too often, although it has, is a proton. Each to his own taste, I say. The protons that I've known are repulsive. And this isn't just my opinion. Most protons, if they're honest, will tell you the same thing. Kinsey did some work on this, but I forget what.

Incidentally, electrons and protons aren't alone in this electricity deal. I could name you neutrons, positrons, mesons and *ons* that haven't even been discovered yet. But there *is* a security program.

TED KEY

My Wife Is Really Taking it Off

She's always reducing, it seems—but of late
I note she has entered a stage
Of giving less thought to reducing her weight
And more to reducing her age.

HAL CHADWICK

The Irritated Oyster

(Scientists say if animals, birds and insects could talk, we'd be amazed at the human characteristics they'd display—*News Item*)

At low tide I found a bed of oysters and introduced myself to a large male oyster.

"Oysters stay in one spot all their lives, don't they?" I said, getting out my pad and pencil.

"It's the housing situation," he said. "There aren't many good rocks left."

"That should make for close home ties," I said.

"A little too close, if you ask me," he replied. "Togetherness can be overdone."

I cleared my throat. "About this business of making pearls. I understand that it's caused by irritation on your soft inner body by sand or other foreign object."

"*In my case, it's my mother-in-law*," he said.

"Mortimer!" his wife said sharply.

"It's true, love," Mortimer said. "I just couldn't grow a pearl. I was too happy and nonirritated. And then my mother-in-law came to live with us."

"And the irritation caused you to grow a pearl?" I asked.

"A real beaut!" he said. "It's so big it may break my shell."

"I heard what you said, Mortimer!" his wife interrupted. "And I think it's very unkind."

"*You* brought her here!" Mortimer said. "She was happy in her own bed until your father was tonged and put in a stew. And then you had to ask her to come to our rock."

I was feeling embarrassed by this domestic squabble, so I said, "How many children does an oyster have each year?"

"Sixteen million or more," Mrs. Oyster said.

"See what I mean about togetherness," Mortimer said.

"What does the man want?" another voice said. It was the mother-in-law.

"He's interviewing Mortimer," Mrs. Oyster said.

"For heaven's sake, why?" the mother-in-law said. "Mortimer never had a thought in his head. I've lived here fifteen years and I haven't heard him say one thing worth jotting down."

"No, mother," Mrs. Oyster said. "It's not that kind of an interview. It's just facts about oysters in general."

"I'll bet he's bragging about that pearl of his. You'd think no other oyster ever grew a pearl, to hear Mortimer. Why, your father grew a pearl the size of a . . ."

I closed my book and tiptoed back up the beach. Her voice was still going as I rounded the sand dunes.

JACK BROWNELL

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THE TURBINE DRIVE BUICK '60

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NEW CAR—AND NO NEW CAR LIKE THE 1960 BUICK INVICTA FOUR-DOOR SEDAN

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

CLASSIC NEW BEAUTY AT BUICK'S ALL-TIME BEST. Today's expression of Buick's traditional distinctive look . . . solid, authoritative, and in faultless good taste. Three magnificent series: BUICK LESABRE—the lowest-priced Buick, BUICK INVICTA—the high-performance Buick, BUICK ELECTRA—the finest Buick of all!

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The Monitor Affair

The vessel had one purpose: to save the Union from defeat.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"Miss Constant? Why, she's gone," replied Ezekiel, Madame Ouverard's servant. "She leave a note behind sayin' she go off wit' you."

Eric Nelson was stunned. Carlotta Ouverard had concocted this lie—that her niece, Yvonne Constant, had run off with Eric—as an excuse for the girl's disappearance. In the meantime Yvonne was being held as a hostage somewhere in New York. Madame Ouverard, who with Ross Lane and Capt. Hugo Tempest was engaged in spying for the Confederacy, knew that Eric loved Yvonne and that to save her he might be persuaded to betray his employer, inventor John Ericsson. Ericsson's *Monitor*, an iron-hulled warship of radical design, was under construction at a Brooklyn shipyard. Through Eric the rebels hoped to sabotage the ship.

Eric was under no illusion as to what the rebel agents might do to Yvonne. They were ruthless—all the more so since Tempest had been beaten and disfigured in a fight with Eric. Unless Eric acted quickly, Yvonne might die.

VII

Eric stood on the walk in front of the Washington Square mansion, trying to compose his shocked and bewildered mind. His first impulse was to remount the steps and batter upon the door in an effort to gain admission and wring from Madame Ouverard the truth of what had happened to Yvonne Constant. His next thought was to go to the police for aid—a thought he discarded immediately. Yvonne's carrying away would have been handled so skillfully that the authorities would shrug it off as a romantic escapade. There would be, as Ezekiel had told him, a note saying she had eloped with Eric himself. And who could dispute such a message? Who could deny that it was in Yvonne's handwriting?

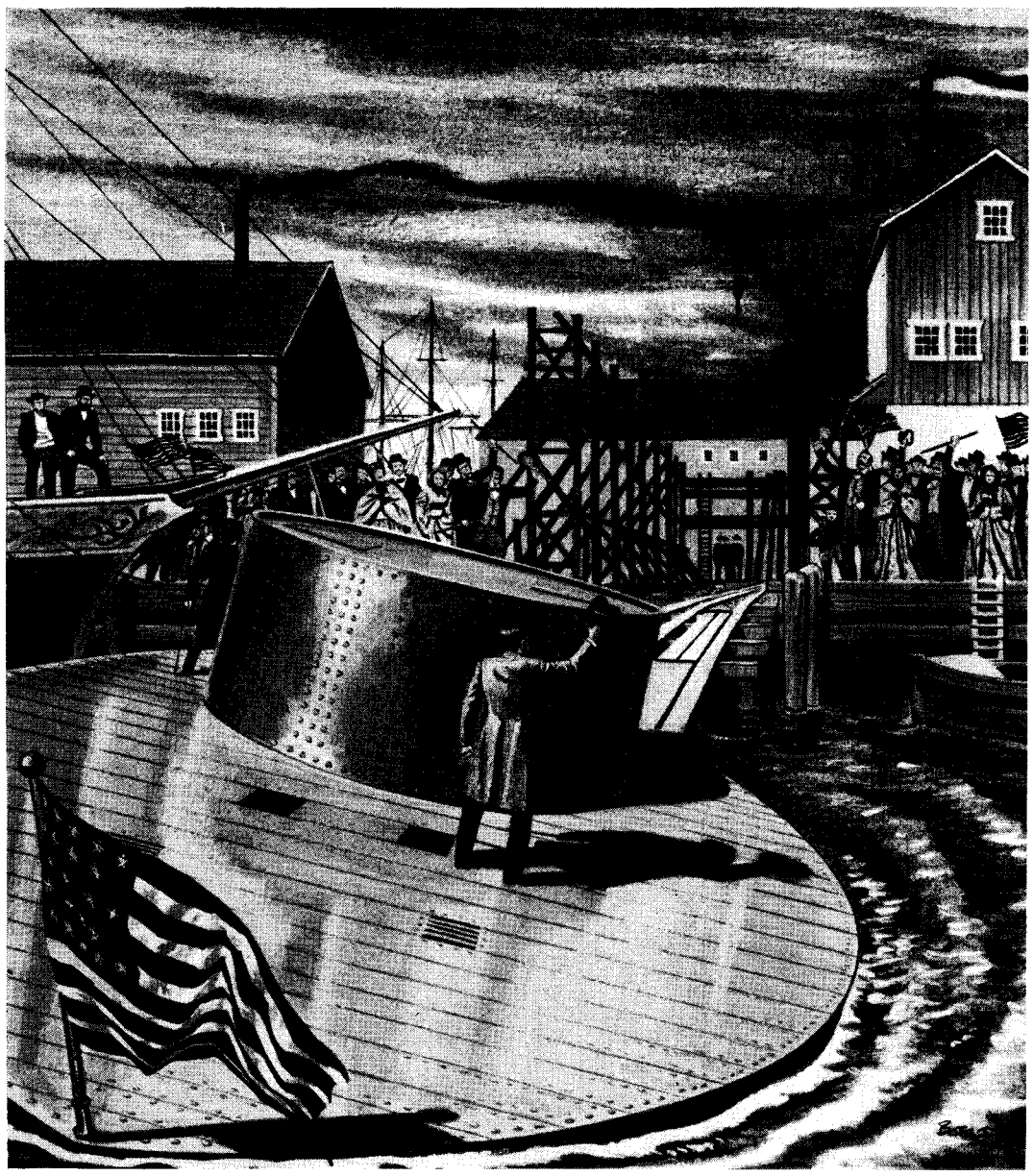
He sought for motive. Yvonne had been a hostage. Ross Lane, who seemed to be in command of the conspiracy, had ordered that she be retained as a hostage, but that no harm should be done to her. His orders obviously had not been obeyed. It would be Madame Ouverard or Capt. Hugo Tempest who had flouted Lane's command—or both of them acting in partnership. If madame was involved, and it was impossible that she was not, then her motive would be money. Every action of madame's was dictated by cupidity. And in Yvonne's case by a secondary motive—rancor against this girl who had come to her as a guest and who had discovered the secret of her wealth—the secret which, if made public, would render her forever *déclassée* in that society of which she had been a member.

Capt. Hugo Tempest was a tomcat of a different color. Money certainly would sway him, but—so Eric guessed—his compelling motive would be hatred, hatred and craving for revenge. A handsome man, proud of his good looks, he would be humiliated bitterly by his disfigurement. His masculine beauty had been destroyed. At best the scalping would have to be concealed by a wig. Tempest would hate the man who had done this thing to him. His venom would be so bitter that not even Eric Nelson's death could assuage it. His warped mind would not be content until he had piled Pelion upon Ossa. So, Eric believed, Yvonne would be a part of that vendetta; an instrument to add malignant satisfaction to Tempest's payment of his debt.

Vengeance and money! The sole way in which there could be financial profit by the abduction of Yvonne would have to do with the *Monitor*. As agents of the Confederacy, madame and Captain Tempest would be paid a large sum of money if the launching of *Monitor* could be prevented or long delayed.

The next step in his unhappy reasoning was simple. The only manner in which Yvonne could be used to further that sabotage would be through him, Eric Nelson, because he loved her. Her person, her lovely body, would be used to compel him to become the accomplice of these saboteurs. In that black moment Eric came to know the meaning of the word "desperation."

(Continued on Page 76)



The little ship was afloat. A ringing cheer rose from the crowd.

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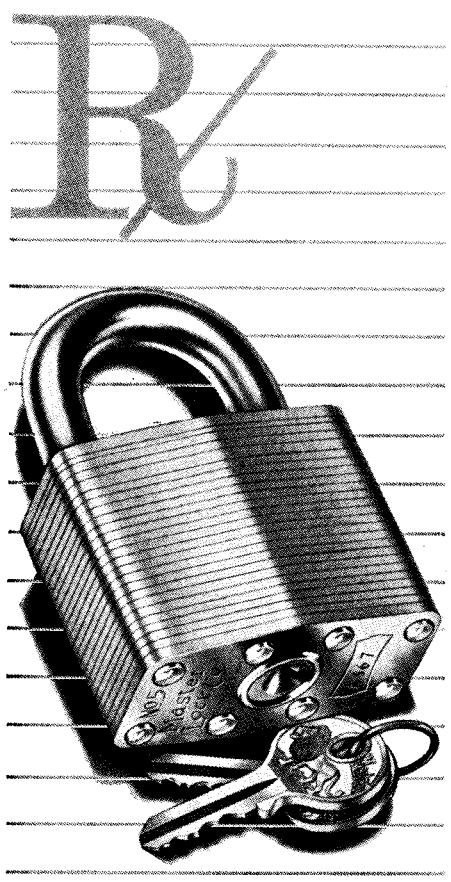

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The Road to St. Vivien

(Continued from Page 31)

help and needed it fast. The radio had gone dead after that.

"Tell Corps I've gone to St. Vivien," Dan had snapped to McIntyre, the G-3. "You take care of things here until the Old Man arrives—and get me a jeep and driver!"

McIntyre had departed—then returned, with his thin face worried. "Sir, Corps thinks you'd better stay here. There are rumors the Germans have reached the Abomont road."

"We won't hold St. Vivien by sticking pins in a map back here!" Dan had snarled. "When the Old Man comes up with the rest of the division, tell him to get help to us fast. If St. Vivien goes, we'll have kraut armor sitting in our laps all the way back to Sedan!"

He'd taken off in the predaylight gloom. It had been midmorning on the Abomont road when the jeep had skidded, breaking a wheel and the driver's arm and knocking out two of Dan's front teeth. Dan had gone on on foot, hoping to catch a ride; but traffic seemed to have dried up on this road—scared of German armor, Dan had thought dourly. It had been a little before noon when this truck had finally come along. Dan had flagged it down, and a sergeant, wearing the marks of an old soldier, had thrust his head belligerently out of the cab.

"Well, what do you want, Mac?" he had demanded.

"Where you headed?" Dan asked roughly.

"St. Vivien—if it's any of your business," the sergeant had said. "I'm lookin' for Combat Team Bailey."

"You'll find 'em there," Dan grunted. "Move over."

The sergeant's name was Ed Peck, and he'd worn the Army's cloth for eight years; but this was the first time he'd ever had to play Santa Claus. The thought of that had been riding him roughshod ever since he and Riviera, the driver, had picked up that confounded trailer full of Christmas stuff in Paris two days ago. Now, he wasn't about to take any lip from this little squirt standing in the road with two front teeth out and a muddy snow parka around his shoulders and a stocking cap pulled down around his ears where his helmet should be, by golly. Dan was reaching for the door.

"Who do you think you are—givin' me orders?" Ed Peck demanded. "For all I know you could be a ——"

"Tucker's the name," Dan grunted, shoving into the cab. He hadn't bothered to add his rank. Long ago he'd learned that a man commanded by virtue of his ability to lead and not because of any gadgets on his shoulders. "Get this bucket rolling!"

Peck had scowled, toying with the idea of taking this fresh so-and-so down a peg; then he had thought better of it. This pint-sized character in the stocking cap had a hard cut to his jaw, and it just could be that he was an officer running around loose. Half the fool Army seemed to be doing just that ever since the krauts had busted through the Ardennes eight days ago. Through the years of his service Ed Peck had made a point of letting officers walk on their own side of the street while he stayed strictly on his.

He had grunted, "Let's go, Pete," to Riviera, and the truck had lurched off, tire chains clanking.

"What's in the trailer?" Dan had asked after a little.

Ed Peck had given him a sour look out of the corners of his eyes, wondering if this guy was trying to needle him. "Christmas presents," he had said flatly then. "You got any objection?"

Dan hadn't answered that for a moment. He'd been thinking, *That tears it! Here comes Old Dan Tucker with reinforcements—two soldiers and a load of Christmas mail. That'll scare the bejabers out of von Rundstedt, I betcha!*

Aloud he'd said, "Combat Team Bailey would probably rather have ammo at the moment. It's neither here nor there."

"Colonel Bailey said I was to get this stuff to the regiment by Christmas Eve or else," Peck had said stubbornly. "Tonight is Christmas Eve. When we get to Maugan this morning, they say the outfit is at St. Vivien. So now we go to St. Vivien. Got it, Mac?"

"I got it," Dan answered soberly.

No point in telling this sergeant that Col. Mark Bailey wouldn't be opening any Christmas mail this year, he guessed. They had ridden in silence, and it had been an hour later when they had run into the armored-car patrol. It was scouting ahead of *Panzer Lehr* Division, but they didn't know that or care. It had been enough that a spatter of machine-gun fire had shot out the windshield and gouged a chunk from Dan's ear and punctured the fuel tank, although they didn't learn that until later—after most of the gas had leaked away. Only the fact that Pete Riviera had spotted this secondary road, branching to the east through the trees, had saved their hides. Pete had whipped into it, and the Germans hadn't followed.

Later, when they had stopped to tie up Dan's badly bleeding ear, they'd discovered that most of their gas was gone—no help for it. They had plugged the punctured tank to save what gas was left and had continued on. This secondary road wasn't marked on Dan's map but, from the direction it was taking, it should come into St. Vivien by the back door, he thought. He'd have to gamble on that because they couldn't go back now.

The truck lurched through a low saddle, and ahead of them the trees began to thin out, showing snowy fields beyond. Riviera blew his breath out in a low whistle of relief.

"Boy, am I glad to get out of these trees," he said to Ed Peck. "They give me the willies!"

"Hold it up," Dan ordered curtly. "I want a look."

Dan dropped to the snow, scowling as the jar set his head to throbbing beneath the blood-stained bandage. He stumped forward—a bullet at Omaha Beach had left him with a small gimp in his walk—and dropped on one knee at the edge of the trees. Not much to see out there in the gray December afternoon.

The road wound down to where a tiny hamlet made a dark blob against the new snow—a dozen sad houses huddled together with the forlorn look of deserted children. For a moment Dan stayed on one knee, watching for some sign of movement down there among the houses. None came. The people had fled before the advancing Germans, he guessed bleakly. It was a hundred-to-one shot against their finding any gas for the truck down there. Damn it, these people used horses. Well, Dan Tucker was going to get to town one way or another.

Dan had been a colonel—he had known the war since Oran—when he'd taken a bullet through his knee at Omaha Beach. He'd been awaiting his discharge from the hospital when his star had come, together with orders naming him assistant division commander of a new division arriving piecemeal from England.

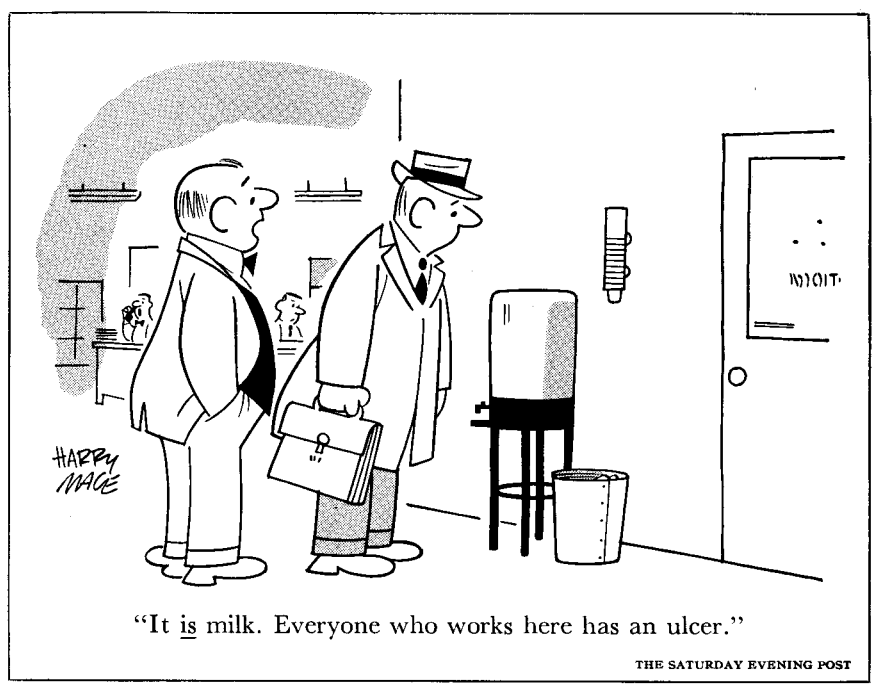
Brigadier General Tucker will proceed to Maugan, France, and there supervise the assembly of advance elements of the division, assuming command thereof pending arrival of division commander.

That had been eight days ago—the same day that von Rundstedt had flung three *Panzer* armies through the Ardennes in what would come to be known as the Battle of the Bulge. A single combat team—Mark Bailey's regiment—had reached Maugan four days later when the high brass, desperately seeking to plug a gap in the line, had reached back for its last reserves. So Dan had sent Mark Bailey, his infantry formations reinforced with odds and ends, to St. Vivien with orders to hold. Dan would have gone with them, but Corps had said no.

But now Mark Bailey was gone, and Dan had no more reinforcements to send except Dan. So Dan would have to do.

Get out of the way for Old Dan Tucker,
He's come to town without his supper.

Back in the truck Pete Riviera talked idly with Ed Peck. "How come the colonel is so set on gettin' that stuff today, sarge? He want to play Santa Claus?" Ed Peck knew the answer—the Old Man had told him. "Ed," the Old Man had said, "this regiment's green and it's not seen battle and it's scared. That trailerload of Christmas stuff we (*Continued on Page 48*)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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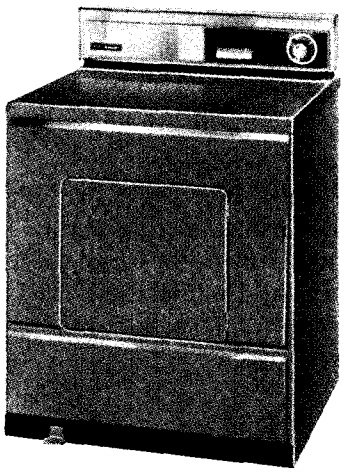

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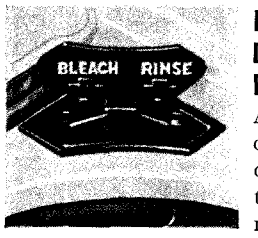

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(*Continued from Page 46*) got in Paris will boost morale a thousand per cent. So you go get it."

Well, right now it looked like the outfit's morale was going to have to do the best it could without any Christmas mail, Ed Peck thought glumly. Unless that Tucker could come up with a rabbit out of a hat, and Ed didn't think he could. Tucker was beginning to get on his nerves. He wished he knew who he was.

"How would I know?" he said crossly to Riviera's question. "I never figured out why officers do what they do. I think that guy Tucker is an officer, and I don't know what he's doing either."

"Him an officer?" Riviera asked. "If the Army's that hard up, I quit, sarge. You can give me my time."

"You quit, an' the Army shoots you," Peck grunted. "Button up that big mouth of yours—here he comes back."

"Village ahead," Dan said, climbing into the cab. "Looks deserted. What's your gas gauge say, soldier?"

"Needle's about to fall off backwards," Riviera answered. "Another mile an' the third-class passengers get out an' push."

He kicked the engine into life, and they crawled down the gentle grade toward the houses a mile away. Depression was settling into Ed Peck. He didn't like this. He'd heard that low grumble of gunfire ahead, and there was a somber quality in the gray afternoon that worried him. Ed Peck was a good soldier. He'd already fought in North Africa and Sicily and he wasn't afraid of anything that he could see; but this was different. He had the feeling that something bad was about to happen and he didn't know what to do about it.

"You an officer?" he asked Dan finally. The urge to know had become too strong. Belatedly he added, "Sir?"

"Yep," Dan said.

"A lieutenant, maybe?"

"Nope," Dan grunted.

Ed Peck didn't push the matter further but, for some reason, he felt a little better. Through the years of his service he'd become used to the idea that there was a man higher up who knew the answers that he didn't know. The day lost some of its grayness.

Dan sat with his carbine between his knees while he scanned the houses with his hard blue eyes. They passed the first one, its vacant windows looking back at them with an idiot's stare. The truck engine coughed as it began to suck up the last of the gas; it gasped its last opposite a house larger than the rest and set back a little from the road. The snow on its stoop was trampled.

> Another thing that often goes without saying is the human tongue. BERT KRUSE

Dan wasn't looking at the house. He'd spotted the two vehicles that were half hidden by the house's far corner—a G.I. weapons carrier and a jeep, by the Lord Harry! A sudden surge of exultation warmed Dan as he dropped into the snow.

"Come on," he said crisply to Ed Peck. "We'll have a look—could be we've got company here. . . . Cover us, Riviera!"

He led the way up the stoop and hammered on the door—no answer, but he heard the sound of furtive movement within. He slipped inside with his carbine ready and Ed Peck at his shoulder. There was a mussed room, littered with the signs that fleeing people leave—a woman's shawl on a chair, a broken cup on the floor, a kid's torn garment forgotten in a corner. Dan had seen other rooms like this on the road from Oran to Omaha Beach. He had never learned to like them.

A voice called harshly, "Stand still—we got you covered!" It came through a half-open door from a room beyond—a voice with a Dixie accent.

"Come on out. We're Americans," Dan said.

"Maybe you are an' maybe you ain't," the voice retorted suspiciously. "There's plenty krauts runnin' around in G.I. suits. Give us a name if you got one, bud."

"Tucker," Dan said through his teeth, biting at the words. "Either come out, or I come in after you!"

A big man, carbine in his hands, came through the doorway, a half dozen others at his back. "Tough, ain't you?" he said. "Now, you wouldn't be the Tucker that sang for his supper, would you, bud? Damn if you don't look little enough to be."

With a start, Ed Peck recognized the man—Butch Gallery. They'd been sergeants together back at Benning in 'Forty. He'd never cared much for the guy; Gallery was the bullying kind, with a streak of meanness in him. He'd later transferred to the quartermasters and got a commission, Ed had heard. Heard right, it looked, because Gallery wore a lieutenant's bar on his helmet now.

"Never mind about supper," Dan Tucker was saying. He stood with his carbine in the crook of his arm while he inventoried the little knot of men with hard eyes—stragglers! "Any gas left in those vehicles outside?" he demanded.

"Who wants to know, dad?" Gallery asked, slouching forward. His eyes were mean and calculating behind the dirty stubble on his face as he looked down at Dan. "Suppose you start showin' a little respect around here. You see that bar on my helmet, huh?"

"I see it," Dan grunted. He said over his shoulder to Peck, "Tell Riviera to check that gas—split it evenly among the three vehicles, sergeant. We're all going to St. Vivien."

Ed Peck yelled the instructions from the stoop, then slipped back into the room. There was going to be trouble here. Most of these birds had weapons in their hands. They were with Butch Gallery, and Butch could be bad in a fight.

Gallery had lifted the muzzle of his carbine until it covered Dan, but there was still a heavy-humored condescension in his voice as he spoke. "You ain't takin' no gas, dad," he said. "You're just shaggin' your tail out of here before I ——"

Ed Peck hadn't thought that a man could explode so fast. Dan jumped across the half dozen feet that separated him from Gallery. The muzzle of Dan's weapon dug into Gallery's belly, doubling the big man over with an explosive grunt. Then the carbine hit Gallery's cheekbone with the sound of a hammer hitting a barrel. Gallery sat down abruptly on the floor, his weapon slithering away, and Dan swung his look—bright and wicked as an ax blade—on the others.

"A fine pack of tramps!" he said, slamming his words at them like bullets. "Hiding back here like dogs with your tails between your legs. Line up! Either you start being soldiers again as of now, or I'll make you wish you'd never been born!"

For a moment they shuffled their feet uncertainly, their eyes dropping before the rapier stare of this little character with the bloody bandage showing

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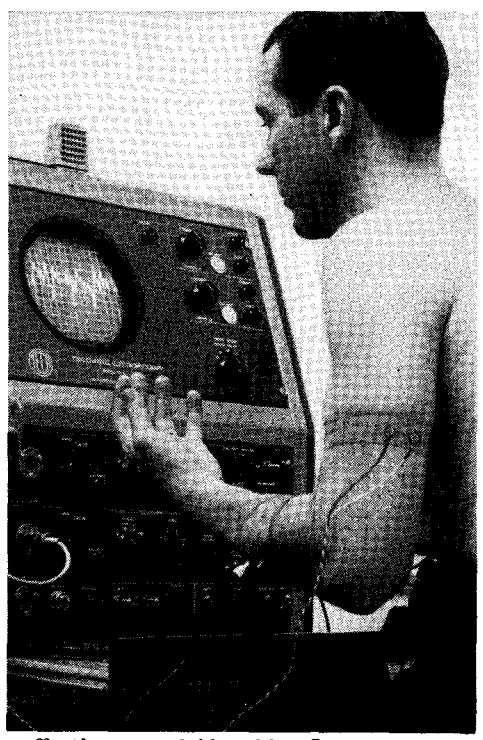

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beneath his stocking cap. Then they slowly ranged themselves into a rough order. Butch Gallery was getting to his feet, blood trickling through the stubble on his face.

"You're goin' to pay for this, damn you," he said hoarsely. "I got witnesses that you assaulted an officer an' ——"

"Mister," Dan said softly, "are you still worrying about that bar of yours? All right, we'll match rank, if you want."

He yanked the muddy parka back, and Ed Peck, watching from one side, saw the gleam of the single star on Dan's collar. *Well, I will be damned,* he thought. *An' I asked him if he was a lieutenant! How was I to know? Hell, I figured all the generals were back in Paris.* Just the same, he was feeling a lot better about things.

"Any stragglers in the other houses?" Dan asked sharply; and Gallery, his eyes glazed with shock, mumbled that he didn't know. Dan wheeled on Peck. "Check, sergeant. If you find any, assemble them out in the street. If anybody refuses to come, shoot him! That's an order!"

"Yes, sir," Ed said, then added, "general!"

There were others in this town, all right. Peck tallied them as they lined up in the snow a quarter of an hour later—twenty-seven, counting those who'd been with Butch Gallery. All but three had their weapons and some ammo left. One even had a B.A.R.—that pleased Ed Peck as he swung about and saluted and made his report to Dan.

"Good," Dan said. "What about gas?"

"We got enough to get all of us to St. Vivien, sir," Ed answered. "Maybe a little to spare."

Dan Tucker nodded and moved up to stand spraddle-legged in the snow, as he let his hard stare run along the faces of the men before him—tired faces, faces needing a shave, faces with eyes set too far back and still haunted by the chaos of the past days. He had to jolt these men out of the apathy into which they had sunk, Dan knew. No ordinary pep talk was going to work a miracle inside men who had descended far into the pit of despair.

"Give me your attention," he said, and the ranks stiffened a little under the confident authority in his voice. "St. Vivien is about six miles east of here. An infantry regiment is holding that town because St. Vivien must be held. That regiment has been catching hell for four days and four nights now. It's a green regiment. This is its first battle, but it's got guts and it's hanging on."

He paused for a moment to let his words soak in. *I just hope it's still hanging on,* he thought. The men in front of him were listening—that was all, just listening. He dropped his voice to a lower note now and went on.

"Tomorrow's Christmas," he said, switching his subject abruptly. A faint interest showed in the faces of his listeners as he jerked his head toward the trailer. "That trailer's full of Christmas mail from home for those guys who've been taking it on the chin for four days at St. Vivien. Any of you who think you're tough and mean and gutty enough to help me deliver that Christmas mail, step up and join Task Force Santa Claus!"

It had caught them off guard, Dan saw; he was pleased. They'd been prepared for the old, tired "every man must do his duty" routine; that Santa Claus caper—kid stuff—was an antidote for the stark tragedy which had been their diet up to now. A pint-sized infantryman wearing a muddy overcoat too long for him grinned.

"That straight dope, general?" he asked. "You really got Christmas presents in that trailer?"

"Nothing but," Dan said.

"Doggone, back home they used to say I was too skinny to be a Santa Claus," the doughboy said. "Guess I'll go along."

Dan could feel the mood of these men beginning to change. It wasn't that they cared much about Christmas or St. Vivien or Dan Tucker. Rather it was that here was something, remembered from better days, that they could tie to. It was security of a sort.

Another man moved up. "I always played Santa Claus for my kids," he said in a faintly apologetic voice. "It wouldn't hurt to sort of keep my hand in."

Butch Gallery was the last to move up. Why he did it, he didn't know. There didn't seem to be anything better to do. Anyway, he'd like to see how generals operated.

"Load up," Dan said. "Let's hit the road."

The afternoon was dying as the little column climbed toward a notch in the ridge which lifted a low rampart ahead. Here ranked firs screened the crest and ran away in a dark funeral procession to the left. Dan, in the jeep at the head of the column, signaled a halt and went forward on foot to have a look from the notch. Some sixth sense, born of bygone battles, warned of trouble ahead.

Enough light remained to show Dan another shallow valley. Three hundred yards below was a small stream with a wooden bridge that was flanked by trees; a thousand yards beyond that was a town with a crisscross of roads—St. Vivien! Dan's heart jumped a little as he heard the distant thump of a machine gun—a heavy and solid sound. It was the sound

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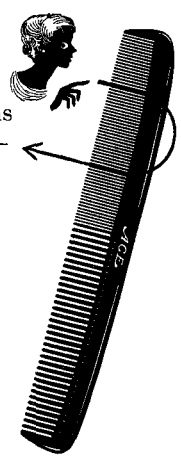

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of an American machine gun; the town still held!

"Good boys," he said under his breath. "Good boys!"

But the sixth sense still nagged him, and now Dan saw why. Something moved among the trees to the left of the bridge, and his straining eyes finally picked out the squat silhouettes of three German tanks—supporting infantry would be with them, he knew as he swore softly. So the krauts had slipped a force around here to the west, had they? They meant to get into the town by the back door! Well ——

Dan spat through the gap in his teeth, and his eyes took on a harder glint as he assessed the terrain and made his plan. He'd move Task Force Santa Claus north under the cover of the woods; the ridge curved to the east, and it would bring them within a couple of hundred yards of the German rear. He'd have enough fire power to create a momentary diversion, at least. And, while the krauts were still off balance, he'd send Ed Peck and Riviera across the bridge with the truck and a message to whoever was commanding in St. Vivien.

Dan scrawled that message now on a pad held on his knee.

Am engaging German tank-infantry force thousand yards due west of town. Take steps to counter if necessary. Rest of division now moving up to support you. Good luck and Merry Christmas. TUCKER—B.G.

That ought to do it, he decided, and started back.

Sgt. Ed Peck, his face faintly worried, was waiting at the jeep, and Dan told him to dismount the men—assemble them here. They came through the fading light, and Dan sketched the thing out for them with clipped sentences; it wasn't good, he knew, but he made no attempt to make it sound better than it was.

"We'll draw the tank fire away from the bridge to let Peck through," he said. "Then we'll play it by ear. Any questions?"

It was Gallery who spoke. "You mean you want us to fight tanks with rifles?" he asked in a hoarse, incredulous voice.

"Unless you've got a bazooka in your pocket," Dan said grimly. . . . "Peck, as soon as you hear the tank guns open, hightail it for the town. Give this message to whoever's in command and tell him I said to hang on. Help's on the way. Understand?"

"Sir," Ed Peck murmured, "if it's all the same, I'd rather go with the general. Riviera can take the message."

Dan started to refuse, then changed his mind. "So," he said softly, "you don't want to miss the fun —— O.K., sergeant."

"Much obliged, sir," Ed Peck said.

He ought to be feeling bad about this, Ed was thinking. It was a crazy scheme—one that could kill them all—and he had rocks in his head for staying. Yet somehow he didn't feel bad. Maybe it was because of that iron-butted little character with two teeth gone and that fool stocking cap down around his ears.

Dan had turned back to his handful of waiting men. He could feel the reluctance that ran in them—they were scared. He didn't blame them for that. He was scared too.

He said on a sudden impulse, "This'll be no picnic. Any man who doesn't want to come can ride with the truck."

Then for a moment he waited, knowing the rash gamble he had taken. He relaxed and put a hard grin onto his face as the line stood fast. He checked his carbine and slung it from his shoulder.

"Looks like I got a rough bunch in Task Force Santa Claus," he murmured. "All right, follow me!"

It was almost dark when they reached the north end of the woods. Dan deployed them there; he passed the word to hold fire until he gave the command. The tanks were still where he had spotted them earlier, and infantry made little clots around them now. It looked as though the Germans meant to launch their attack on the town as the last of the light faded. Well, time to open the ball.

"Ready," Dan sang out harshly. "Fire!"

The ragged volley stirred the echoes, and surprise multiplied its weight a hundredfold. By the bridge a man yelled in guttural alarm; confused shouting grew as Task Force Santa Claus slammed its bullets into the shadows down there. Dan heard the growl of tank engines, and a rapier of flame split the twilight. Then the clap of the bursting shell was a giant handclap in Dan's ears.

Two more spurts of orange flame lighted the woods, but something was wrong here; Dan swore bitterly as he saw the shells burst far to the right. Riviera had burst out of the notch too soon. Now the truck was bucketing down the slope, trailer swaying crazily behind, as the shells pursued. Rage made a dull red glow in Dan as he found that he was getting to his feet—going down the slope at a gimping run. A voice, his own, was loud in his ears.

"Come on, Santa Claus! Who's going to town with Old Dan Tucker? Come on! Come on!"

They came. Dan could hear their feet pounding behind him and their high yells merging with his own. Butch Gallery's voice was there, the voice of the little infantryman in the too-long overcoat, the voice of the man who used to play Santa Claus for his kids. But it was the thing that they were saying, in a sort of crazy chant, that surprised Dan the most. It rose savagely.

"Lay off our Christmas presents! Lay off!"

It was crazy and it wasn't war and it had no right to succeed. But it did. The audacity of this charge was a wicked cutting edge that slashed down everything that stood in its way.

Battle exploded beneath the trees as men stabbed with bayonets or gun muzzles and chopped with gun butts while the tanks churned futilely, impotent in this hand-to-hand melee. A rifle flamed in Dan's face, and he felt the hot kiss of a bullet against his cheek as he swung his carbine—heard the grunt as his man went down. A dull blow struck him in the side, and he staggered; then Ed Peck was beside him with a steadying arm until he got his balance.

"Get their grenades!" Ed was yelling. "Chuck 'em down the tank hatches! . . . Butch, give me a hand!"

Numbness was spreading through Dan's side now, and he knew the blow he'd felt had been a bullet. Off to the left the squat shadow of a tank suddenly belched fire from its ports; flames began to gut another tank as Dan's knees went soft and he slid down against a tree. Ed Peck came back, stalking big in the gloom.

"General," he was calling. "You O.K.?"

Dan tried to say, "I'm O.K.," but the words didn't come.

It was over presently. The last of the German infantry scattered, the German tanks dead. But it had taken a price. Butch Gallery had made up for his meannesses, never feeling the bullet that killed him. The infantryman in the too-long overcoat was gone—a dozen more. Of those that remained, there was not one without a wound. Ed Peck told Dan that, kneeling beside him in the dark.

"A good fight," Dan murmured as he closed his eyes. "A good fight. I'll sleep a little now."

Sun was coming through a window as Dan opened his eyes. He tried to move, but his side was stiff with bandages. Two men were looking down at him, he saw. One was the Old Man; and Dan knew, thankfully, that the rest of the division had come. The other man was Ed Peck. Dan was glad that Ed was here.

"Thanks for the Christmas present, Dan," the Old Man was saying gently. "You gave St. Vivien to all of us."

Dan thought that over—today was Christmas. "Task Force Santa Claus gave you St. Vivien, general," he said and then managed a tight grin. "Hell, Old Dan Tucker just came to town for the ride!"

Somehow Ed Peck liked that. It was just the sort of thing he'd expect Dan to say. The doc promised that Dan would be around and as good as new in a few weeks; and Ed Peck already had made up his mind that he meant to do the rest of his soldiering with Old Dan Tucker. A smart sergeant could pull a string or two.

"Merry Christmas, general," Ed said.

THE END

"Well, he was here a minute ago. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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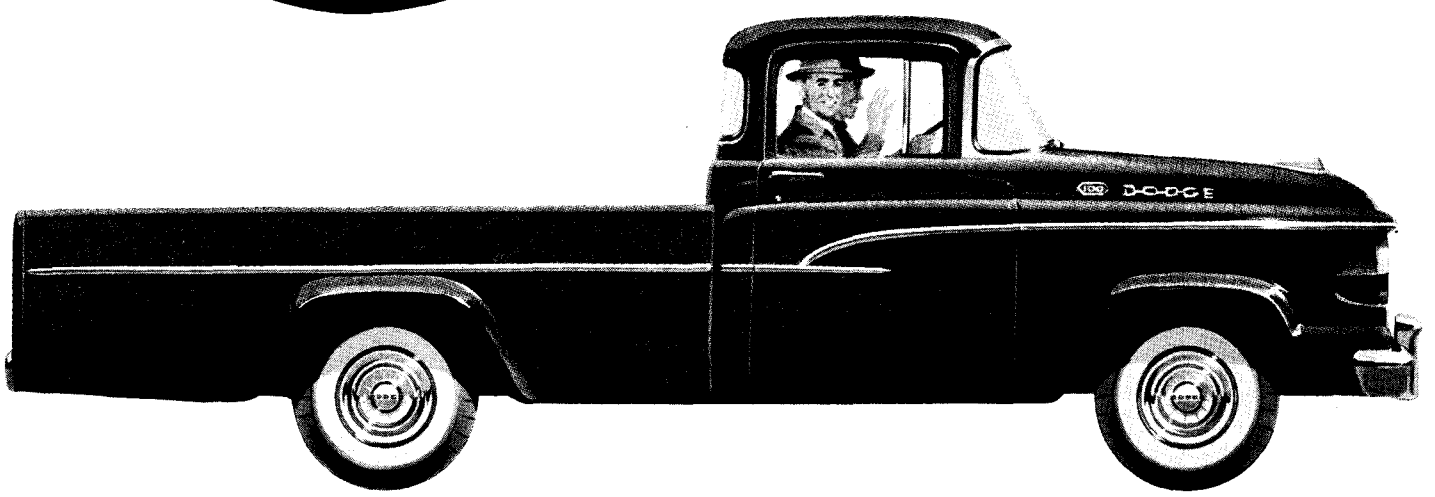
NOW IS THE TIME TO take 5 to drive...



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You'll get a new view on value when you slide behind the wheel of this gleaming new Dodge Sweptline! For here's an economical beauty that stops on a nickel, turns on a dime, puts a new kind of pepper under the heftiest payloads! And your dealer's ready to prove it. Take just five moneysaving minutes to see and drive a Dodge today!

DODGE "JOB-RATED" MODELS FROM 4,250 LBS. G.V.W. TO 76,800 LBS. G.C.W.

Care to compare? Take five minutes to check Dodge on these 5 big points!

1. ***BIGGER PAYLOADS!*** Up to 84 cu. ft.! Sweptline hauls more cargo than either of its major competitors to save you time and trips!
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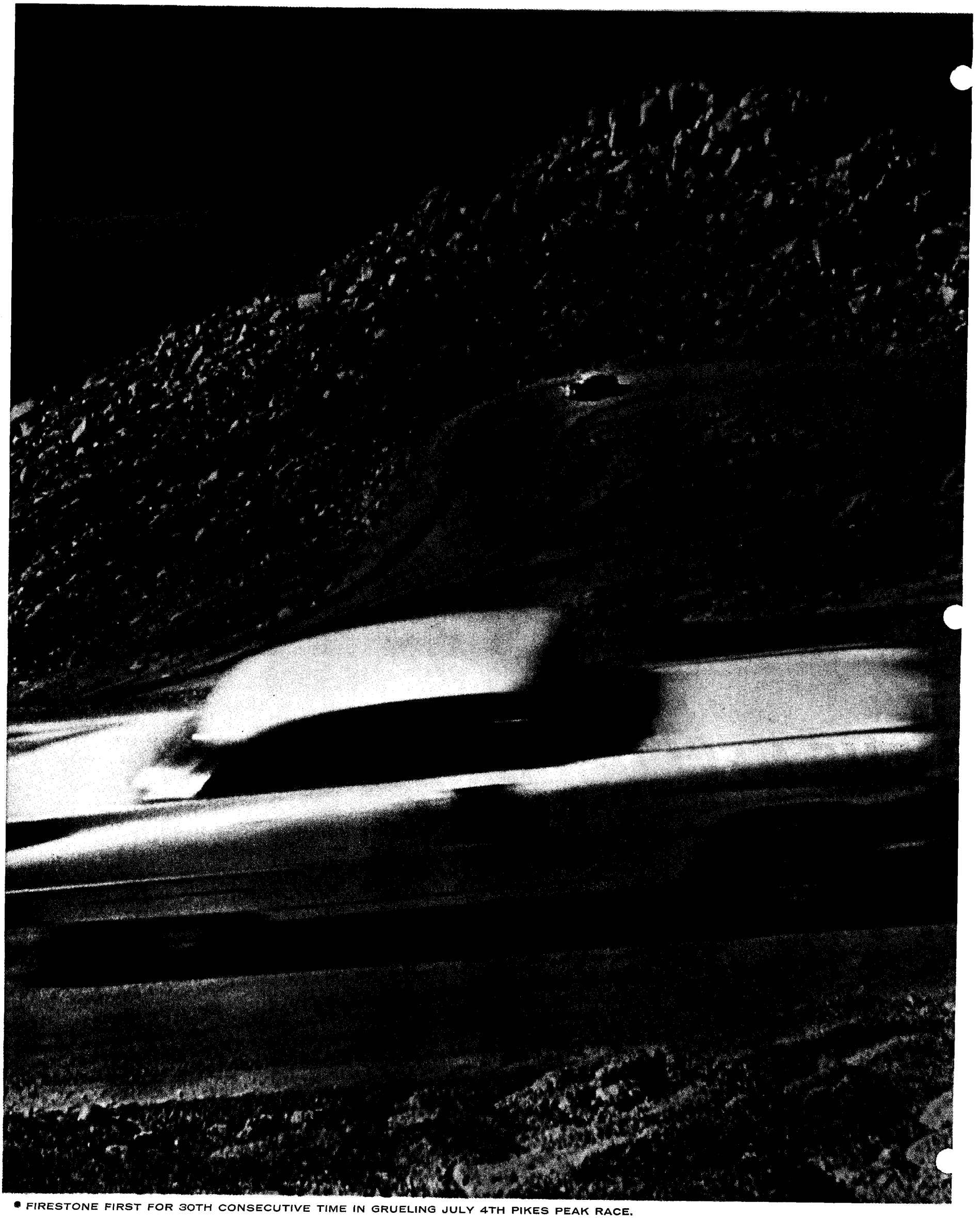

● FIRESTONE FIRST FOR 30TH CONSECUTIVE TIME IN GRUELING JULY 4TH PIKES PEAK RACE.

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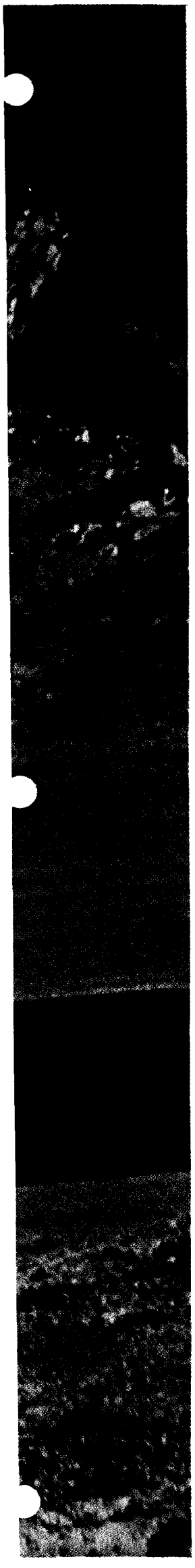

At Pikes Peak, speedway-proved

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Firestone

CHAMPION IN EVERY TEST OF TIRE SAFETY

Winner for the 30th consecutive year over the cliff-hanging curves and grades of the famed Pikes Peak July 4th race—Firestone tires! Firestones blazed a new racing car record of 13:36.5 over the tire-mauling 12.42 miles of flying dirt and gravel that constitute this track. They swept sports and stock car competitions, too, further establishing themselves as *the* No. 1 favorites for road-gripping safety on all speedways and highways. Racing and speedway events are just one of seven unmatched "torture tests" that Firestones are put through continuously . . . tests that total more than 425 million miles of yearly driving under every conceivable condition, for *your* ever-improved tire safety on road and turnpike. And now, score *another* Firestone first:

FIRESTONE RUBBER-X-101

An extraordinary new softer-riding yet longer-wearing tread rubber, Firestone Rubber-X-101 virtually eliminates tire squeal even on sharpest turns. Result: a new kind of quiet motoring. And you can easily get *4,000 to 5,000* additional miles of motoring—all at regular tire prices! Why pay more and get less? Get test-proved, best-proved Firestone tires made with *exclusive* Firestone Rubber-X-101 at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

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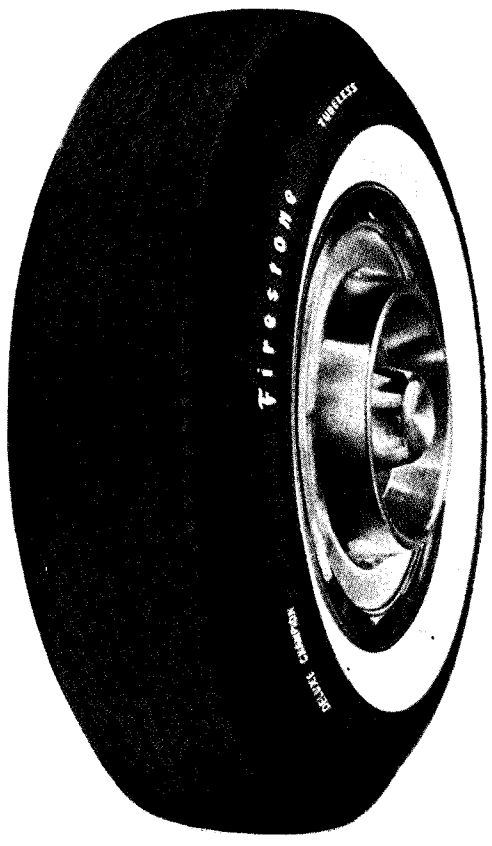


TEST-PROVED FIRESTONE TIRES ARE THE BEST PROVED TIRES ON THE ROAD!

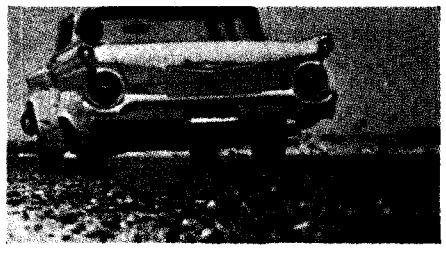
PROVED *in never-ending turnpike tests*

PROVED *on world's fastest test track*

PROVED *on all major speedways*

PROVED *on major city taxi fleets*

PROVED *on the steepest mountain turns*



PROVED *on abrasive stone and gravel*

PROVED *on burning desert roads*

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Troubled King of Toys

(Continued from Page 29)

legitimate invention must be "of such quality and distinction that masters of the scientific field in which it falls will recognize it as an advance."

To Glass, who reads Plato and worships Beethoven, the daily self-reminder that he is not advancing anything but his bank account is adequate reason for spending many of his waking hours hating himself. Since he never sleeps more than four to five hours nightly—"I dread sleeping longer; it's like being dead,"—this adds up to a lot of brooding time.

"I'm a frustrated man," he says quietly. "I never wrote a play or a book or relieved anybody's suffering for an hour."

Instead, he makes himself suffer too. Now divorced, he has been married three times, twice to the same woman, and has been in psychoanalysis for four years. Except for an occasional weekend in Las Vegas, he has not taken a vacation in fifteen years. He smokes three packs of cigarettes and about a dozen one-dollar cigars daily. Every headache is symptomatic of a brain tumor to him, yet he refuses to take pills because "I'm afraid they'll make me stupid."

All day he asks his secretary for meals, sandwiches, coffee and soda pop. He pecks at these morosely, shoves them away and, shortly afterward, pronounces himself "starved." He owns fifty-three suits and keeps them in his office. He lives there, although he pays $325 a month for an apartment. He has accumulated $7000 worth of cuff links which he never wears, and he is seriously contemplating opening his own night club "so I'll have a place to go at night." He now spends many evenings telephoning out-of-town friends and customers, sometimes at midnight or later, and chatting with them by the hour.

Anyone who prefers to picture a toy designer's studio as a cozy workshop where a Santalike character presides over a crew of merry elves would do well to stay clear of Marvin Glass and Associates. The firm, of which Glass is sole owner, is headquartered in nine seam-bursting rooms on the ground floor of the Hotel Alexandria, a less-than-fashionable establishment on the corner of Ohio and Rush streets on Chicago's grimy near north side. All doors are always kept shut and locked. Each is equipped with two or three locks which are changed frequently.

"It's like being in the underground during the war," says Bayard (Jud) Reed, a designer who has been with Glass for twenty-two years. Reed is one of twenty employees, most of whom earn $15,000 to $30,000 a year. Not all, however, have access to every room in the shop, and none may breathe to any outsider, including his wife, what he is working on. Glass will not try out models of new toys on children for fear that one of them might innocently betray a business secret. Before unveiling a prototype, Glass requires a customer to sign a document designed to render his idea theftproof. This policy is so rigid that one of the country's largest and most respected manufacturers, affronted at the idea of having to sign such an agreement, recently negotiated seven months in vain just for a peek at a new Glass item.

Glass's idea was a new doll, which he has since sold to another manufacturer and which, he says, "will revolutionize" the field. He has invested more than $100,000 in its development. It is one of fourteen still-secret items which have eaten up a total of $700,000. They will be launched on the one annual occasion when all the gamblers in toys pull up to the same table and the chips are down—the toy show in New York this month.

Some 200,000 new toys will be introduced there. Selected by the buyers at the show, perhaps 50,000 will go into production. Only about 200 will make real money.

To understand the mercurial world where Glass flowers and frets—and into which he must launch his doll—it is necessary to examine the forces that buffet it. To begin with, the stakes are big and growing—sales increased more than 60 per cent in the last five years. Many of the trade's practitioners are estimable citizens, but exceptions are numerous—one of the leading figures, for example, is unanimously described by insiders as "a thief." More than 2500 American firms call themselves toy manufacturers, but the mortality rate among them is steep. Only a few hundred hang on more or less permanently, and many of these are overexpanded and underfinanced. It is a business nearly devoid of reliable statistics.

Determining public tastes in toys is equally elusive because toy purchasers and users are rarely identical. "A parent buys a toy because it's what he'd like to play with," says one industry spokesman. This allows a designer leeway for originality to whet the appetite of novelty-hunting adults. "It's stepping into the unknown, very much like a theatrical production," says Burton Meyer, one of Glass's executives. "Anything goes."

Yet most parents also want to please their children and, at least subconsciously, they have absorbed a key truth about youngsters. "Kids are ultraconservative," as Glass puts it. "They're too insecure to be innovators. They're imitators. The thing that works as a toy is the commonplace that the child has seen before and can understand and manipulate."

The industry, therefore, expends much of its creative energy hatching new ways to cross the same old *t*'s and dot the same old *i*'s. Thus Glass learned that toy dogs will always sell if he can just keep on endowing them with something different. In 1953 he made the Moody Mutt, a puppy that smiled until a push on its forelegs caused it to bare its fangs and turn into a ferocious menace—3,600,000 were sold at forty-nine cents, netting Glass $64,000. The following year his Swimming Puppy, with rotating legs that kicked up splashily in bathtubs, made him $40,000. The year after that, his Hungry Puppy, equipped with eyes that greedily followed a magnetic bone when it was dangled before them, brought in $38,000. Robo the Robot Dog, a big square of a canine that walked, wagged its tail and barked, netted another $55,000. A 1960-model dog will make its debut in the spring.

Dolls are trickier. Glass's first flier in this staple came in 1952—the Fever Doll. It had a thermometer in its mouth. Placed on its back, the doll's face would redden and a pin in its mouth would shove the red plastic in the thermometer to indicate a rising temperature. The trade loved it, but it was a flop on the toy counter—one of Glass's least expensive disasters. It cost him only $25,000. "Mothers buy dolls," he explains in rueful hindsight. "This was just too realistic for them. It reproduced an unpleasant situation and made them uncomfortable."

Three years later he created the Crybaby Doll. It had a sucker in its hand. When the sucker was slipped into its mouth, the doll looked happy. When it was taken away, the doll cried. It cost the manufacturer $100,000 to tool up for this dollar item and advertise it in trade and general magazines. Glass made $47,000, but counts it as a relative failure—"Too subtle, too sadistic." It was, considering that the 1959 doll best-seller—Ideal Toy Corporation's Patti Play Pal, a remarkably lifelike thirty-five-inch model designed to wear real clothes—was marketed at $29.95 and will net its manufacturer an estimated $1,000,000 the first year.

If Glass pulls a coup in dolls for 1960, it would be quite a feat, for in 1959 he rocked a section of the industry that is just as strategic and just as hard to impress—the gun makers.

The epic of his Ric-O-Shay pistol, which retails at a sensationally high $3.98 and sold 1,003,000 in its first eight months, began more than two years ago. The toy-gun business had long been dominated by staid operators who sold their weapons at twenty-nine cents to $1.49 and rarely added a new wrinkle. In 1957, though, a $2.98 gun hit the market. It could be fanned like a real pistol. It was advertised on television and sold like crazy.

For Glass this was startling intelligence. In one product meeting after another, he and his colleagues debated the problem. What could a gun be made to do? It could make a bang; that was old stuff. It could smoke; but it seemed doubtful whether a safe, self-renewing source of thick, clean smoke could be built into a little pistol. It could shoot bullets; but parents might object. It could make a ricochet noise! To Glass, who spends hours each week scouting for ideas by disconsolately watching every Western on TV, that was the answer.

A staff engineer who had once designed musical instruments was assigned to the task. In two months he coaxed the authentic zing of a phony television ricochet out of a banjo string. Unhappily the string had to be seven inches long, stretched taut between two vises and couldn't be made to stay taut.

An electrical specialist got the job next. He concocted a device that sounded good, but was too large for a gun handle, cost five dollars to make and offered no proof that it could zing consistently. At this juncture the problem was handed to one of Glass's inspired tinkers, Cuban-born Carl Ayala. In four and a half months, working seventy to ninety hours weekly, he came up with a small brass diaphragm. Pinged in the right way by a meticulously curved piece of tempered piano wire, it made the perfect sound. Ayala proved this by recording the ricochets of *Gunsmoke* on tape, playing them to an oscilloscope and observing its vibrations.

"When I hear that sound I get sick," Ayala says. "I still hear it in my sleep." Finally his vibrations matched those of *Gunsmoke*.

Placing the diaphragm in a gun handle was not easy. The brass surface had to be kept clear to make the sound, but it had to be mounted tightly. Ayala solved the problem by soldering a rim around it and squeezing the whole assembly between two metal rings tightened by screws. The piano wire had to be attached no more than one-thousandth of an inch from the diaphragm. It took $64,000 and almost a year to make a model Ric-O-Shay. And it worked only after a cap had been shot. The resulting gas in the chamber set off the ricochet mechanism.

Glass then made an appointment with Jack Holden, director of new products for the highly reputable Hubley Manufacturing Company of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, the oldest and biggest gun makers. He asked Holden to sign a "confidential disclosure" agreement guaranteeing that Hubley would not make anything similar to what they were about to be shown. Holden hesitated.

"There can be only one thing new in a gun," he said, "a ricochet."

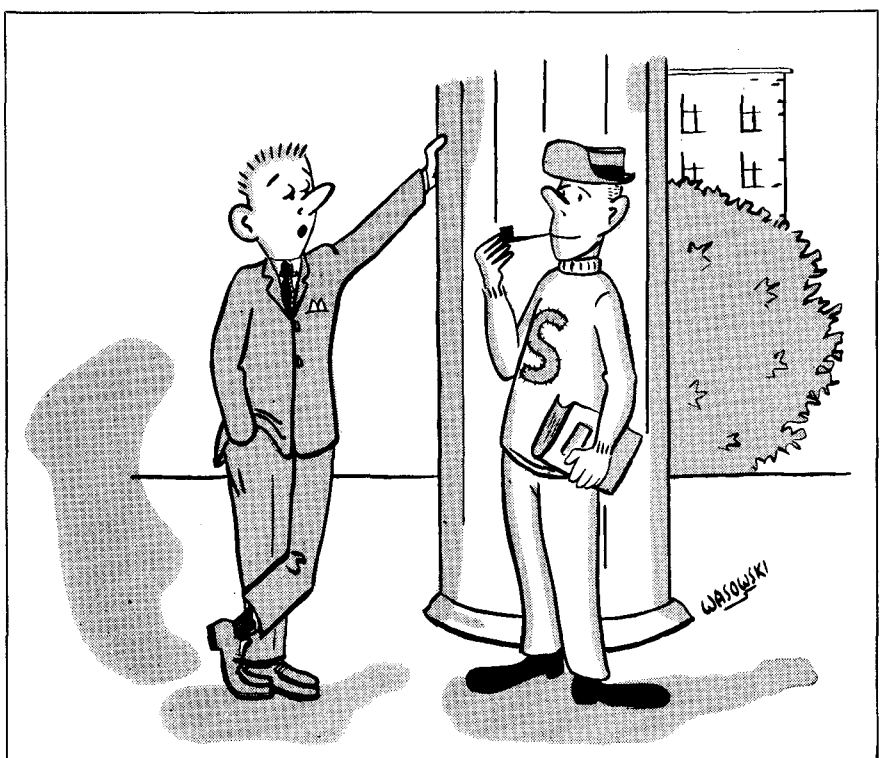
Glass blanched and said, "I presume that's true, but do you have a ricochet?"

"No, but we've been working on it for two years," said Holden.

"Well," said Glass, "we've got it."

Holden signed the agreement and wanted to try the gun. But Glass wouldn't let him. Hubley's board chairman, president and six other trusted key officials had to be assembled. Tense and silent they sat around a conference table. Glass stood in the middle of the room wielding his gun.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the ricochet!" And then he fired. The men around the table smiled. Glass, with sweat pouring across his eyes, (*Continued on Page 56*)



"There's a lot to be said for higher learning. Intellectual stimulation, artistic challenge, good conversation, and it keeps the army off your back."

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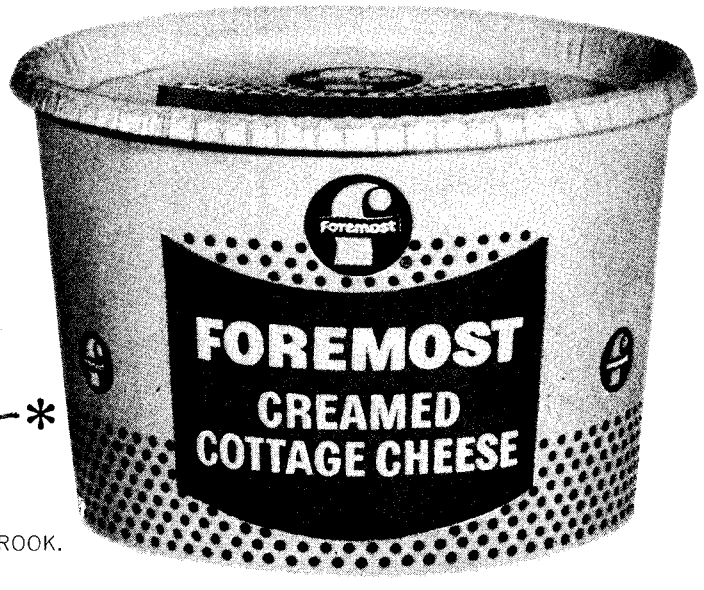
You'll never know how cottage cheese can doll up a salad until you serve FOREMOST

Cottage cheese makes the salad—and Foremost makes the difference. Creamy little morsels with all the fresh, delicate flavor of *perfect* cottage cheese, the *tenderest* cottage cheese that ever dolled up a salad.

Be a doll yourself; treat 'em to Foremost—soon!



Your family gets the most from FOREMOST*

*These brands are FOREMOST, too: TASTEMARK, MEDOSWEET, GOLDEN STATE, HAGE'S and SUNNY BROOK.

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(*Continued from Page 54*) ducked behind chairs and kept firing like a TV cowboy. Then, as shouts of "That's it!" filled the room, he placed the gun on the table. Every hand reached for it, but president John H. Hartman Jr. got the first chance to fire. Quickly Hubley signed an agreement advancing Glass an initial $50,000 against a 10.9-cent royalty on each gun sold.

Then the real difficulties began. The Hubley engineers said the gun was too expensive to manufacture. Besides, it would be easier for salesmen to demonstrate if the ricochet sound could be produced even when the gun was not loaded with caps. Four months later the Hubley engineers, working with Glass, made such a model. Its ricochet was set off by trigger action instead of gas. So tight was Hubley's security that its salesmen were not shown the gun at their annual meeting.

New production problems arose. Outside engineers had to be called in to help design a machine that would stop production if the space between the piano wire and the diaphragm varied by more than two thousandths of an inch. By that time Hubley had invested an estimated $200,000 in the gun. The patent application was 10,500 words long. And it wasn't until just before the March, 1959, deadline that a reliably performing gun could be mass-made. But when it was demonstrated at last at the toy show before an assembly of retailers, this often cynical audience did something nobody could recall their doing before—they applauded.

Frequently toy-production problems prove undefeatable. In 1957, for example, after reading George Orwell's futuristic book *1984*, Glass decided to make a twenty-dollar Brainmobile. It was a thirty-six-inch car with "atomic" motors and twenty-five instruction cards bearing directions like "left," "right," "forward" and "backward." An intricate route plan could be punched into each card. When a card was fed into a slot of the car, the vehicle executed its orders. Five months' work and $63,000 yielded a working model. But the manufacturer, after investing another year and $150,000, still could not produce it. It never left the factory. It also ruined Glass with the manufacturer and caused the $30,000-a-year designer who had worked on it to quit in a state of nervous exhaustion.

There has been at least one other breakdown on the staff; and despite Glass's chronic generosity—he hands out $2000 bonuses quite often and once gave an employee $10,000—it requires a rather special state of mind to keep working for him. His people sometimes labor for days with no sleep.

Glass's loyalty to them—and to their ability to come up with next year's toy "revolution"—is fierce. Not long ago, when his secretary's keys were missing, they turned up in the pockets of a new employee. Lie-detector tests indicated that there was reason to believe the man was trying to gain access to secret projects that were none of his business. Glass was frantic. He consulted his lawyers, his assistants and his psychiatrist. All advised him to fire the fellow. Glass barred the suspect from all workrooms except the worker's own, but kept him on.

"The guy's a genius in his field," he says. "I've got a fortune in the job he's working on. He's got two kids and he broke down and cried. I just can't believe. . ."

Glass's friends believe that he requires excitement and pressure to sustain himself. Glass agrees and adds, "I'm like a trained dog. *I can't stop.*" Moreover, each year he must prove to himself anew that he is top dog, even if life fated him to play this role in a field for which he lacks respect.

The roots of his drive reach deep into his past. Glass was born July 14, 1914, in the Chicago suburb of Evanston. His parents, both immigrants from Germany and now dead, did not have an ideal marriage. His father, an engineering consultant and a tall man, kept wondering aloud why Marvin turned out so puny. And why did he have to be such a dreamer?

Marvin's dreams manifested themselves in toys he made himself. At four he turned out a cardboard dog—"I couldn't understand why I couldn't make the tail wag." At eight he equipped his friends with homemade Roman helmets, swords and shields—"I always played Caesar and I never got assassinated."

Later he made a military tank big enough to sit in and a submarine that shot wooden torpedoes. His skill made him friends; but even so, he always felt lonely and withdrew to make more things. Sent away to military school in Wisconsin—"I hated it"—he produced scale models of pirate ships and Egyptian galleys. Neither parent came to his graduation.

In 1935 he received an A.B. degree from the University of Chicago, and his father kept asking what he wanted to become. "I said 'nobody,'" Glass recalls. "He used to get mad as hell."

Sharing a two-room Chicago apartment with an artist friend in an Ohio Street studio building, Glass soon was involved in his first professional toy production. His friend Eoina (Joe) Nudelman, who also designed animated window displays, was asked by a customer for a toy idea. Joe and Marvin obliged with the Tiny Town Theater, a projector in which kids could insert and illuminate comic strips. They sold the idea outright for $500. The manufacturer made more than $30,000, and Glass never again parted with an idea without a royalty agreement.

Next, Glass and Nudelman netted $18,000 each on Cradle Pal, a toy-lined plastic bar for baby cribs. Jud Reed, who had worked as an artist on mail-order catalogues, joined them. For years they lived and worked together in Nudelman's studio, playing gypsy music, drinking vodka and talking toy ideas. Their first big hit was Hingies, a set of cutout figures that could be animated. Under franchise agreements they animated Mickey Mouse, Blondie and other favorites. Glass's

Jumping Jack

By Ethel Jacobson

Suddenly above the sage
A jumping jack pops from his cage—
A long-eared, wide-eyed desert hare,
Poised a moment, etched on air.

Is something stealthy there pursuing—
Or is it merely aerial viewing
To check your course and the terrain?
Old jack rabbit, I see you plain
Arched on the sky, then swiftly—*whup!*
Once more the sagebrush swallows you up.

Would you trade just one morning. .

Super easy! Super Kem-Tone wall paint flows on with brush or roller. No laps or brush marks. Dries in 20 *minutes, with no "painty"* odor. Easy cleanup, too. Soap and warm water clean rollers, brushes, trays perfectly.

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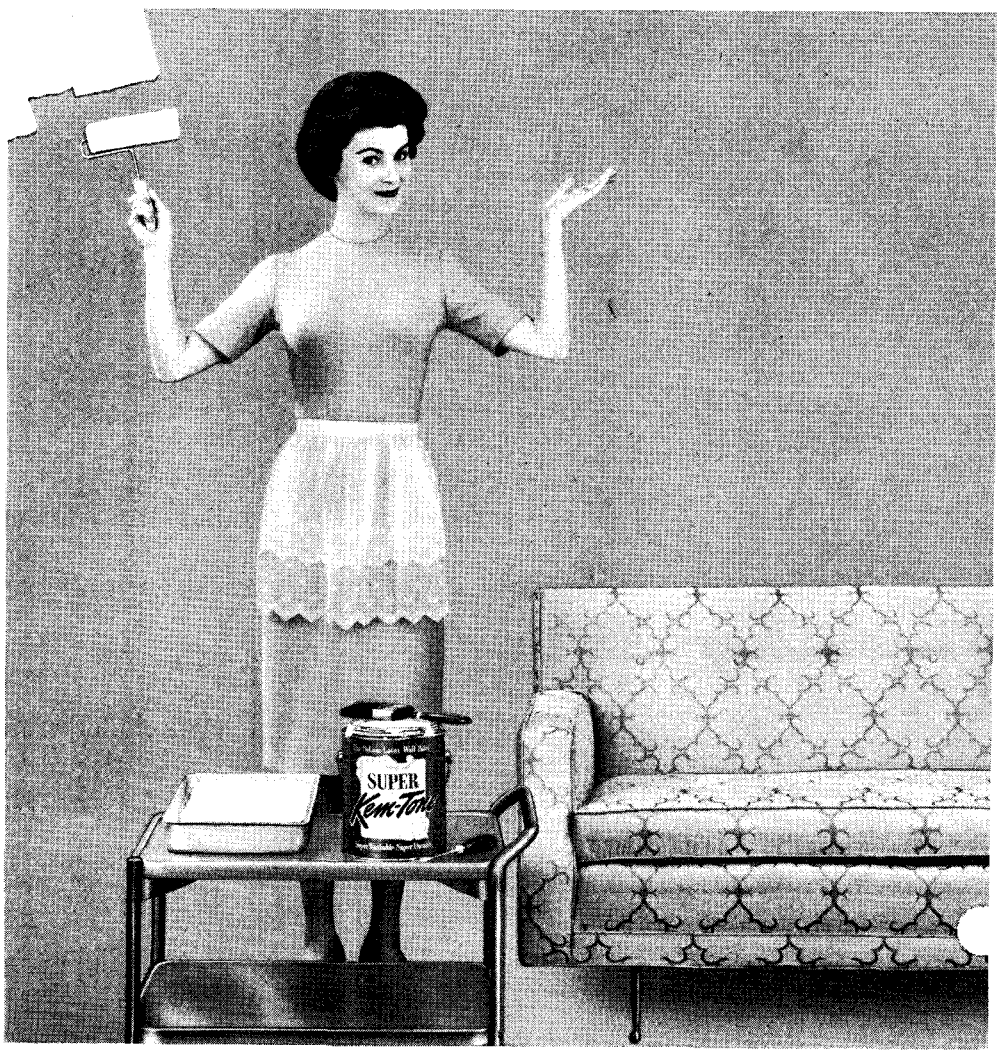

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share of the profits was $94,000, and after that he bought out his friends.

"They didn't like the customers," he recollects. "Sometimes they insulted them. I was always mercenary enough to be polite."

Before moving to his present location some years ago, Glass set himself up in a loft building under his present firm name. He devised another set of animated comics for another company, netted another $341,000 and became accepted in his circles as a boy genius. His reputation grew further with the Catholic Weather Chapel, a little structure with a moisture gauge—"I wouldn't guarantee its scientific accuracy." The gauge caused a "Sacred Heart" to appear for good weather. St. Barbara, the protectress against disasters of nature, materialized for an adverse prediction. The chapel netted $161,000, just enough to round out Glass's first $1,000,000.

Then, one night in 1949, he was walking down Michigan Avenue with Jud Reed and spotted a stained-glass window in an antique shop. Then and there Glass decided to bring out little plastic "stained-glass windows" for Christmas trees. Planning to sell them himself by mail, he hired eighteen girls to handle the orders and a watchman to guard the cash. He invested $700,000 in production, plus $400,000 for advertising. A nationwide ad barrage began one Sunday shortly before Christmas. By the following Wednesday the scope of the disaster was plain.

"Instead of a fleet of trucks, one mailman came," Glass relates, shuddering. "Why? Because Christmas isn't really a religious observance any more. It's a time for fun, and this wasn't fun."

Moreover, the plastic used for the "windows" turned out to be of poor quality; three girls had to be put to work mailing refunds. They were refunding away when Glass was visited by Edward Goldfarb, a young inventor who demonstrated a little cardboard box on two legs. When the box was pressed down, a mechanism within caused a marble to fall out of the bottom.

Glass was $300,000 in debt, but friends lent him money to start afresh. He turned Goldfarb's box into the pocket-sized Busy Biddee Chicken. When pressed, it unburdened itself of five marbles, one at a time. Topic Toys of Chicago sold 14,267,000 of the chickens. They retailed at thirty-nine cents and Glass cleared $314,000. "You know why they paid attention to the chicken?" he asks. "Everybody wanted to know where the marbles came from, that's what. They were like circus clowns tumbling out of a jalopy."

Goldfarb became Glass's top assistant, earning up to $50,000 a year before going into business for himself. Prior to his departure, he came up with the Yakkity-Yak Teeth, a set of dentures with a motor inside. Wound up, the motor made the teeth click. "Eddie had an overly talkative mother-in-law," explains Glass. The manufacturer, H. Fishlove and Company of Chicago, sold 3,200,000 sets of teeth at one dollar retail, netting Glass $84,000.

Occasionally, among the thousands of suggestions Glass gets annually from would-be toy inventors, a useful idea turns up. The best one came from David W. Jones, a Denver engineer who worked up for his nephew what the patent application subsequently called "a self-propellent toy which circumvents obstructions." Jones's model required electronic computers and would have had to retail for fifty dollars. Glass turned it into the Brainy Bug, an eight-inch-long plastic orange insect that ran on two flashlight batteries. Any time any of its four feelers ran into an obstruction, the bug changed course and marched on.

Glass's contribution to Jones's idea is an example of the one factor that causes the greatest tension, delay and expense in toy designing—simplification and consequent price reduction. After experiments costing $45,000, Glass had replaced Jones's electronic equipment with electrical and mechanical devices that enabled the manufacturer, General Molds and Plastics Corporation of Pittsburgh, to retail the Bug at $4.98. Glass cleared $178,000 after paying Jones $26,800 in royalties.

Most Glass productions evolve from the often bitter debates at staff meetings or from his own brain storms. Cop-'N-Car, for instance, a siren-equipped motorcycle cop who caught up with a speeding sports car and made it stop, grew out of Glass's personal experiences as a chronic speedster—and made him $81,000.

Considering the talent, experience and stomach linings invested in each item, the list of failures is impressive—the Dipsy Diver dived efficiently in bathtubs, but kids couldn't have cared less; the lion in the Magic Cage never roared right; the Windup Clown didn't turn enough somersaults; buyers expected to sell 10,000,000 of Glass's reproduction of Dennis the Menace, but parents went on strike against it because Dennis squirted water out of a water pistol.

Once in a rare while Glass makes a toy that fills him with pride. In 1959 it was the Tic Toy Clock, a big open-faced timepiece with multicolored plastic parts that can be dismantled and put together again. It keeps fairly accurate time for twelve hours per winding. At $4.98 each, more than $2,000,000 worth had been sold months before Christmas. Because of Glass's ingenuity, millions of children are thus being lured into an act of self-education—while simultaneously satisfying a common childhood desire—to take a clock apart and rebuild it to see what makes it tick.

This sort of triumph sends Glass into flights of exultation. "We're re-creating the dreams of kids in three dimensions," he says on such occasions. "You know, a toy is the only thing measured down to a kid's size. A desk and even a doorknob give a kid a sense of inferiority. With a toy he can learn to cope with reality. We may not push back the frontiers of science, but we may put into the hands of children the tools that will help them push the frontiers back."

Such moods are brief for Glass. More typically he is so disgusted with himself that he won't shave until evening. He fumes because manufacturers don't like to admit that he designs their toys and therefore keep his name off their packages. He keeps harping on his size—"Wouldn't you like me to be as tall as *he* is?" he kept asking his first wife. His conscience has driven him into buying $3500 worth of foreign dolls for his ten-year-old daughter, Diana, who won't play with them because they are too fancy; and he voluntarily bought for his first wife, Dorothy, a house and, without alimony agreement, gives her anything she needs and more.

"We're better friends now than when we were married," says Mrs. Glass. "I think he was born to be dissatisfied. That's why he can keep on creating."

Glass knows that a husbandly routine is not for him and that he needs to live his business full time just as other men need oxygen. But he is too wise not to realize the futility of the race he runs against himself. "I make something and all I see is a check and nobody to pat me on the head and make me a bowl of noodle soup," he says. "It really is very sad." THE END

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My Adventures as an Illustrator

(Continued from Page 27)

months with her parents in Potsdam, New York, leaving me alone in the dingy third-floor apartment we had rented in New Rochelle. Our marriage wasn't particularly unhappy, but it certainly didn't have any of the warmth and love of a real marriage. I soon realized that Irene didn't love me. She was still in love with the agricultural student she had been engaged to. Maybe she had married me because my prospects were better. Not that she wasn't an awfully nice girl; she just made a mistake. After a while her mother and two brothers and sister came to live with us.

When the first draft call of World War I was sent out, I was declared exempt. I don't remember why; maybe, with all my wife's relatives, I had too many dependents. Still, I felt guilty, so when the authorities organized a harbor patrol in New Rochelle to guard the approaches to Fort Slocum, a big enlistment center, I joined up.

Headquarters of the harbor patrol was an old bug-infested yawl anchored in the middle of Pelham Bay. One night a week I would report to the yawl with my friend Clyde Forsythe, the cartoonist. Our captain would assign us to a rowboat loaded with rifles and pistols, and we'd row with muffled oarlocks about the bay, listening for the swish and clank of German submarines surfacing. All we ever intercepted was a rowboat carrying two women on their way to cheer up the boys at Fort Slocum.

In the daytime, of course, I stuck to my easel. The papers were full of war news, and every headline suggested an idea for a cover. FRENCH POPULACE CHEERS DOUGHBOYS—I did a magazine cover showing a little French girl inserting a poppy in an American soldier's buttonhole. SERGEANT AWARDED CROIX DE GUERRE, BUSSED BY FRENCH GENERAL—I painted a startled doughboy being kissed on the cheek by a French general. Four other illustrators read the same news item and did covers on it. When four magazines came out in the same week with covers of a French general kissing a doughboy, everybody called up everybody else and threatened to sue.

I was pretty well satisfied with myself, knocking out covers and illustrations for *The Post*, *Country Gentleman*, *Leslie's*, *Life* and *Judge*, enjoying my fan mail and making quite a bit of money. Then, one day in June, 1917, I decided it was my duty to enlist. The doctors at Pelham Bay Naval Enlistment Headquarters rejected me because I was seventeen pounds underweight for my height and age, so I caught a train to New York, to try again at an enlistment center at City Hall.

The yeoman who weighed me there had been a student at the Art Students League. "You've overdone the starving-artist bit," he said. "We'll have to talk to a doctor."

He led me into a dark little office and explained my problem to a doctor who was sitting with his feet up on a desk and smoking a cigar.

"How much under is he?" asked the doctor, looking thoughtfully at my nakedness.

"Seventeen pounds," said the yeoman.

"Won't do," said the doctor. "We can waive ten pounds, but not seventeen."

The yeoman glanced furtively around. "How about the treatment?" he whispered.

"He don't look big enough," said the doctor.

"I want to get in," I said, shivering as chill drafts ran up and down my bare legs. "What's the treatment?"

"Bananas, doughnuts and water," said the doctor. "You eat seven pounds' worth, we waive the other ten pounds, and you're in." He pulled open a file drawer. It was filled with bananas and doughnuts. I eased onto an icy chair, my teeth chattering. The yeoman drew a pitcher of water at the wash basin in the corner. The doctor heaped bananas and doughnuts around it. "Go to it," he said.

I began to eat and drink. After a while I staggered to the scales—five pounds to go. So I ate some more and drank some more. The doctor's cigar went out. The yeoman watched me intently.

"I'm going to burst," I said. "I'd better quit."

But the doctor and the yeoman had now adopted my enlistment as a personal cause; it wasn't just one sailor more or less, it was their battle against the Kaiser and all his forces of darkness.

"Come on," said the doctor, peeling a banana, "four more doughnuts, and bananas, and more water."

I stuffed. And stuffed. And stuffed. The yeoman weighed me again. "We've won!" he shouted. I could hardly walk; the seven pounds of doughnuts, bananas and water sloshing about in my stomach threw me off balance. But I managed to struggle into my clothes and totter home.

A few days later I was ordered to report to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where I would embark for the base at Queenstown, Ireland. We sailed that night, but a warning that German submarines were lurking off the coast brought a change of course. The next morning we docked at Charleston, South Carolina. Flu was raging through the camp; men were dying every day. Being shorthanded, the authorities assigned new arrivals to guard duty and burial squads. I got a piece of both.

Guard duty was cold, damp and frightening, but uneventful. I just stood in a mud puddle for four hours, scared of snakes, Germans and my fellow guards, who would shoot at anything which made a noise. At dusk twelve of us were issued guns and marched off to the cemetery, behind a wagon laden with rough pine coffins. As each one was lowered into a grave, the officer said, "Readyaimfire," and we fired—bangety, bang, bang, bang . . . bang. That last bang was me; I hardly knew the butt of a rifle from the barrel.

The next day I was assigned to the camp newspaper, *Afloat and Ashore*, to draw cartoons and make layouts two days a week. The rest of the time I could do my own work, as long as it was in some way related to the Navy. I painted a *Post* cover of one sailor showing another a picture of his girl, and a cover for the humor magazine *Life* of a group of smiling soldiers, sailors and marines. I drew countless portraits of officers and enlisted men. Of course, doing portraits of officers made my life less complicated. If I wanted a pass to town, I'd just ask one of my sitters. He could hardly refuse; I might have elongated his nose or weakened his chin.

A few months later all the men in special services were alarmed to hear that a

---

The child who obeys without question is probably too young to talk.

JEANNE OPALACH

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new commander had been appointed to the Charleston Naval Base. A sailor named O'Toole was discussing the situation with me one afternoon when the studio door was flung open, a voice yelled "ten-SHUN!" and in walked the new base commander, a big, handsome, beefy-looking fellow in dress uniform. His smartly dressed wife accompanied him.

"Carry on, men, carry on," he said. I went back to work on a portrait, and O'Toole fussed with a pile of old canvases in the corner. The new commander looked at the portrait on my easel, asked about my work and left. O'Toole said that the new commander could be "got round," but the wife worried him.

The next day I was transferred to the commander's personal staff and went to live on the *U.S.S. Hartford*, which had been Admiral Farragut's flagship during the Civil War. Now it was moored in Charleston harbor as the official headquarters and residence of the commander of the Charleston Naval Base.

The *Hartford* had been refurbished since its fighting days in Mobile Bay. A grand, red-carpeted staircase swept down to a ballroom decorated with hand-carved scrollwork. The staterooms, which were officers' quarters, were hung with velvet tapestries. I shared a plush stateroom with a tenor and O'Toole, whom I had placed as chauffeur on the base-commander's staff by drawing a portrait of the ensign in charge of transportation. When the commander entertained visiting dignitaries, the tenor sang and I displayed my work before the assembled guests.

I soon learned that one of my jobs on the *Hartford* was to paint portraits of Capt. Mark St. Clair Ellis and his wife, who was very wealthy. I did two portraits of Captain Ellis, one in uniform and one in civilian clothes. All his ribbons had to be just so. He wanted his eyes to have just the right sparkle—lively, but dignified and stern.

I was just finishing the second portrait when the false armistice burst upon us. Everyone knew the real thing wasn't far off, and most of us applied for a discharge. To prevent a stampede, the Navy ruled that no honorable discharges were to be granted. All leaves were canceled too.

Well, I wanted to get out real bad. So I told Captain Ellis that the only place in the country where truly beautiful frames could be bought was Knoedler's in New York. "I can pick out just the right ones," I said, "big, ornate, gold-leafed. They'll make the portraits look marvelous."

He sent an aide to look up the rules on discharges. The aide reported that under the temporary order prohibiting honorable discharges, there were only two ways to get me out of the Navy at once: a dishonorable discharge, or an "inaptitude" discharge.

"Give him that inaptitude thing," said Mrs. Ellis.

"Good heavens!" said Captain Ellis. "He can't go through life with an inaptitude discharge! What'll his friends say—that he's a moron?"

"Don't be silly, Mark," said Mrs. Ellis, and she worked at him until he consented to sign me out.

On November 12, 1918, one day after the real armistice, I was discharged as unable to adapt myself to the duties of a "Landsman for Quartermaster" in the United States Naval Air Reserve. My service record reads:

> Discharged with Inaptitude Discharge. Rockwell is an artist and unaccustomed to hard manual labor. His patriotic impulse caused him to enlist in a rating for which he has no aptitude. Moreover, he is unsuited to Naval routine and hard work.

And below this is the terse comment:

> I concur in the above statement.
> (signed) NORMAN ROCKWELL

The next day I visited Knoedler's in New York and asked them to ship three of their gaudiest frames to Capt. Mark St. Clair Ellis at the Charleston Naval Base. Then I went home to New Rochelle, kissed Irene and rushed out to look at my studio, which occupied the upper floor of a garage on Prospect Street. I fumbled my key into the lock, pushed open the door and there it was, all twenty-five by thirty feet of it. My studio! I was home again.

My first thought was for the art directors. I hadn't seen any of them for over a year. Did they remember me? Would they give me work? I have never practiced the art of gentle bribery with art directors—entertaining them at expensive restaurants, sending them gifts at Christmas. Still, after a year in the Navy, I felt that it would do no harm to be especially nice. I had been out of circulation a long time. Besides, it was about time I raised my prices.

So I invited one of the art directors to dinner. Irene and I were living then in the smaller half of a two-family house. After we had finished dinner, the art director, Irene and I sat in the living room, which Irene had fixed up prettily, but simply. I gave the art director a cigar. Puffing away, he surveyed the room—the armchairs covered in gay prints, the sideboard with its modest display of silverplate, my pipe rack—a comfortable, unostentatious room.

"Well, Norman," he said, "now that I see how simply and inexpensively you live, I don't agree that you should ask such a high price for your work. It's not necessary. You don't need it. Don't corrupt your little home with riches."

It was a long while before I asked another art director to my house for dinner. *I'll entertain the art directors out*, I thought; *it'll be safer.*

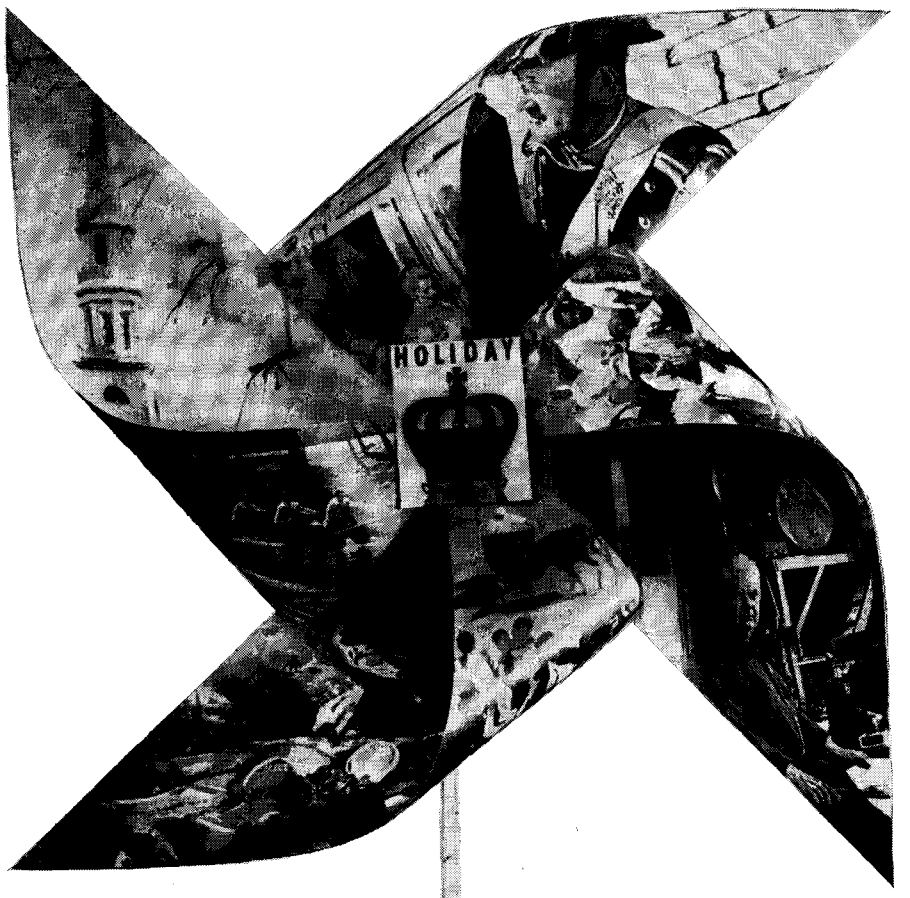
So when the art director of an important magazine wrote me that he was coming to New York, I reserved a table at Bertolotti's, a fashionable Italian restaurant, and bought tickets for the bald-headed row at the Ziegfeld Follies.

Accompanied by George O'Connor, my brother-in-law, whom I'd asked along because I didn't really know how to give someone a good time, I met the art director at Penn Station. I'll call him Mr. X. He was a tall, handsome fellow, and well turned out.

At Bertolotti's our guest rapidly drank absinthe toasts to me, George, his editor, his magazine, the President of the United States, the Statue of Liberty and "the grand old flag." George and I took it easy with whisky highballs. When we left the restaurant, Mr. X was apparently under control, though he did abuse the waiter over the amount of the check (I paid, of course). Then, during the first act at the Follies, he left his seat. A few minutes later an usher ran up to me and whispered that I'd better come to the foyer because my friend was in trouble.

I found Mr. X struggling with two policemen and shouting for justice, justice, justice! One of the policemen told me that X had accused the men's-room attendant of stealing a twenty-dollar bill out of his pocket. When the attendant denied it, X knocked him down and jumped on him. The policemen wanted to put X in jail, but I said that I could take care of him.

George and I dragged X down the street to a restaurant to get him some coffee. When we put him in the revolving door of the restaurant he sat down, braced his feet and refused to move. Nobody could go in or out. A crowd gathered.



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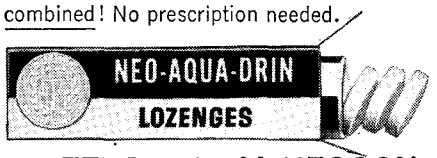

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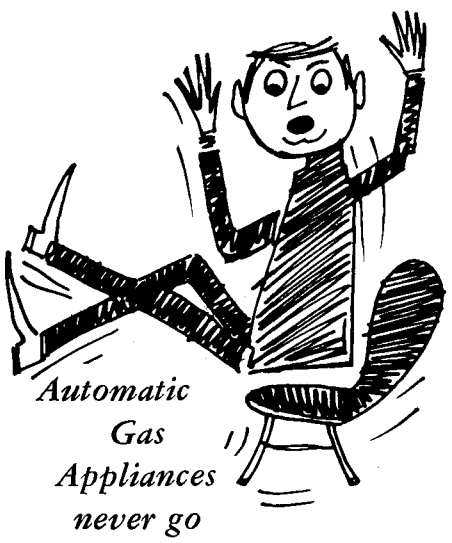

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CORONA, CALIFORNIA

"Break the door down," a man yelled. He shook his fist at X, who didn't budge.

"C'mon, Mr. X," I begged, "there's a good fellow. Lift your legs now. Up now. We'll get you a nice cup of coffee." The man shook his fist at X again, and X jumped up to fight. But George and I quickly shoved the door in, and we entered the restaurant. The coffee didn't help much. When we hauled X outside, he broke away from George and me and grabbed the back of a victoria in which two old ladies were riding. The horse took fright, reared and galloped off. X ran behind, hanging onto the back and sticking out his tongue at the frightened ladies. Finally he stumbled and rolled into the gutter. George and I wrestled him into his hotel room, where he dropped off to sleep, muttering curses at us, his editor, his magazine, the President of the United States, the Statue of Liberty and "the grand old flag."

It was a long while before I asked another art director to dinner and the theater. I decided that I would let my work speak for me. If it deserved a high price, I'd get it. If it didn't, I'd take a lower price.

I've never had an agent, partly because I want to show my work to the buyer, so that I can see directly what he thinks of it. Showing your own work can be hard on shoe leather and sensitivity, but I think it's the best way. That's how I got my first cover assignments from *The Post* in 1916. At first I dealt with the art editor. Later on he introduced me to the big boss, George Horace Lorimer.

Mr. Lorimer had taken command of *The Saturday Evening Post* in 1899, when circulation was down to almost nothing. In short order he made *The Post* the first great mass-circulation magazine, and in the process became famous as an editor. He ran *The Post* with an iron hand, making the final decision on every story, O.K.'ing every cover, approving every article assignment. *The Post* was his magazine, and he thought it was the greatest one ever published.

Mr. Lorimer had such a strong sense of what the public liked that he relied on his first impression of art and stories. I'd show a cover to him. He'd pace up and down before it two or three times. Then he'd say, "Good," and scrawl OKGHL on the side of it. That was that. "If it doesn't strike me immediately," he used to say, "I don't want it. Neither does the public. They won't spend an hour figuring it out. It's got to hit them."

Mr. Lorimer never O.K.'d more than three of my ideas for *Post* covers at one time. If I showed him six, he'd accept three. If I submitted eight, he'd accept three. After I caught on, I used to sketch out five ideas, three I liked and two I didn't like. Mr. Lorimer would accept the three good ones and reject the others. I don't think he would have O.K.'d all five ideas if they had been submitted by Rembrandt.

I always acted out my ideas for Mr. Lorimer. It was strenuous, but I felt it was the best way to get across my meaning. Say I had the usual five ideas, one of an old cowboy sitting on a slab bench and dreaming of past exploits, one of a boy playing a flute while a ring of little animals danced around him, and three others, two of which I didn't care about.

I would lay the five sketches on Mr. Lorimer's desk. "This one's an old cowboy," I'd say. "See his chaps, his spurs and his ten-gallon hat? Been on the range roping cattle, branding calves, for forty years. Fought Indians maybe. Gambled, brawled, spent nights under the stars around the campfire."

Then I'd slump into a chair. "But now he's old. All he has left is his memories. He's dreaming of the old days now." I'd assume what I imagined was a sad, dreamy expression.

"I've got the perfect model," I'd say, speaking out of the corner of my mouth so as not to disturb my expression. "You know him, Mr. Lorimer. He's got these huge, drooping mustaches and big, sad, dog eyes with heavy lids. Real doleful. What do you think?"

"Good," Mr. Lorimer would say, and he'd write OKGHL on the margin.

Then I'd point to another sketch. "Springtime. A little boy perched on a stump playing a flute." I'd sit on the edge of a chair, pull up my legs in a graceful pose and make believe I was blowing a flute. "The kid's happy, it's spring. The sun is warm on his neck; the bees are buzzing in the flowers. Little animals are dancing in a ring about the stump, a rabbit, a duck, a frog." I'd kick up my heels and dance around the chair. "It's spring! Everybody's joyful."

"Good," Mr. Lorimer would say, scribbling OKGHL on the side of the sketch.

Then I'd mix in the two ideas which I didn't like, acting them out listlessly, without running commentary. "Bad," Mr. Lorimer would say, with a note of triumph in his voice. Finally I'd dramatize my third good idea, Mr. Lorimer would O.K. it, and I'd leave, worn out, but happy.

I was first introduced to Mr. Lorimer about six months after being discharged from the Navy. He called me Norman from the start; I called him Mr. Lorimer. Our relationship was cordial, but businesslike. Then, in 1924, the wealthy Patterson and McCormick interests founded *Liberty*, a national magazine to compete with *The Post* and *Collier's*. The backers launched *Liberty* with great fanfare, hiring famous editors and enticing celebrated writers and artists away from *Collier's* and *The Post*.

The art director of *Liberty* came to my studio in New Rochelle and told me he would double whatever *The Post* was paying me if I would work exclusively for *Liberty*. I refused his offer.

He said that he had been ordered to stay with me until I came around, and sat there all afternoon, urging me to accept. After a while Irene dropped by. I explained the situation.

"Of course you should go with *Liberty*," she said. "Has Mr. Lorimer ever doubled your price? You've been working for him for eight years now, and all you get is measly little raises."

At suppertime I still hadn't decided what to do. Irene left; the art director said he'd stay with me all night if necessary. At ten o'clock I excused myself, saying I had to go to the washroom, and sneaked off home and went to bed. But I couldn't sleep; early in the morning I caught a train to Philadelphia. Mrs. Bessie Riddell, successor to Mr. Dower as art editor, took me into Mr. Lorimer's office.

"Mr. Lorimer," I said, "when I left the studio last night there was a man there from this new magazine called *Liberty*. He said he'd double my price if I'd work for them."

Mr. Lorimer stood up. "Well," he said, "what are you going to do?"

I looked down at the desk, waiting, but Mr. Lorimer didn't say anything more. I noticed that he had his thumb pressed on the desk so hard that it was white. I looked up. His eyes were piercing. "Why, of course, Mr. Lorimer, I'll stay with you," I said.

"All right," he said, "I'll double your price."

He would not have given a cent more to keep me, but after I had proved my loyalty to his magazine he showed me that *The Post* valued my work. *The Post* was his life, and he expected others to feel the same way. Those artists and writers who accepted *Liberty*'s offers were henceforth anathema to him. He refused to use their work or even look at it. They had been traitors to his magazine.

After the crisis I became almost intimate with Mr. Lorimer, in a sort of father-son way. Whenever I went to see him, we'd chat for half an hour or so. He was very patient with me. As my work increased in popularity, I took to signing my name larger and larger on my paintings. It was unconscious; the signature just seemed to grow by itself. First, Norman Rockwell, then NORMAN ROCKWELL, then NORMAN ROCKWELL.

Finally Mr. Lorimer suggested that I try to curb my signature. "Make it as large as you like," he wrote, "but not larger than the title of the magazine. We must preserve proportion. You appear on *The Post*, not *The Post* on you."

I worked for Mr. Lorimer for over twenty years. Then, all of a sudden, he resigned from *The Post*. But I'd better tell that story in its proper place.

Next week, in the fifth of eight articles, Mr. Rockwell explains how as a young artist he made a pile of money, only to lose every penny of it in a get-rich-quick scheme.

—THE EDITORS.

"You're late this morning."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Next Window, Please (Continued from Page 30)

some elaborate mathematics on the part of the cashier, and when that's finally straightened out the lady lifts the bottom tray of her cart, filled with empty soft-drink bottles to be returned for credit. Along about this time she discovers that her three children have wandered off to the candy counter, and she has to go back to the rear of the store to retrieve them. The customers at the adjoining turnstiles have long since paid for their purchases and clicked through, but I'm still parked behind my carriage while the cashier rings up a plastic bag of lemon drops and two lollipops, slightly licked.

It's even more frustrating when someone is ahead of me in traffic, because he drives at an average speed of twenty miles an hour and straddles the center lane so I can't get by. Now and then he holds out his left arm to tap an ash from his cigar, causing me to jam on my brakes suddenly and engage bumpers with the car to my rear. He stalls his motor at every traffic light and steps helplessly on the starter until the light turns red again. If I'm looking for a place to park, he slips into the only available slot, and I have to drive all the way around the block and start back down the street slowly. Fortunately I spot his wife coming out of a store as I approach, and I halt just this side of his parking place, holding up all the cars behind me, and wait hopefully as he settles himself behind the wheel, turns on his ignition key and then turns it off again because his wife has just remembered something she forgot. By this time the cars behind me are honking so loudly that I have to drive all the way around the block again and start back down the street, just as the man ahead pulls out of the parking place and another man ahead pulls in.

Somehow I spend a great deal of time waiting for the telephone, particularly outside the booth at a public pay station. I pace up and down before the glass door, trying to read the occupant's lips and figure out what he could possibly be talking about for so long. As far as I can overhear, most of his conversation is devoted to saying good-by. This consists of an interminable series of sentences beginning with "Well." . . . "Well, it's cert'nly been nice talkinaya." . . . "Well, don't take any wooden nickels." . . . "Well, be sure'n look me up if you ever get to Toledo."

At last he hangs up the receiver and opens the door, emitting a solid smog of cigar smoke, and I plant myself on the well-warmed stool and drop in my coin, at which point it occurs to me that I've forgotten my number. I step outside to look it up again, colliding with a portly matron who flashes me a grateful smile as she enters the booth, arranges a stack of dimes on the counter at her elbow, and starts calling up all the members of her Thursday bridge club.

It's bad enough to wait for someone I'm phoning whose line is busy, but what I really object to is waiting for someone who is phoning *me*. Generally this call arrives when I'm in the middle of a shower, with my eyes full of soap, and I stumble dripping into the adjoining room and grope for the phone beside the bed, hold the mouthpiece to my ear and shout "Hlo?"

OPERATOR: I have a long-distance call for a Mr. Ford.

ME (*already starting to shiver a little*): I'm him—that is, he's I'm.

OPERATOR (*suspiciously*): Are you Mr. Ford?

ME: Maybe I better look in the mirror and make sure. (*Not too good, I'll admit, but even Noel Coward couldn't be very scintillating with just a bath towel around him.*)

OPERATOR: Hold the line, please.

(*I sit on the edge of the bed, making a damp stain on the spread and gritting my teeth to keep them from chattering, while the operator puts through the call to the person who is calling me. After several minutes a secretary's voice on the other end of the wire says something that sounds like "Mr. Brknschlp's office."*)

OPERATOR: Is this the party calling Mr. Ford?

SECRETARY: Who?

ME (*trying to help*): Mr. Ford.

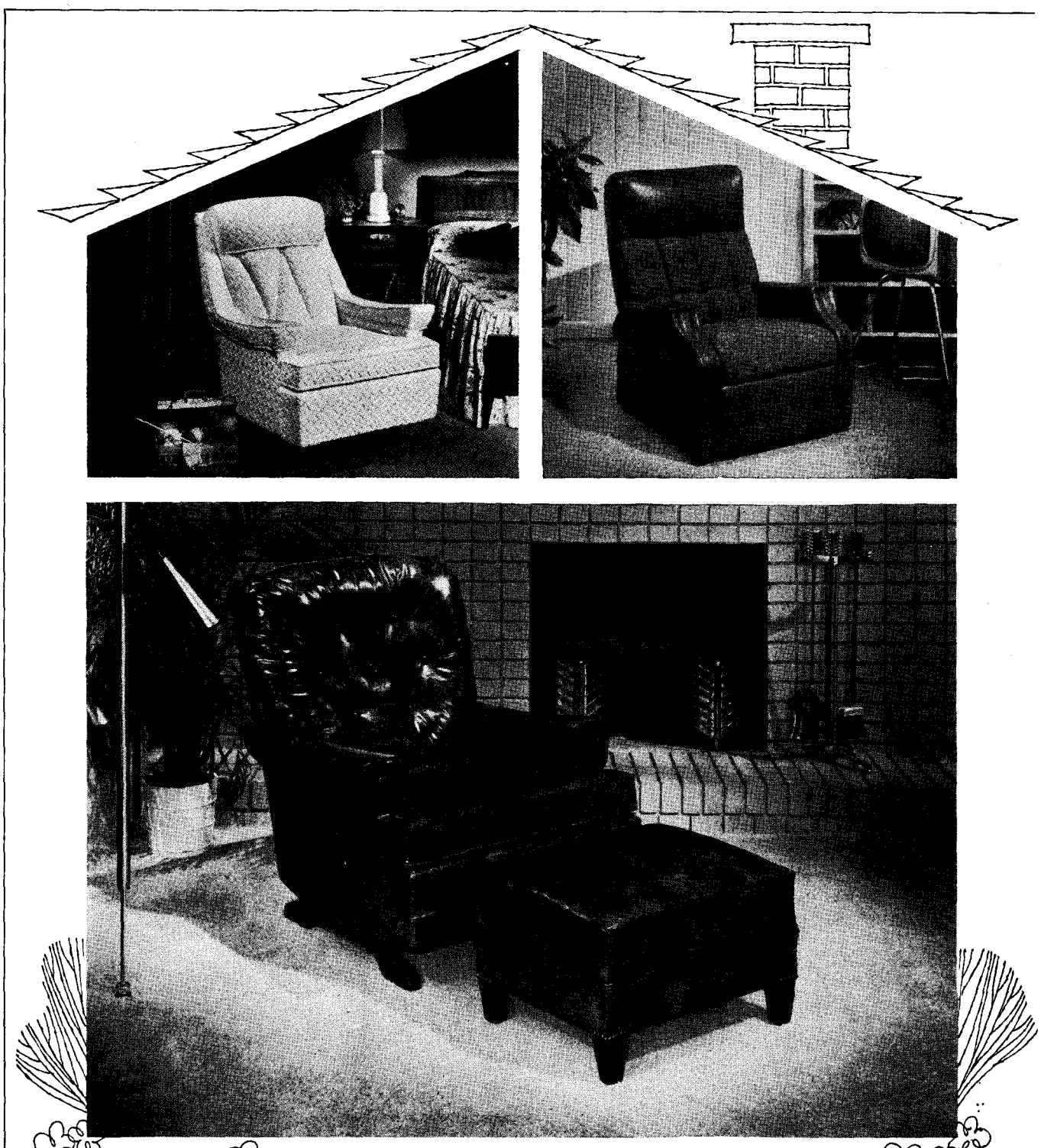
SECRETARY: We have no one here by that name.

(*She hangs up, breaking the connection, and the operator has to put the call through a second time while I clutch my towel tighter and try in vain to reach a pack of cigarettes on top of the bureau. After several more minutes the secretary's voice says "Brknschlp" again.*)

OPERATOR: On your call to Mr. Ford, we are ready.

SECRETARY: One moment, please, Mr. Brknschlp is on the other wire.

(*After another lapse of several minutes, during which I can hear a typewriter and someone whistling, the secretary remembers the phone and picks it up again.*)



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SECRETARY (*briskly*) Mr. Brknschlp's office.

OPERATOR: I have Mr. Ford on the line.

SECRETARY (*in a cold voice*): I'm sorry, but Mr. Brknschlp has just stepped out. You'll have to call back later.

(*She replaces the receiver with a sharp click, and I spend the rest of the evening waiting for Mr. Brknschlp to phone me again so I can hang up on* him.)

One thing about the man ahead of me, he's never in any hurry. When I'm waiting for his table in a crowded dining car, for instance, he dawdles over his dessert, balancing a scoop of ice cream on the tip of his spoon and lapping it idly as he gazes out the window at the passing scenery. Hovering nearby, I sway back and forth, ducking waiters with loaded trays, and coach him eagerly under my breath: *One more spoonful of that ice cream, and swallow it down like a little man. That's right. Oh-oh, don't forget that last crumb of cooky on your plate! There, now, are we all finished? Another nibble of cheese? Cracker, maybe? How about a final sip of coffee? A-a-a-h!* With a sigh of repletion he sets down his empty cup and murmurs something to the steward, while I brace myself and crouch to spring the moment he vacates his chair. The steward hurries back up the aisle, places a second pot of coffee before him, and he spreads open his newspaper and sets to work on a crossword puzzle until the coffee cools.

I seem to follow him everywhere he goes. He always has the appointment ahead of mine at the dentist's office, leaving me to sit for an hour in a straight-backed chair and browse through a copy of *Diseases of the Upper Molars*. He holds up the entire line at a restaurant cloakroom while he goes through all his pockets in a vain search for his hat check. On an overnight plane trip he wakes up just before I do and carries his toilet kit into the restroom at the front of the cabin, where he enjoys a leisurely shave while I wait self-consciously beneath the OCCUPIED sign, perched on the armrest of a total stranger and trying to avoid the amused glances of all the other passengers in the cabin.

I can't even get ahead of him when he's behind me. Yesterday I was standing in front of him at a clothing sale, but he managed to catch the eye of the salesgirl over my shoulder and pointed to the last shirt left in my size. He shoved right past me into the elevator, whereupon the operator held out an arm to bar my way and announced, "This car is full." I walked down two flights to the street and hailed a taxicab, just as he climbed into it through the opposite door.

On the other hand, I'm always first when I don't want to be. If I'm having lunch with a group from the office, the waiter never fails to select my plate to lay the check beside. No matter how far back in the hall I'm seated at a P.T.A. meeting, the chairman ignores the rest of the audience and singles me out to head the fund-raising drive for the new gymnasium. It's no use trying to put off a barium enema for a couple of weeks, because the doctor scratches the top name from his list in order to give me an appointment at eight o'clock the very next morning.

The waiting room is filled with patients when I arrive, clad in a pair of Argyle socks and an abbreviated bathrobe which I have to clamp between my bare knees to keep the air from blowing up my legs, and I cower in a remote corner behind the door, holding a large magazine before my face to conceal myself further. Promptly at eight the nurse opens the door, looks over all the other prospects in the room and says to me with a bright smile, "You're next." The worst of it is that when it's over I have to wait two hours without any breakfast while the X rays are being developed.

There's only one solution, as I see it. What I'm looking for is a line with nobody in it but me. Someday I'm going to be the first person in the dining car. I'll sit down at a table without delay, and if any other passengers show up they can wait in the vestibule until I'm through. After all, I don't see why everyone else is so impatient. I'm not in any hurry. I'll finish my last spoonful of ice cream, and by the way, steward, how about another pot of coffee? THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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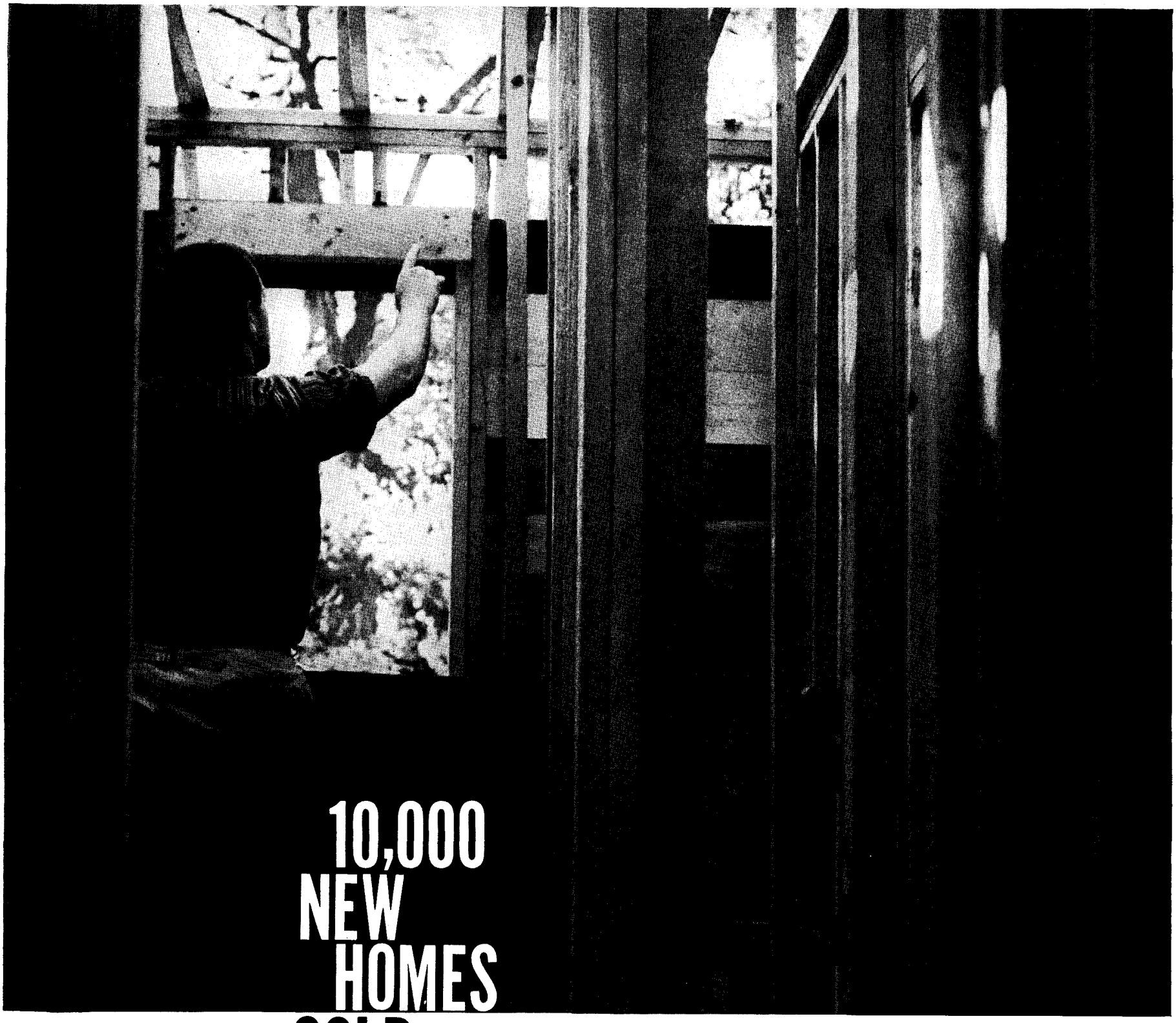

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Night Without End (Continued from Page 39)

for some considerable time to come, but I felt the moment unpropitious for breaking that sort of news. It was now already after three o'clock in the morning.

I suggested that the four women sleep in the top bunks—not from any delicacy of sentiment, but because it was at least twenty-five degrees warmer there than it was at ground level, and the proportional difference would increase as the night wore on after the stove had been put out.

Margaret Ross, the stewardess, refused the offer of a bunk and said she would sleep by the injured pilot, lest he should wake and want anything during the night. I had intended doing that myself, but I saw her mind was set on it, and though I felt unaccountably uneasy about the idea, I raised no objection.

That left five empty bunks among six men—Jackstraw, Joss and I could sleep reasonably enough in our furs. Inevitably there was some magnanimous argument over the allocation of these bunks, but Corazzini settled the argument by producing a coin and beginning to toss for it. He himself lost in the end, but with amiable grace accepted defeat and the prospect of a cold, uncomfortable night on the floor.

When they were all settled down, I picked up a flashlight and our weather logbook, glanced at Joss and made for the trap door. Zagero turned in his bunk to look at me.

"What gives, Doctor Mason? Especially at this hour of night, what gives?"

"Weather reports, Mr. Zagero. That's why we're here, remember? And I'm already three hours late with these."

"Even tonight?"

"Even tonight. Continuity is the most important thing of all in weather observation."

"Sooner you than me." He shivered. "If it's only half as cold outside as it is in here . . ."

He turned his back, and Joss rose to his feet. "I'll come with you, sir. Better have a last look at the dogs."

We didn't bother looking at either the dogs or the weather instruments. We went straight toward the tractor and huddled under the tarpaulin for what miserable shelter it could afford. True, the wind had eased, but it was colder than ever—the long winter night was beginning to close down on the icecap.

"It stinks," Joss said flatly. "The whole setup stinks."

"To high heaven," I agreed. "But it's finding out where the smell comes from that the trouble lies."

"This fairy tale of yours about magnetic storms and compasses and radios," he went on. "What was the idea?"

"I'd previously said I knew something they didn't. I did. But when it came to the bit I knew, I'd better keep it to myself. You know how this damnable cold slows up your mind—I should have realized it sooner."

"Realized what?"

"That I should keep it to myself."

"Keep what, for heaven's sake?"

"Sorry, Joss. Not trying to build up suspense. The reason none of them knew anything about the crash until after it had happened is that they were all doped. As far as I could see, all of them, or nearly all, were under the influence of some sleeping drug or narcotic."

In the darkness I could almost feel him staring at me. After a long time he said softly, "You wouldn't say this unless you were sure of it."

"I am sure of it. Their reactions, their dazed fumbling back to reality—and, above all, the pupils of their eyes. Unmistakable. Some kind of sleeping-tablet mixtures, of the fast-acting kind."

"But ——" Joss broke off. He was still trying to orientate his mind to this new line of thought. "But—they would be bound to know of it, to be aware that they had been doped, when they came to."

"In normal circumstances, yes. But they came to in what was, to say the least, most abnormal circumstances. I'm not saying that they didn't experience any symptoms of weakness, dizziness and lassitude—they must have—and what more natural than that they should ascribe any such unusual physical or mental symptoms to the effects of the crash?"

Joss didn't reply at once. The implications of all this, as I'd found out for myself, took no little time for digestion, so I let him take his time and waited.

"It's not possible," Joss muttered at length. I could hear his teeth chattering with the cold. "You can't have some maniac rushing around an aircraft cabin with a hypo needle or dropping fizz balls into their gin-and-tonics. You think they were *all* doped?"

"Just about."

"But how could anyone ——"

"A moment, Joss," I interrupted. "What happened to the radio?"

"What?" The sudden switch caught him momentarily off balance. "What happened—you mean, how did it go for a tumble? I've no idea at all, sir. All I know is that these hinges couldn't have been knocked into the wall accidentally—not with radio and equipment weighing about one hundred eighty pounds sitting on top of them. Someone shoved them in. Deliberately."

"And the only person anywhere near it at the time was the stewardess, Margaret Ross. Everyone agreed on that."

"Yes, but why in the name of heaven should anyone want to do a crazy thing like that?"

"I don't know," I said wearily. "There's a hundred things I don't know. But I do know she did it. And who's in the best position to spike the drinks of aircraft passengers?"

"Good Lord!" I could hear the sharp, hissing intake of break. "Of course. Drinks—or maybe the sweets they hand out at take-off."

"No." I shook my head definitely in the darkness. "Barley sugar is too weak a covering-up agent to disguise the taste of a drug. Coffee, more likely."

"It must have been her," Joss said slowly. "It must have been. But—but she acted as dazed and abnormal as any of the others. More so, if anything."

"Maybe she'd reason to," I said grimly. "Come on, let's get back or we'll freeze to death. Tell Jackstraw when you get him by himself."

Inside the cabin I propped the hatch open a couple of inches—with fourteen people inside, extra ventilation was essential. Then I glanced at the thermograph: It showed forty-eight degrees below zero—eighty degrees of frost.

I lay down on the floor, pulled my parka hood tight to keep my ears from freezing and was asleep in a minute.

MONDAY: 9:30 A.M.–SIX P.M.

For the first time in four months I had forgotten to set the alarm clock before I went to sleep, and it was late when I awoke, cold and stiff and sore all over from the uneven hardness of the wooden floor. It was still dark as midnight, but a glance at the luminous face of my watch showed me that it was nine-thirty.

I pulled the flashlight out from my parka, located the oil lamp and lighted it. The light was dim, scarcely reaching the far corners of the cabin, but sufficiently to show the mummylike figures lying huddled on the bunks and sprawled grotesquely across the floor, their frozen breath clouding before their faces and above their heads, then condensing on the cabin walls. The outside temperature registered on the drum at fifty-four degrees below zero.

Not everyone was asleep, I could see that. Most of them, I suspected, had slept but little, the numbing cold had seen to that. But they were as warm in their bunks as they would be anywhere else, and nobody showed any inclination to move.

I had trouble starting the stove—even though it was gravity fed from a tank above and to one side of it, the fuel oil had thickened up in the cold—but when it did catch, it went with a roar. I turned both burners up to maximum, put on the water bucket that had lain on the floor all night and was now nearly a solid mass of ice, pulled on snow mask and goggles and clambered up the hatchway to have a look at the weather.

The wind had died away almost completely, and the ice drift was no more than gentle puffs of dust stirring lazily and spectrally, through the feeble beam of my flashlight, across the glittering surface of the icecap. The wind, such as it was, still held out of the east. The cold, too, was still intense. In terms of the effect of cold on human beings in the arctic, absolute temperature is far from being the deciding factor. Wind is just as important—every extra mile per hour is equivalent to a one-degree drop in temperature—and humidity far more so. But today the wind was light and the air dry. Perhaps it was a good omen. . . . After that morning, I never believed in omens again.

When I got below, Jackstraw was on his feet, presiding over the coffeepot. He smiled at me, and his face was as fresh and rested as if he'd had nine hours on a feather bed behind him. But then Jackstraw never showed fatigue or distress under any circumstances.

He was the only one on his feet, but far from the only one awake. Of those in the bunks, only Senator Brewster was still asleep. The others were facing into the center of the room, a few propped up on their elbows; all of them were shivering. Some were looking at Jackstraw, wrinkling their noses in anticipation of the coffee; others were staring in fascination at the sight of the ice on the roof melting as the temperature rose, melting, dripping down to the floor in a dozen different places and there beginning to form tiny stalagmites of ice.

"Good morning, Doctor Mason." Marie LeGarde tried to smile at me, but it was a pathetic effort, and she looked ten years older than she had on the previous night. She was one of the few with a sleeping bag, but even so she must have passed a miserable six hours. For the first time I knew that Marie LeGarde was an old woman.

"Good morning," I smiled. "How did you enjoy your first night in your new home?"

"First night!" Even in the sleeping bag her movements of clasping her arms together and huddling her head down between her shoulders were unmistakable. "I hope to heaven that it's the last night. You run a very chilly establishment here, Doctor Mason."

"I'm sorry. Next time we'll keep watches and have the stove on all night." I pointed to the water splashing down to the floor. "The place is heating up already. You'll feel better when you have some hot coffee inside you."

"I'll never feel better again," she declared vigorously, but the twinkle was back in her eye. She turned to the young German girl in the next bunk. "And how do you feel this morning, my dear?"

"Better, thank you, Miss LeGarde." She seemed absurdly grateful that anyone should even bother to ask. "I don't feel a thing now."

"Means nothing," Miss LeGarde assured her cheerfully. "Neither do I. And how did you survive the night, Mrs. Dansby-Gregg?"

"As you say, I survived." Mrs. Dansby-Gregg smiled thinly. "As Doctor Mason observed last night, this is not the Dorchester. . . . That coffee smells delicious. Bring me a cup over, Fleming, will you?"

I picked up one of the cups Jackstraw had poured out and took it across to the young German girl, who was struggling to unzip her sleeping bag with her one good arm. Her embarrassment and discomfort were (*Continued on Page 67*)

What's Going On Here?

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Charles G. Bell

(Answer on page 67)

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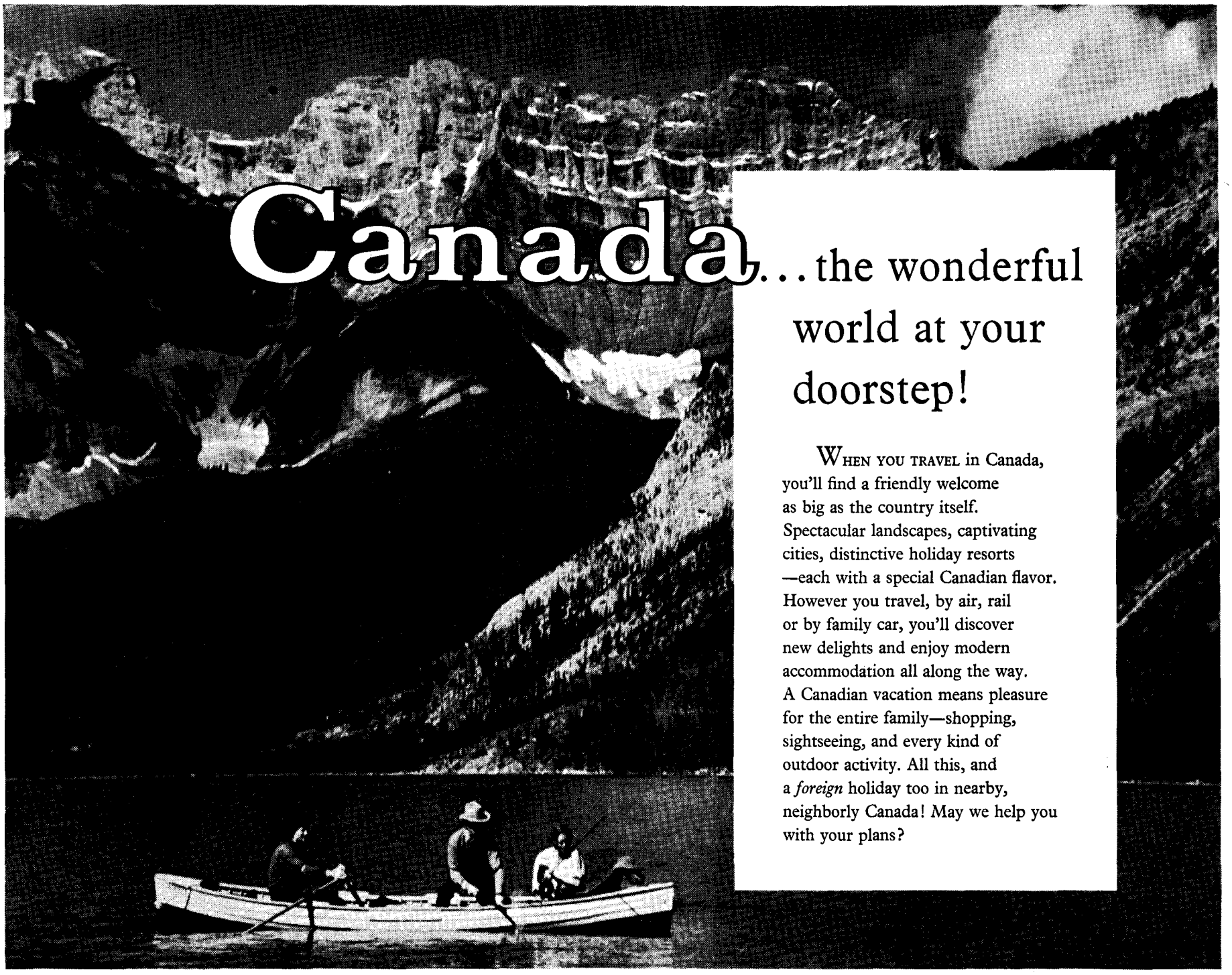

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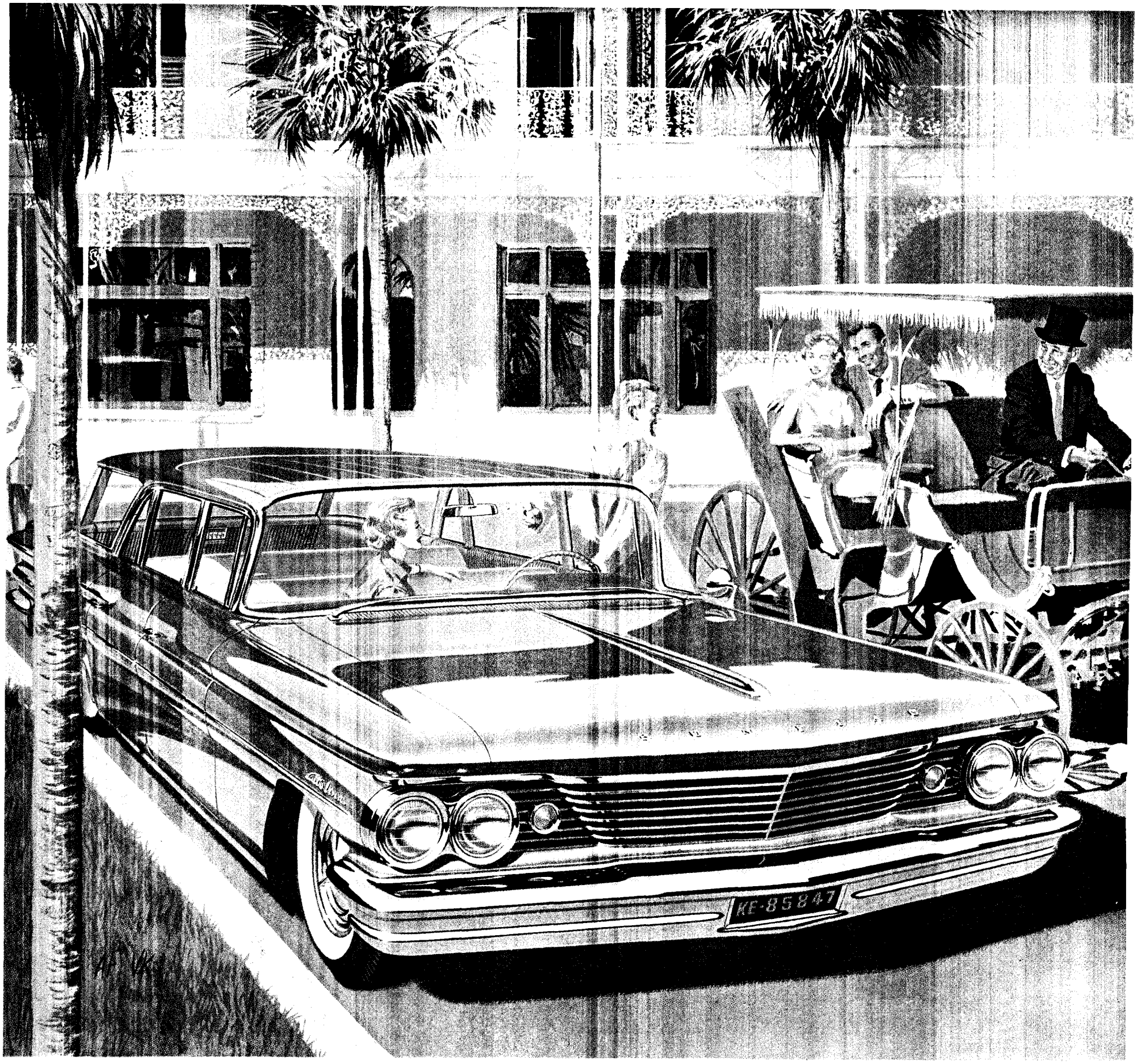

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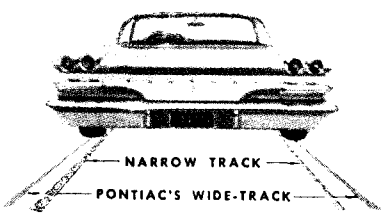

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(*Continued from Page 64*) obvious, but I knew I'd no option; the time to stop this nonsense was before ever it had a chance to start.

"You stay where you are, young lady, and drink this." She took the cup reluctantly, and I turned away. "You've surely forgotten, Mrs. Dansby-Gregg, that Helene has a broken collarbone?"

The expression on her face made it quite obvious that she hadn't forgotten, but she was no fool. "I'm so sorry," she said sweetly. "I'd quite forgotten, of course." Her eyes were cold and hard, and I knew I had an enemy. But less than thirty seconds later we had forgotten all about it, even, I am sure, Mrs. Dansby-Gregg herself. I was just handing Marie LeGarde a cup when someone screamed. Marie LeGarde's arm jerked violently, and the scalding contents of the coffee cup were emptied over my bare hand.

I hardly noticed the pain. It was Margaret Ross, the young stewardess, who had screamed, and she was now kneeling, half in and half out of her sleeping bag, one rigidly spread-fingered hand stretched out at arm's length before her, the other clasped over her mouth as she stared down at the figure lying near her on the floor. I pushed her to one side and sank onto my own knees.

In that bitter cold it was impossible to be any way sure, but I felt reasonably certain that the young pilot had been dead for several hours. I knelt there for a long time, just looking down at him, and when I finally rose to my feet, I did so like an old man, a defeated old man. Everyone was wide awake now, everyone staring at me. It was Johnny Zagero who broke the silence.

"He's dead, isn't he, Doctor Mason?" His low voice sounded a little husky. "That head injury. . . ." His voice trailed off.

"Cerebral hemorrhage," I said quietly. "At least, as far as I can tell."

I lied to him. There was no shadow of doubt in my mind as to the cause of death—murder. The young boy had been ruthlessly, cold-bloodedly murdered. Lying there unconscious, gravely injured and with his hands strapped helplessly to his sides, he had been smothered as easily and as surely as one might smother a very little child.

We buried him out on the icecap, not fifty yards from the place where he had died. We laid him on the snow while we sawed out a shallow grave for him in the light of one of our flashlights. The Rev. Joseph Smallwood murmured some sort of burial service over the grave, but his teeth chattered so violently in the cold and his voice was so low and indistinct and hurried that I could hardly catch a word of it.

Back in the cabin breakfast was a sketchy and silent affair. Hardly anybody said anything, hardly anybody ate anything. Margaret Ross ate nothing, and when she finally set down her coffee cup, the contents had hardly been touched.

You're overdoing it, my dear, I thought viciously. *You're carrying the grief-stricken act just a little too far. A little longer, and even the others will start wondering—and they have no suspicions at all, you inhuman little murderess.*

For I had no suspicions either—only certainty. There was no doubt in my mind at all but that she had smothered the young pilot. She was only slightly built—but then it would have required only slight strength. Lashed to the cot as he had been, he wouldn't even have been able to drum his heels as he had died.

She had killed him, just as she had broken the radio and doped the passengers. He had been killed, obviously, to keep him from talking—about what I couldn't even begin to guess, any more than I could guess the reason for the destruction of the radio, except that she clearly did not want the news of the crash broadcast to the outer world. But why in the world destroy the radio in the first place? Surely she must have known how essential it was for survival. But then, after all, how was she even to have guessed that? She might well have thought that we had big, fast tractors that could have whipped them down to the coast in a matter of a couple of days. It was impossible, surely, that she had genuinely imagined that we were in Iceland. Or was it?

My thoughts were spinning now in an unbreakable circle. I knew I was getting nowhere, couldn't possibly get anywhere without some fresh information. I looked at her again, covertly, and she was staring vacantly at one of the glowing embers of the stove. Planning her next move, no doubt, planning it as cleverly as the last—asking me last night about the pilot's chances of survival, doubtless to decide whether he would have to be killed or could safely be left to die. She had been clever enough, but insisting on sleeping next to the man she had meant to kill had been nothing short of brilliant. On that account alone no one would ever suspect her, even if the fact that it had been murder became known. And it wouldn't; I intended keeping that to myself.

It was just after eleven o'clock. Joss and Jackstraw were in a corner by themselves, stripping down the smashed transmitter, while the rest were grouped in a large semicircle round the stove. They looked wan and sickly and were sitting very still indeed. They sat so still because I had just explained to them in detail exactly what their situation was, and they didn't like it one little bit. Neither did I.

"Let's get this quite straight, Doctor Mason." Corazzini leaned forward, his

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 64)

Not George A. Custer, who ranked only as a lieutenant colonel when killed at the Little Big Horn, but Brig. Gen. E.R.S. Canby. Canby, acting head of the Pacific military division, was murdered by Chief Kint Puash on April 11, 1873, during a sort of armistice while negotiating with the Modoc Indians near Tule Lake, California. Kint Puash, also known as "Captain Jack," with only fifty warriors, held off a force of 800 United States regulars and California and Oregon militiamen for three months in the Tule Lake lava beds. Starved out and captured, he and three others were hanged. The rest of the tribe, which had resented being moved from California to Oregon, was sent to Oklahoma. Final score: Five Indians and sixty-five soldiers killed, more than $500,000 spent on fighting.

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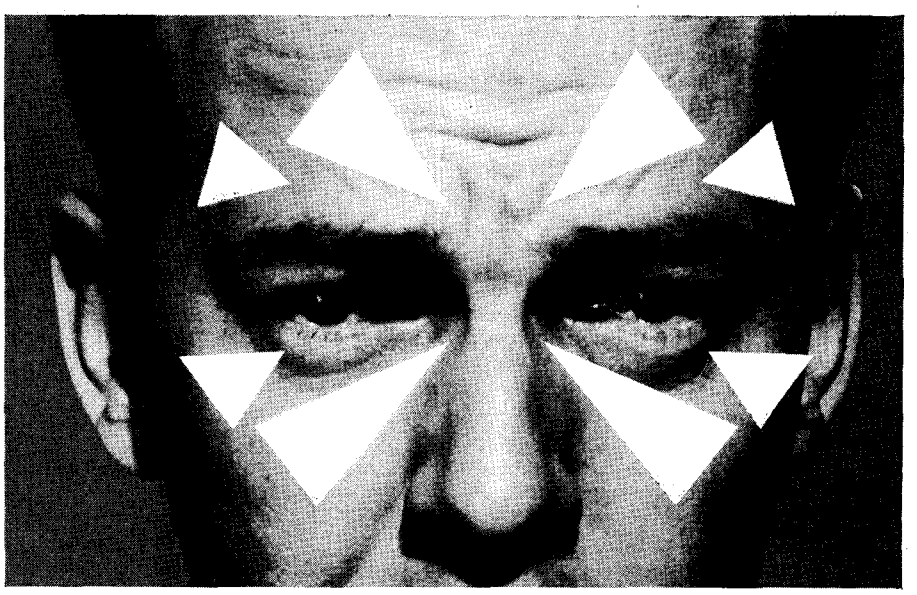

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lean brown face intent and serious. He didn't look as if he would scare easily. "The others left here three weeks ago in a big, modern snow tractor, and aren't expected back for another three weeks. Things have been cut a trifle too fine—you had already started rationing yourselves to make your food spin out until they returned. With thirteen of us here, we have food for less than five days. Therefore, we may be two weeks without food before they return." He smiled, but there was no humor in it. "My arithmetic is correct, Doctor Mason?"

"It is. Unfortunately."

"How long would the tractor you have take to get to the coast?"

"There's no guarantee that it ever would. I told you, it's falling to pieces. I'll show you later. Maybe a week—given the right conditions. Any bad weather would stop it in its tracks."

"You doctors are all the same," Zagero drawled. "Always spreadin' sweet cheerfulness and light. Why don't we wait for the other machine to get back?"

"Indeed?" Senator Brewster said heavily. "And how do you propose to live in the meanwhile, Mr. Zagero?"

"People can live for longer than fourteen days without food, senator," Zagero said cheerfully. "Think what it would do for that figure of yours."

"Not in this case," I said flatly. "Sure you can live a long time without food in normal conditions. You might even do it here—if you had proper day clothes and night coverings. Cold burns up your energy and depletes your reserves at a fantastic pace. Do you want me to list all the arctic and antarctic explorers—and Himalayan climbers—who have died within forty-eight hours of their food running out?"

"You said there was a radio on your old tractor," Corazzini said abruptly. "What range does it have? Couldn't you possibly reach your friends—or your Uplavnik base—with that?"

I nodded in Joss's direction. "There's the man to ask."

"I heard," Joss said without enthusiasm. "Do you think I'd be trying to salvage this wreckage, Mr. Corazzini, if there was any chance. It's an eight-watt transmitter with hand-cranked generator and battery receiver. It came out of the ark and was never meant for anything more than walkie-talkie use."

"But what is its range?" Corazzini persisted.

"Impossible to say." Joss shrugged. "You know how it is with transmission and reception. All depends on conditions. This one? Hundred miles, maybe—hundred fifty in perfect conditions. I'll have a go with it this afternoon perhaps." Joss turned away, and it was obvious that, as far as he was concerned, the subject was closed.

"Perhaps your friends will move within transmission range?" Corazzini suggested. "After all, you said they're not much more than a couple of hundred miles away."

"And I said they'll be staying there. They've set up their equipment and instruments, and they won't move until they have to. They're too short of petrol for that."

"They can refuel here, of course?"

"That's no worry." I jerked a thumb toward the tunnel. "There's eight hundred gallons out there."

"I see." Corazzini looked thoughtful for a moment, then went on. "I believe you have—or have had—a radio schedule with your friends. Won't they worry if they fail to hear from you?"

"Hillcrest—that's the scientist in charge—never worries about anything. And unfortunately their own radio, a big, long-range job, is giving trouble. If they can't raise us, they'll probably blame themselves. Anyway, they know we're safe as houses here."

"So what do we do?" Solly Levin asked querulously. "Starve to death or start hikin'?"

"Succinctly and admirably put," Senator Brewster boomed. "I propose we set up a small committee to investigate the possibilities ——"

"This isn't Washington, senator," I said mildly. "Besides, we already have a committee—Mr. London, Mr. Nielsen and myself."

"Indeed? You will remember, perhaps, that we have rather a personal stake in this also?"

"I'm unlikely to forget it," I said dryly. "Look, senator, if you were adrift in a hurricane and were picked up by a ship, would you presume to advise the captain and his officers of the course they should adopt to survive the hurricane?"

"That's not the point." Senator Brewster puffed out his cheeks. "This is not a ship ——"

"Shut up!" It was Corazzini who spoke, his voice quiet and hard. "Doctor Mason is absolutely right. This is their own back yard, and our lives should be left in the hands of experts. I take it you have already reached a decision, Doctor Mason?"

"I reached it last night. Joss—Mr. London—stays here to contact the others when they return. He will be left enough food for three weeks. We take the remainder, and we leave tomorrow."

"Why not today?"

"Because the tractor is at present unfit for winter travel, especially travel with ten passengers. It's still got the canvas hood on it that it had when we hauled stuff up from the coast. We have the prefabricated wooden sides and top that we need to arcticize it, plus the bunks and portable stove, but it will take several hours."

"We start on that now?"

"Soon. But first your luggage. We'll go out to the plane now and bring that back."

"Thank goodness for that," Mrs. Dansby-Gregg said stiffly. "I was beginning to think I'd never see my stuff again."

"Oh, you will," I said. "Briefly."

"Just what do you mean by that?" she asked suspiciously.

"I mean that you'll all put on as many clothes as you're able to stagger about in," I said. "Then you have a small attaché case for your valuables, if you have any. The rest of the stuff we'll have to abandon. We'll have no room on the tractor."

"But—but I have clothes worth hundreds of pounds," she protested angrily. "I have a Balenciaga alone that cost over five hundred pounds, not to mention——"

"How much do you reckon your own life is worth?" Zagero said shortly. He grinned. . . . "Can I give you a hand with the stuff, doc?"

"You stay here, Johnny Zagero!" Solly Levin jumped up in agitation. "One little slip on that ice ——"

"Calm yourself, calm yourself." Zagero patted his shoulder. . . . "How about it, doc?"

"Thanks. You want to come, Mr. Corazzini?" I could see he was already shrugging into a parka.

"I'd be glad to. Can't sit here all day."

The airliner was faintly visible in the twilight now, seven or eight hundred yards away to the northeast, lying at exactly right angles to our line of sight. There was no saying how often we might have to go out there, the quasi daylight would be gone in another hour or so, and it seemed pointless to follow in darkness the zigzag route we had been compelled to make the previous night, so with help from Zagero and Corazzini I staked out a route with bamboo markers, about five yards apart, straight out to the plane.

Inside the plane itself it was as cold and as dark as a tomb. In the beams of a couple of flashlights we ourselves moved around like specters.

"Lord, this is a ghastly place," Zagero said. He flashed his light at the dead man sitting in the back seat. "Are we—are we going to leave them there, doc?"

"Leave them?" I dumped a couple of attaché cases onto the pile we were making in the front seat. "What on earth do you mean?"

"I don't know. I thought—well, we buried the second officer this morning, and ——"

"Bury them? The icecap will bury them soon enough. But I agree it's ghastly—let's get out of here. Give anyone the creeps."

As I made my way to the front I saw Corazzini, a doleful look on his face, shaking a plastic-and-metal portable radio and listening to the rattling that came from inside.

"Another casualty?" I inquired.

"Afraid so." He twiddled some dials, without result. "Something broken, I expect. Still, I'll tote it along—cost me two hundred dollars two days ago."

"Two hundred?" I whistled. "You should have bought two. If it's tubes, Joss can give you some. He's got dozens of spares."

"No good." Corazzini shook his head. "Latest transistor model—that's why it was so expensive."

"Take it with you," I advised. "Listen, there's Jackstraw now."

We could hear the barking of dogs, and we lost no time in lowering the odds and ends down to Jackstraw, who loaded them on the sled. In the forward hold we found about twenty-five suitcases of various sizes. We had to make two trips to bring all the stuff back, and on the second trip the rising wind was in our faces, already lifting the drift off the icecap. I didn't know what it presaged, but I suspected it wasn't anything good.

We were all chilled to the bone by the time the luggage had been lowered into the cabin, and Corazzini looked at me, his eyes sober and speculative. He was shaking with cold. "Is this what it's like to be exposed to this stuff for half an hour, Doctor Mason?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"And we're to be out in this for maybe seven days and seven nights! Good heavens, man, we'll never make it! It's nothing short of suicide."

"It's a gamble," I corrected. "Staying here and starving to death is suicide."

"You put the alternative so nicely." He smiled, a smile that never touched the cold and determined eyes. "But I guess you're right at that."

In a matter of a couple of hours the thermometer reading had risen with astonishing speed, and it was beginning to snow when we emerged from the hatch and moved across to where the tractor lay. The rise in temperature flattered only to deceive—the south wind brought with it not only snow but also a rapidly climbing humidity, and the air was almost unbearably chill.

We ripped off the covering tarpaulin—it cracked and tore, but I was no longer concerned with preserving it—and our guests saw for the first time the vehicle upon which all their lives were to depend. Slowly I played my flashlight over it—the dark shroud of the arctic night already had fallen across the icecap—and I heard the quick, indrawn hiss of breath beside me.

"Drove it out when the museum attendant wasn't looking, I suppose." Corazzini kept his voice carefully expressionless. "Or did you just find it here—left over from the last ice age?"

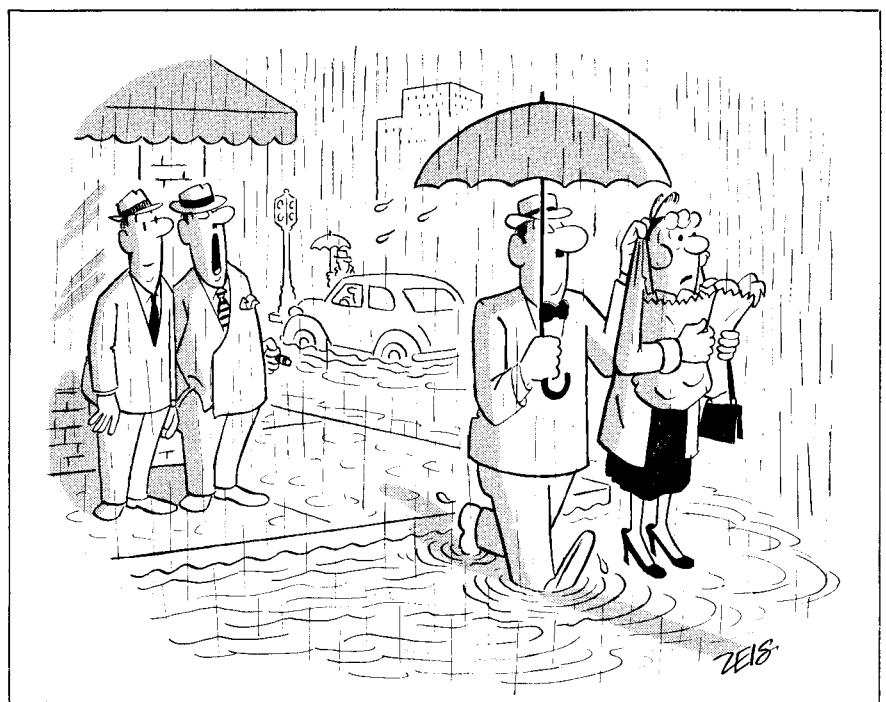
"It is a bit old," I admitted. "Prewar. But all we can afford. It's the prototype, the ancestor of the modern arctic tractor."

"Never seen it before. What is it?"

"French. A ten-twenty Citroën. Underpowered, narrow-tracked, as you can see, and far too short for its weight. Lethal in crevasse country. Plods along fairly well on the frozen icecap, but you'd be better with a bicycle when there's any depth at all of new-fallen snow. But it's all we have."

Corazzini said no more. But his disappointment made no difference to his drive, his sheer, unflagging determination. For the next few hours he worked like a demon. So, too, did Zagero.

Less than five minutes after we had started work we had to stop again to rig up a canvas screen, lashed to aluminum poles brought up from the tunnel, round three sides of the tractor. Work had been impossible in that snow and knifelike wind that lanced through even the bulkiest layers of clothing. Behind this screen we placed a portable oil stove—the very illusion of warmth was better than nothing—two storm lanterns and the blowtorches, without (*Continued on Page 70*)



"Who says chivalry is dead?"

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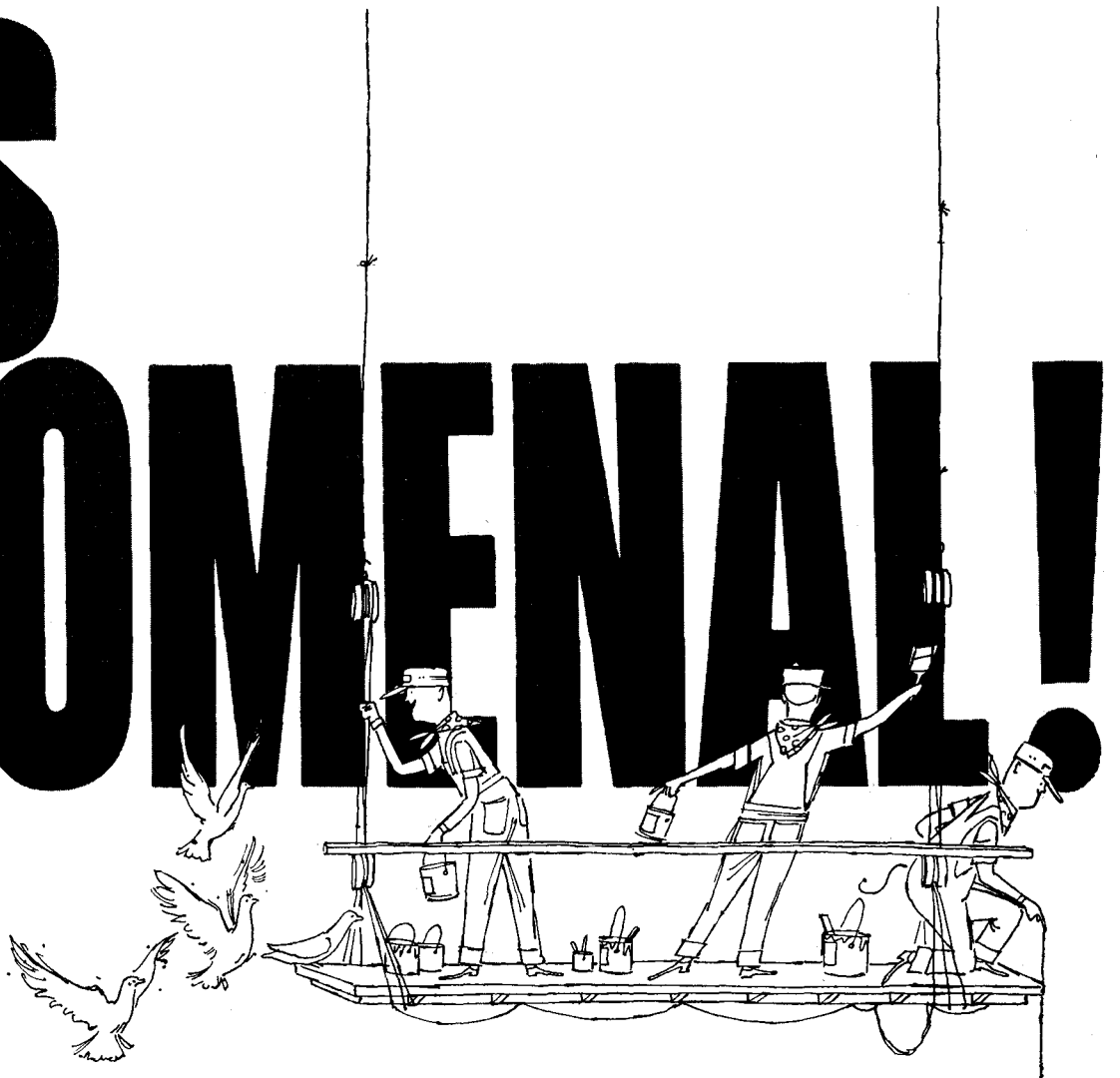

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(*Continued from Page 68*) which we could have made no progress at all. Even with this shelter, practically everyone had to go below from time to time to rub and pound life back into his freezing body. Only Jackstraw and I, in our caribou furs, could stay up almost indefinitely. Joss was below all the afternoon. After spending a couple of hours trying to raise our field party on the tractor's emergency radio, he gave it up and went doggedly back to work on the cabin transmitter.

Our first job, the removal of the hooped canvas hood, gave us some measure of the difficulty of the task that lay before us. The hood was secured by only seven bolts and nuts, but these had been in position for more than four months now, were frozen solid and took over an hour to remove. Each set had to be thawed out separately by blowtorch before the heavy wrenches could get the nuts to turn.

Then came the assembly of the wooden body. This was in fifteen prefabricated pieces, three each for the floor, sides, roof and front—the back was only a canvas screen. Each set of three pieces had to be brought out singly through the narrow hatchway before assembly, and it was the devil's own job, in that numbing cold and flickering semidarkness, to locate and line up the bolt holes in the wood with the matching holes in the connecting iron crosspieces. It took us well over an hour to assemble and fit the floor section alone and it was beginning to look as if we would be there until midnight when Corazzini had the idea—and a brilliant one it seemed at the time—of assembling the various sections in the comparative warmth and brightness of the cabin, sliding the completed piece out vertically into the food and fuel tunnel, sawing a long, narrow slit through the snow roof, which was no more than a foot thick in the middle, and hauling the sections up from below.

After this we made rapid progress. By five o'clock the entire body shell was completed, and with the end in sight less than a couple of hours away, everyone worked more furiously than ever. Corazzini and Zagero, especially, were tireless, and Theodore Mahler, the silent little Jew whose entire conversational range so far had been limited to "Yes," "No," "Please" and "Thank you," was indefatigable, completely selfless and uncomplaining, driving his slight body to lengths of which I would never have believed it capable. Even the senator, the Rev. Mr. Smallwood and Solly Levin did what they could, as best they could, trying their best to hide their misery and their pain.

We had just installed the four collapsible bunks and were fitting the stovepipe through its circular hole in the roof when someone called me. I jumped down and all but knocked over Marie LeGarde.

"You shouldn't be out here," I scolded. "It's far too cold for you, Miss LeGarde."

"Don't be silly, Peter." I could never bring myself to call her Marie, though she had asked me to several times. "I have to get used to it, don't I? Would you come below for a moment or two, please?"

"Why? I'm busy."

"But not indispensable," she retorted. "I want you to have a look at Margaret."

"Margaret—oh, the stewardess. What does she want?"

"Nothing. It's I who want it. Why are you so hostile toward her?" she asked curiously. "It's not like you—at least I don't think it is. She's a fine girl."

"What does the fine girl want?"

"What in the world's got into you? Why —— Oh, forget it. I'm not going to fight with you. Her back hurts — she's in considerable pain. Come and see it, please."

"I offered to see it last night. If she wants me now, why doesn't she come and ask me?"

"Because she's scared of you, that's why," she said angrily. She stamped a foot in the frozen snow. "Will you go or not?"

I went. I rigged up a screen in the corner of the room remote from the table where the women had been gathering and dividing out the remaining food supplies, and had a look at Margaret Ross's back. It was a mess all right—a great, ugly blue and purpling bruise from the spine to the left shoulder. In the center, just below the shoulder blade, was a deep, jagged cut, which looked as if it had been caused by a heavy blow from some triangular piece of sharp metal. Whatever had caused it had passed clean through her tunic and blouse.

"Why didn't you show me this yesterday?" I asked coldly.

"I—I didn't want to bother you," she faltered.

In my mind's eye I had a picture of the pantry where we had found her, and I was almost certain now that I could get the proof I needed. Almost, but not quite. I'd have to go to check.

"Is it very bad?" She twisted round, and I could see there were tears in the brown eyes from the pain of the disinfectant I was rubbing on none too gently.

"Bad enough," I said shortly. "How did you get this?"

"I've no idea," she said helplessly. "I just don't know, Dr. Mason."

"Perhaps we can find out."

"Find out? Why? What does it matter?" She shook her head wearily. "I don't understand, I really don't. What *have* I done, Dr. Mason?"

"Nothing, Miss Ross. Just nothing at all." By the time I had pulled on my parka, gloves, goggles and mask she was fully dressed, staring at me as I climbed up the steps and out through the hatch.

The snow was falling quite heavily now. But the wind was at my back, the bamboo markers stretched out in a dead-straight line ahead, and I had reached the crashed plane in five or six minutes.

I jumped for the windshield. A moment later I was in the stewardess' pantry, flashing my light around.

On the after bulkhead was a big refrigerator, with a small hinged table in front of it, and at the far end, under the window, a hinged box cover over what might have been a heating unit or sink or both. I didn't bother investigating; I wasn't interested. What I was interested in was the forward bulkhead, and I examined it carefully. It was given up entirely to the small closed doors of little metal lockers set in flush to the wall—food containers probably—and there wasn't a single metal projection in the entire wall, nothing that could possibly account for the wound in the stewardess' back. And if she had been here at the moment of impact, that was the wall she must have been flung against. The inference was inescapable—she must have been elsewhere at the time of the crash.

Across the passage, in the radio compartment, I found what I was looking for almost immediately—I had a pretty good idea where to look. The thin sheet metal at the top left-hand corner of the radio cabinet was bent almost half an inch out of line, and it didn't require any microscope to locate, or legal expert to guess at, the significance of the small, dark stain and the fibers of navy-blue cloth clinging to the corner of the smashed set. I looked inside the set itself—it had been systematically and thoroughly wrecked.

I knew that this time I couldn't be wrong about what had happened. I could see now why the second officer had sent out no distress messages. Poor devil, he hadn't had much option—not with the stewardess sitting there with a gun on him. It must have been a gun. It was no consolation at all that the crash had caught her unprepared.

A gun! Gradually, ever so gradually, in infuriating slow-motion process, thoughts were beginning to click into place in my numbed mind. Whoever had landed that plane, landed it so skillfully into the blinding maelstrom of last night's blizzard, it hadn't been a dead man. I straightened, walked forward into the control cabin and shone my flashlight on the dead captain of the plane. As I'd noticed when I'd first seen him, he appeared to be completely unmarked, and I don't know whether it was some unconscious process of logical reasoning or some strange instinct that made me right away lift up the crackling, ice-stiffened tunic jacket far enough to see the black powder-ringed bullet hole in the middle of the spine. I had been expecting it; I had been uncannily certain that I would find such a hole, and find it just there.

I lowered the jacket, pulled it down into position, turned away and walked slowly toward the rear of the plane. The man the stewardess had called Colonel Harrison was still sitting as I had left him, propped up stiffly in a corner, as stiffly as he would remain there for heaven only knew how many frozen centuries to come.

The jacket was fastened by a central button. I undid it, saw nothing except a curious thin-leather strap running across the chest, undid a shirt button, another, and there it was, the same deadly little hole, the same powder-ringed evidence of point-blank firing staining the whiteness of the undershirt. But in this case the powder marks were concentrated on the upper part of the ring, showing that the pistol had been directed in a slightly downward angle. On a hunch, but still like a man in a dream, I eased him forward, and there, less like a bullet hole in the jacket than an inconsequential rip one might easily overlook, was the exit point, matched by an equally tiny tear in the padding of the upholstered seat behind.

The leather strap across the man's chest led to a felt-covered holster under the arm. I took out the little, dark, snub-nosed automatic, pressed the release switch and shook the magazine out from the case of the grip. It was an eight-shot clip, full. I replaced it and shoved the gun into the inside pocket of my parka.

There were two inside breast pockets in the jacket. The left-hand one held another clip of ammunition in a thin-leather case. This, too, I pocketed. The right-hand pocket held only passport and wallet. The picture on the passport matched the face, and it was made out in the name of Lt. Col. Robert Harrison. The wallet contained little of interest—a couple of letters with an Oxford postmark, obviously from his wife; British and American currency notes, and a long clipping that had been torn from the top half of a page of the *New York Herald Tribune*, with a mid-September datemark, just over two months previously.

For a brief moment I studied this in the beam of my flashlight. There was a small, indistinct picture of a railway smash of some kind, showing carriages on a bridge that ended abruptly over a stretch of water, with boats beneath, and I realized that it was some kind of follow-up story on the shocking train disaster of about that time when a loaded commuters' train near Bayonne, New Jersey, had plunged out over an opened span of the bridge into the waters of Newark Bay. I was in no mood for reading it then, but I had the obscure, unreasonable idea that it might be in some way important.

I folded it carefully, lifted up my parka and thrust the paper into my inside pocket, along with the gun and the spare ammo clip. It was just at that moment that I heard a sharp metallic sound coming from the front of the dark and deserted plane.

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Marriage Mood (Continued from Page 25)

mine; and I appreciate the way you came right out with it. It takes a sport to give warning like you do. So I hope you find the right young man and may I wish you both every happiness. And I will, of course, send you the usual sterling-silver pitcher, eight inches high, when the great day dawns. And now I am opening the door again," I said, doing so.

"Wait," she said. "You haven't heard my proposition."

"I did," I said. "It went through me like a knife."

"You are a rising young man," she said, "with some very active customer accounts in the stock-and-bond business. You could amount to something in the world. You have a nice, serious side. You could be a Bernard Baruch if you would stop trying so hard to be a jerk."

"Estelle, you're a marvelous girl," I said. "Most girls don't talk like that until they're wearing the ring."

"I am talking frankly," she said, "because you need me to bring out your better nature."

"Candidly, Estelle," I said, "I do not like to criticize your technique, but you will make more headway with young men by wearing a rose in your teeth and swinging your hips."

"Hips, shmips," she said. "I have been told my hips are second to none, but I am more interested in character—yours and mine. You need a girl like me to help you grow. So my proposition is, let me come to your apartment every day all day for a month, and cook for you and clean for you and mend for you and handle your money—and then you decide if you can get along without me. Is that fair?"

It was not only fair but the cabby had fallen flat forward over his wheel. "Estelle!" I said, scandalized.

"This is a daytime proposition only," she said coolly. "I am not proposing anything I would not tell my father about. If you have two keys, I'll take one, and we can start Monday morning."

"This is a crazy deal," I said.

"But fair, yes?" she said. "You know my purpose and the method I propose to use. So how about it? Scared, sonny?"

That did it. My honor was touched. After all, I have a pretty big reputation for warding off the girls when they stop playing for laughs and begin to choose their life's mates. To beat this challenge off could be my finest hour.

All the way downtown the cabby kept turning around and looking at me with a glance of infinite compassion. When we pulled up at the nice brownstone on East Fifty-fourth Street, in which I have my bachelor quarters—two and one half rooms, one hundred and twenty-six per month—I gave him the customary fifty-cent tip. He gave it back.

"You're gonna need this more than me, brother," he said and drove away, laughing his head off. Why does everybody find it so funny? And if he's such a big comic, why's he driving a cab?

So Monday morning I was lying in bed when I became sleepily aware of a dim shape holding something in its hands and standing threateningly over me.

I went "Yeow!" and tried to climb the headboard before I saw it was Estelle. She had a breakfast tray with smells of coffee, eggs and toast coming from it. She was wearing bedroom scuffs on her feet and a house coat on the rest of her.

I climbed down from the headboard with as much dignity as I could muster and pulled the blankets up around me.

"Why the costume?" I said coldly.

"What do you want me to wear when I cook your eggs, dear boy, an evening gown?" She stuck her tongue out at me and went out.

I ate the eggs, listening to the unaccustomed small sounds of a woman puttering in the kitchen. I hardened my heart.

"Estelle!" I called.

She came in munching an English muffin with cream cheese. "Yes, dear?"

"I like my eggs harder. The toast softer, please."

"Hard eggs and soft toast?"

"That's it."

"If you don't like the way I cook," she said, "you can cook your own eggs. Do you think I have nothing to do around this house but cook eggs? I have to clean and shop while you're downtown in a nice office all day. If you want fancy-shmancy eggs, why don't you marry a French chef?" She stuck her tongue out at me again and went into the living room.

She's cute. I remembered something, jumped out of bed and ran after her. We'd had quite a poker game Sunday night, and I'd just recalled how the room looked.

I found Estelle regarding the scene with, I think, the first real respect she had ever shown for me. She was impressed. The dishes from the dinner the Chinese restaurant had sent up were under the table. There were a number of glasses around, some upright, and quite a few cigarette butts on the floor, since my ash trays have been full for some time.

She drew herself up and saluted. I bowed.

Then she went over to the sofa and delicately picked up a long pair of nylon stockings, sun-tan shade.

"Shall I throw these out?" she asked. "Or do you wish to keep them for sentimental reasons?"

"One of the girls left them," I said.

"I'm so glad you cleared that up," she said.

"I mean a couple of the boys brought their fiancées," I said desperately. "Lovely, respectable girls. One of them took a nap on the sofa during the game."

"I see," said Estelle. "And her stockings fell off." She went into the kitchen.

"Girls like to take their hosiery off when they sleep on sofas," I yelled after her.

"I wouldn't know," she said. "I sleep only at home." She came back into the living room in a minute. "How much money do you have?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon?"

She sat down, looking a little uneasy. "We have to play it sincerely," she said, "if it's to prove anything. Don't we?"

Here was a tall, slim girl curled in a chair in my living room at eight-thirty in the morning, looking at me, waiting for reassurance. "Sure," I said. "Let's be sincere."

She sat up. "All right," she said crisply. "How much money do you have?"

I found my wallet. "Sixty-five dollars," I said. "And nineteen cents."

"I'll take the sixty for house money," she said. "The five dollars and nineteen cents will carry you nicely till Friday."

"Woo klach!" I said, as near as I can remember. "Hoosh?"

"We need some things for the house," said Estelle.

"Honey," I said, "the places I go for lunch don't let you in the door with only five dollars in your pocket."

"A married man has to forget about expensive lunches."

"Estelle, you're not selling me. Whose side are you on?"

She looked at me. "I want you to see the worst," she said. "Then, if you don't want to marry me more than you want anything else, I don't want you."

"You're a funny girl," I said.

She made a face. "Dinner at seven," she said.

It didn't figure. The show she was putting on would never make me burn my date book. Heck, she was throwing the game. She looked a little sad too.

"What's the matter, honey?" I asked.

"I was thinking of how many things men have to give up to get a little happiness," she said. Like I said, she's cute.

I tried to put my arms around her. She pulled away. "Don't I get some encouragement?" I asked. "A man going out to face the world alone—broke?"

She gave me a peck and went back to cleaning.

"Married love!" I said bitterly.

I subwayed downtown and strolled into the lower Broadway offices of Lody and Cnack. The usual crowd was in the board room. I moved through, bowing right and left, because I have many customers with whom I am highly popular. I reached my cubicle, from which I can watch the tape with the aid of a pair of binoculars. I looked around the big room. I love Wall Street. This is man's country. Any place you look there are beautiful secretaries. That's what I said, man's country. I made my morning census of the girls with my binoculars. I liked to reassure myself they were all there, fresh and ready for work after a good night's rest. They looked blooming this morning, and I was happy—for Lody and Cnack's sake.

Only one seemed a little under par—Hilda, at the switchboard. She looked tense. Hilda worries me because with her blond hair and fair skin she looks delicate. I take her to lunch now and then to make sure she gets her proper nourishment—so important to a young person—and to dinner, too, because I like to do a thing right.

I wandered over on my mission of mercy. It was like falling into a mountain pool. I wouldn't have believed a human, living girl could have eyes as frosty as Hilda's were this A.M.

"Your house called," she said.

"Schloo?" I said earnestly. "Whap?"

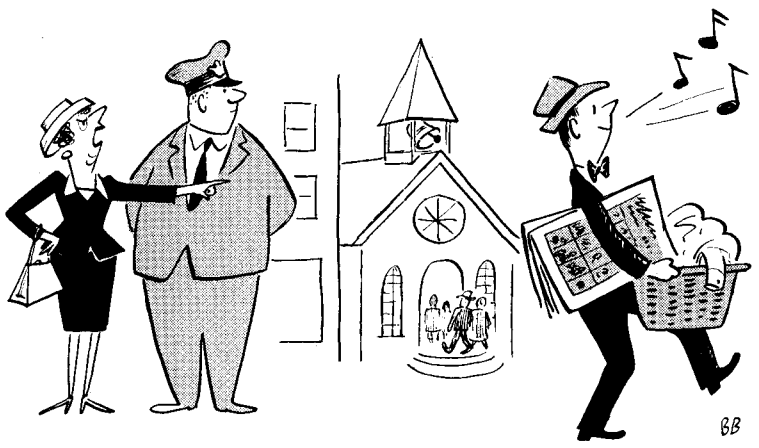
"She," said Hilda, putting a good deal of expression into the word, "says bring home some dinner candles tonight."

"Oh," I said. "That's the maid. Tidies things, you know."

"Sure," said Hilda. "Alton, why do you let your maid call you Happy Boy?"

"Hilda!" I said desperately. She turned away. It was clear this girl intended to forage for her own nutriment from now on.

I turned around. I could see the news had spread. I have always thought the girls in our office have rather fine eyes, but today they were all beady—brunettes with beady eyes, blondes with beady eyes and, under the (Continued on Page 74)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Adolph, a carefree bachelor, had so little use for spinsterish Miss Whiffle that she, stung by his attitude, informed police that he washed his clothes at an automatic laundry on Sundays in violation of a New York State law. The authorities thereupon dutifully prosecuted Adolph under the law, which forbade all except "works of necessity and charity" on Sunday.

"As Adolph presumably could go to the laundry on any of the other six days or nights of the week, his Sunday laundering was neither a work of necessity nor of charity," the prosecutor argued. "Therefore he is guilty."

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," Adolph retorted. "I have to keep clean to earn a living, so washing my clothes becomes a necessity, and Sunday is the only day on which I have the time to do it properly."

If you were the judge, would you rule that Adolph was guilty?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Adolph went free. The court said: "An increasing number of persons gainfully employed are away from home on weekdays and find they must do all or some of their personal laundry on Sunday. [Such persons] are not free to enjoy the repose contemplated by the law unless and until their personal laundry is done. Slovenliness is no part of any religion, nor is it conducive to rest. Scripture commends cleanliness: . . . 'and he shall wash his clothes, and be clean.'"

Based upon a 1959 New York decision.

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Second Day Progressive bridge, paddle tennis, trapshooting, motion pictures. Dancing, Bingo, Hawaiian entertainment, regular late evening buffet.

Third Day Progressive canasta, ping pong, gymkhana (novelty athletics), Captain's champagne party and dinner—also special children's punch party—champagne dances.

Fourth Day last horseracing, hula graduation and prizes. Cocktail hour music, dancing, Hawaiian Trio, motion pictures.

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March 6, 12, 28, April 3, 20
HONOLULU TO LOS ANGELES
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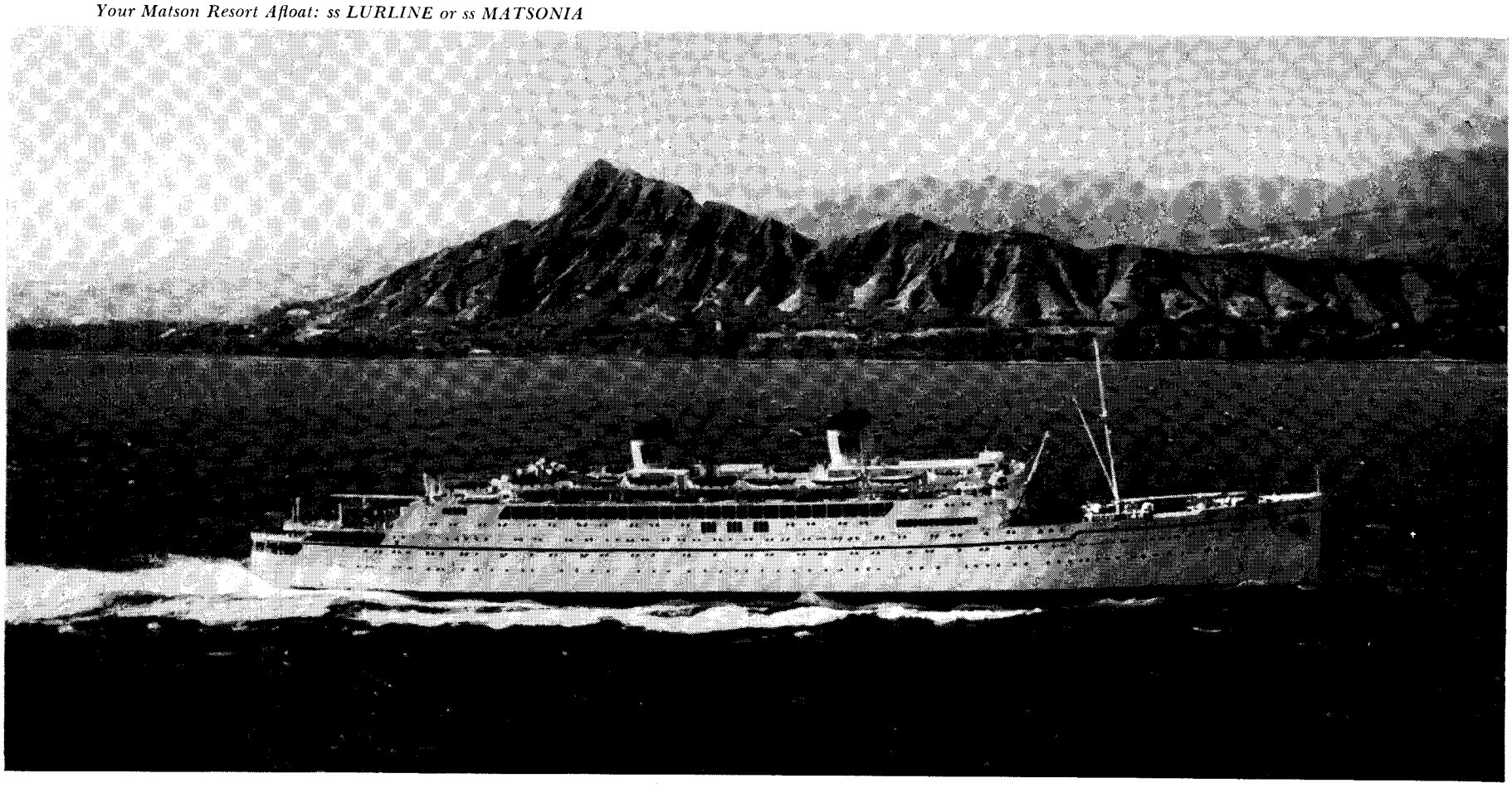

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(*Continued from Page 72*) Commodities board, there was a redhead with beady eyes, glaring at me. And their lips were twisty.

I hastened into the Purchase and Sales Department where there are some extraordinarily attractive young female persons. Four of them looked up at me—beady, and twisty lips.

I'd been naïve in thinking Estelle was throwing the game. This was a great general I was up against, cool and nerveless. I knew now how the Trojans must have felt after they let that wooden horse inside their gates—pretty silly, that's how.

With one superb stroke she had cut me off from my normal lines of support, from the young, wholesome women whose encouragement and understanding have sustained me for so many years.

Now she expected to win by a quick, enveloping movement. Oh, it was well thought out—smart, smart. But she had overreached herself. Nothing would be more likely to keep me from proposing than this glimpse of what marriage was really like. It would be tough for a time, but at the end of the arduous path a rainbow beckoned—bachelorhood. I had to laugh, thinking of how Estelle had outsmarted herself.

Meanwhile I would have to find out where the married men ate lunch. A little sandwich place on a side street, I'd heard.

She met me at the door that night in a light-colored velvet hostess-gown arrangement. It made her waist look as if you could get your two hands completely around it. "You brought the candles!" she said. "Good."

"And that'll cost you just thirty-one cents," I said. "I'm not going to pay for them out of my allowance." I looked into the living room, turned around and walked out. She ran after me.

"Come back," she said. "It's your own home!"

It didn't look it. "What's that on the floor?" I asked.

"It's called a rug," she said. "You get them at rug stores. I charged it to you."

"Don't panic," I said, "but the walls have turned gray. It must be all this radia——"

"I painted them," she said. "There's a new paint that dries in an hour. No smell."

"Where's my card table?"

"In the closet. That's for cards. I picked up this dining table at an antique shop on Third Avenue."

"And they charged it to me!" I said, on the ball.

"Yes, they were sweet."

"Great," I said. "Costs a lot of money to live right," I beamed. A deep, peaceful feeling was taking possession of me, a sure conviction that I was too broke to get married.

"Did I spend too much?" asked Estelle, worried.

"No, I want it to hurt. I mean I like nice things," I said.

"Idiot," she said.

The table was set for two, on mats. Estelle turned off some of the room lights, leaving a soft glow on polished wood and china and on a new set of sterling silver which I had a strong feeling I now owned. She went to the bar and did things with ice. "Did you have a nice day at the office, dear?" she asked.

"I had a rather quiet day," I said. "How shall I put it? It was a day of solitary meditation. For some reason not one of the young ladies in the office disturbed me with her chatter today. And why on earth, if you can buy a rug, can't you buy candles without phoning the office?" I yelled.

She knelt by my chair and put her arms around me. "Darling," she said, "you'll have to give up other women before you're ready for marriage. A clean cut hurts less, don't you think? I know it's hard on you. You do like girls so much. Don't deny it."

"I'm not denying it," I said. "I'd cut off my tongue first."

"There are so many adjustments," she said. "If we were kids, it wouldn't matter. We'd find out about life together and love it. But you're a spoiled bachelor."

Her eyes were wide and full of honest pity. I felt as if I were falling into them. Reason tottered. I grabbed her. "No. Let me go. I won't take advantage of you this way," she murmured against my cheek.

"It's all right," I said. My voice sounded rather as if it were coming out of my ears. Her lips were cool and sweet. Then she tried to pull free. "Hold still!" I said. "I can almost get my two hands around your waist. Just a second and I'll make it. Pull in a little."

She wriggled away and stood up. "That's enough," she said. "I know you're a man. We're trying to find out if you can be a husband." She went into the kitchen.

We had steak—thick and sliced on an angle—with a buttery, winy sauce, small new potatoes, popovers and a bowl of water cress with a French dressing that said "Ooh la la" when you tasted it. Somehow it was on the table all at once, and we sat down to it, relaxed and easy.

The room glowed. I remembered times I had come home to the empty, scuffed place and plopped into a chair to wait for strength enough to carry me to a restaurant. Now I was dining at my ease with a lovely woman across the table, who smiled when my finger tips touched hers. And what had it cost me? Only a king's ransom and all my girl friends.

I saw where the floor had been shined around the edges of the new rug. And then it all went wrong. I put my fork down and stood and moved away from the table.

"Anything the matter?" asked Estelle.

"I don't want to be loved like this," I said. "You must have worked all day. It scares me. I'm a pretty superficial guy."

"I enjoyed every second of it," she said. Her eyes were very wide.

"I don't know how to handle this serious type of stuff," I said. "It's always been for laughs before."

"I like to give. Is it so hard to take?"

"Yes, it's hard."

I went into the kitchen. The shelves had sprouted new bright-red edgings. A cookbook lay open at *Bifteck, Marchand de Vin*. There was a spot of wine on the page—so homey.

I went back into the living room. "I'm not ready for marriage," I said. "I'm a young boy, twenty-eight years old, and my necktie still lights up when I see a new girl. I'm no-good bad. Go home, Estelle."

"I can see it was a mistake," she said. She spoke pretty evenly. "I'll pack my things. What about the dishes?"

"I don't want anybody to ask me what about the dishes."

"If you want to live like a pig," she said.

I shied a dish at the new paint on the wall. It broke. "That's better," I said. "Makes the place look lived in."

But she wasn't in the room. She came out of the bedroom in a moment, wearing a dress and carrying a suitcase. By the time I thought to chase downstairs after her, she was in a cab and gone.

When I awoke in the morning I saw that Estelle had forgotten a brassière on the dresser. I was contemplating it when she came in with a breakfast tray, set it down and walked out.

"Estelle!" I yelled. She came to the door.

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"Call me?" she asked icily.

"You're here," I jibbered. "I thought we were through."

She looked at me with solid contempt and walked out.

I chased after her. She was, I noted, doing the dishes. "Estelle," I said. "Baby, speak. Why won't you answer me?"

"We had a quarrel, didn't we?" she asked. "After a quarrel married people don't speak. Gee, you don't know much," she said.

"Please speak to me," I said piteously. I don't know why it seemed vital, but I knew I had to make her talk. "Baby, please."

"If you want to make up, you'll have to do something to please me," she said.

"Great!" I said, joy welling through me. "What?"

She tossed her head. "I wouldn't know," she said.

"I'm sorry," I said, "about last night."

"You're not."

"I am."

"If you were sorry you were rude to me," she said, "you'd ask your boss to make you a branch manager."

"I beg your pardon," I said, hitting my ear. "I seem to be tuned in on two different wave lengths."

"Then you're not sorry," she said and turned back to the sink.

"I am."

"You're not. If you truly were, you wouldn't be satisfied to be just a registered representative at Lody and Cnack."

I swung my head from side to side and hit my ear again, but it didn't seem to improve the signal any. "And this is what it's like to be married?" I said.

She turned and put her arms around me. "It's wanting the other to fulfill himself," she said. "It's hoping for the best for him. It's closeness." She relaxed, her body swaying against me.

"That's marriage?" I said. My voice was coming out of my ears again, but I was getting used to that. "It has its points."

"We're not speaking," she said and moved coldly away.

"Ah!" I said and staggered out of the kitchen.

If this woman thinks, I said to myself on the way downtown, that just because she makes a little movement with her nose and lip when she laughs she can interfere with my business life, she's wrong. No, sir—not even if she does figure eights with her nose.

That was my last conscious thought before, at ten-forty-seven A.M., I heard myself saying to Mr. Lody, ". . . and so you see, sir, unless I can look forward to becoming a branch manager, I'm afraid I shall have to make a connection elsewhere."

Mr. Lody lurks in a corner of a huge room behind a desk which would have done admirably as a fortification in the siege of Vicksburg. He is a tall, thin, smiling man whose smile tells you nothing. It has hardened on him in forty years of saying no to widows who want to sell good electric utilities and put the proceeds into fresh mining stocks they've just heard of.

"I see," he said. "An ultimatum. Alton, there's been some talk that a—well, a woman is living in your apartment."

"Oh, sure," I said brightly. "I'm thinking of marrying her."

"Indeed?" he said.

"I'm looking her over," I heard myself saying. I could feel a grisly smile forming on my face as I went on, "Seeing if she'll do, you know."

"I've been worried about this report," said Mr. Lody. "It is not the sort of thing that builds confidence in the firm of Lody and Cnack. Perhaps your ultimatum gives us all a way out, Alton. I think indeed you should make a connection elsewhere."

"Urk?" I said. "Skooch?" I added, unable to express myself as clearly as I would have liked.

Distant drums rolled as I walked back to my desk. Hilda was staring at me. So were the other girls. I can best describe their expressions as smug. In eight seconds the word had spread.

I walked out of the board room with a slow, measured pace. I found a phone booth and dialed my flat. "Estelle!" I yelled. "I want a divorce!"

"What's the matter?"

"I'm fired—fired, fired, fired. Are you reading me good? Fired! Because they heard about you!"

"Come home," she said. "Don't do anything. Just come home."

I discovered that the phone booth was in a bar. This was the first break I'd had since Saturday night. "I've been fired on account of a woman," I said to the bartender in cold, level tones. "What do you have for that condition?"

We tried a number of things. About the middle of the afternoon I got into a fight with a man who said that women were

• •

Collegiate Crash Program

By Richard F. Armknecht

Our student studies in his room
While tweeters tweet and woofers boom.
Through all the hi-fi hullabaloo
He tunes in on a sportscast, too.

The tome he cons absorbedly
Is *General Psychology.*
His psyche's whole, but let's admit it,
He does his level best to split it.

• •

people. I hung one on his nose as soon as he got the horrid words out of his mouth. Then he hung one on my nose. Then he hung one on my eye. He hung them all over me. I seem to remember a policeman helping me to the subway. I explained to him that my condition was on account of a woman, and he was quite sympathetic.

I climbed the stairs, which they had made higher since I had last seen them, and entered my flat.

Nobody was home. A note was propped against a candlestick. "Put some water in the stew and take a nap," it read. "I'll be home before dinner. Estelle."

The stew did look dry. I held the pot under the faucet. It ran over. I spilled it out, dried the meat neatly on a towel and put more water in. "Women make such a fuss about cooking," I said to myself. "Fuss, fuss, fuss all day long."

I walked into the bedroom. I saw myself in the mirror—through my open eye—for what I was, a young man with a shiner, no future, and owing a lot of money. I admired the picture I made, especially where my coat was torn down the left side.

In the mirror I saw the door open and Estelle come in. She stood looking at my reflection over my shoulder.

My face was dirty. My lips were stiff. I had trouble moving them, but I made them move. I looked at the unlovely object that I was and I let her have it between the eyes.

"Will you marry me?" I said.

"Of course, dear," she said and came around between me and the mirror and kissed me on my bruised lips.

"You will?" I squealed.

"Certainly, darling."

"Don't you draw the line anywhere?" I demanded.

"I love you very much," she said.

"I don't even have a job."

"I do," she said. "I canceled my leave of absence today. I'm a pretty good legal secretary, you know. Ninety a week—we'll have that. You can take your time about finding the spot that's right for you."

She went into the kitchen. I staggered after her. "Don't look," she said piteously. "Something's gone wrong with the stew. I'm so embarrassed. It'll have to be ham and eggs." She darted to the refrigerator.

"Why do you do all this for me?" I rasped harshly.

"It's love," she said.

"And why is everything in the apartment glowing?" I asked indignantly.

"That's love."

"The walls are glowing," I said. "The table is glowing."

"Love."

"You mean I love you?"

"Certainly," she said. "That's why you threw up your job today."

"Are you going to leave me after dinner in your usual cold, cruel way?" I asked. "I'm in no condition to be alone."

She looked at me worriedly. "I don't want to lie to my father," she said softly. "I never have." She came close and put her head down on my chest. "Do you really need me that much?" This was a new Estelle—unsure, yielding.

I thought it over. "I feel funny," I said.

"Do you?" asked Estelle.

"I feel very strange."

"Indeed," she said.

"I love you too much to let you lie to your father," I said. "And why am I crying?"

"Did you hear what you said?" she asked thinly. "You love me. Oh, dear!" she said suddenly.

"What's the matter, Estelle?"

"My voice sounds as if it's coming out of my ears," she said.

"Oh, you get used to that," I said, pulling her to me.

We had just finished the ham and eggs when the phone rang. I picked it up. "Lody here," said Mr. Lody. "Are you going to marry that girl? You're a fool if you don't."

"Of course I'm going to marry her."

"All right, then. We're planning a new branch on upper Madison Avenue. You can be manager."

"Thank you," I said and hung up.

Estelle smiled at me across the room. Her nose began that little movement. "Since I'm working and you're not," she said, "you can do the dishes."

"You know perfectly well I'm working," I said. I marched toward her with deadly purpose. "You went down to see Mr. Lody today. You must have. Don't deny it." I stood over her menacingly. "Why did you do that?" I roared.

"Love," she said.

All right, so I'm getting married. But I wasn't hooked. I wish to make that point clear. Didn't she show me the worst side of it from the start? So don't use that expression. I just don't like certain words, that's all. As I said, I'm a normal young man, aged twenty-eight, and I can get married like anybody else if I want to, I guess. THE END

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The Monitor Affair (Continued from Page 44)

He turned away and walked heavily toward the rooming house in which he lived. In after days he could not remember that long walk nor the thoughts that troubled his mind as he strode along. All he could recall was a gulf of black despair and hopelessness. He reached the corner where he would turn to his lodging, when he became aware of a soft, oleaginous voice speaking in his ear.

"A good evening to you, Mr. Nelson," said the voice.

Eric stared for an instant without recognition at the man walking beside him—at the dapper, cane-bearing tailor's dummy that had accosted him. And then he knew it was the lawyer, Artemus Leadbetter, whom he had once guided to Tom Rowland's office; Artemus Leadbetter, criminal lawyer of noisome fame and legal representative of Capt. Isaiah Rynders, United States Marshal.

"What," demanded Eric, "do you want with me, Leadbetter?"

"A quiet word of business," said the man.

"I have no business with Captain Rynders," Eric said.

"I have other clients than the marshal," Leadbetter said. "Many other clients of equal influence and importance. Indeed, I may assure you, Mr. Nelson, that there are few legal practices in this city more lucrative than mine."

"What client do you represent now?" Eric asked.

"One who shall be nameless," Leadbetter said. "His retainer entitles him to my services, including silence as to his identity. I gather, Mr. Nelson, that he feels kindly toward you. So kindly, sir, that he has empowered me to offer my beneficial services."

"To serve me in what manner?"

"I am informed, Mr. Nelson, that you have mislaid a valuable item of, shall we say, personal property. An item treasured by you and highly precious."

Eric swung upon the dapper man and would have seized him by the throat, but Leadbetter backed away, hand in coat pocket, and something in that hand pointed at Eric's middle.

"No! No! No violence, Mr. Nelson. I resent violence. I do not like my garments to be disarranged or soiled. You were present at an occasion where I was reprehensibly manhandled, and I have not forgotten. Keep your distance, sir."

Eric stood motionless, seething with rage.

"My principal," Leadbetter said suavely, "authorizes me to assist in finding this missing jewel and restoring it to you."

"In return for what?" Eric demanded. And then grimly, "Leadbetter, if a hair of that girl's head is harmed the world will not be large enough to hide you, or Rynders, or Hugo Tempest."

"So intemperate! A fault of youth. A defect, sir, a grave defect of inexperience. And who, sir, mentioned a 'she'? An asset of value was under discussion. Now, sir, its restoration to you involves some labor and expense—for which, naturally, my client rightfully asked to be reimbursed."

"How much?" Eric asked.

"It is not a matter of cash paid, but rather of service to be rendered."

"Come to the point," Eric said through his teeth.

"My client is informed, Mr. Nelson, that you are in the employ of an eminent inventor named John Ericsson. Is he correct in this assumption?"

"You know he is correct."

"In a confidential capacity, would you say?"

"Come to the point," Eric repeated harshly.

"You know his plans. You see his drawings. You know intimately how work on this controversial craft of his progresses. You are informed of where he secures the several parts of the craft. The iron for its armor. The several contraptions which make it unique. Most especially, you would know with exactitude how work upon Mr. Ericsson's revolving turret is proceeding."

Eric made no response.

"This device is being fabricated by a Mr. Delamater in his iron works. Mr. Delamater is, perhaps, more astute than your Captain Ericsson, for he values secrecy. Mr. Ericsson naïvely gives out information to the press—which, with startling speed, reaches the ears of interested persons in a distant city to the south which, I am correct in stating, is the capital of the Confederacy."

To this, also, Eric made no response.

"Now my client," Leadbetter said, "being moved by both financial and patriotic motives, wishes more intimate and informative contact with this turret. He would like, first, to have employees of his own introduced into the Delamater Iron Works. He wishes, secondarily, to be informed of the date when the mechanism will be completed. Thirdly, he is curious to know when and how it will be transported across the East River to Greenpoint. I may say without fear of successful contradiction that my client would be gratified if this so-called turret were never to reach its destination. But he also would be pleased if its completion were delayed, or if grave defects manifested themselves. Do I make myself clear?"

"You make clear," Eric said grimly, "that you are a traitor to your country, and an associate of traitors."

Leadbetter waved the hard words aside. He even smiled condescendingly. "The ethics of my profession, Mr. Nelson, state that any client, innocent or guilty, is entitled to the services of a competent attorney-at-law. Otherwise, there might ensue grave miscarriages of justice. Every man has the right to the advice and counsel of one learned in the intricacies of the law. I do not defend my conduct. I merely state the fact."

"Your proposition, Leadbetter?" Eric demanded.

"You," said the lawyer, "will see to it that my client's wishes are fulfilled, or any efficient part of them. Whereupon the item of precious property will be restored to you—instantly upon my client's being reliably informed of your compliance." He reached into an inner pocket and extracted a small envelope, which he extended to Eric.

"You will identify the contents," he said suavely.

Eric opened the container and drew from it a lock of hair, whose color and texture he recognized.

"This," said Leadbetter, "is to assure you that my client is in a position to restore the item under discussion." He moved a step farther away from Eric. "There is no great haste for your reply. Say twenty-four hours. At the expiration of that time a second proof of my client's ability to restore will be delivered to you—more painful to remove from this precious item of property than a tress of hair. Twenty-four hours, Mr. Nelson. I trust you will not be dilatory with your reply. Good evening to you, Mr. Nelson."

The foppish lawyer backed away, sneering at Eric, his hand still in the pocket of his flaring coat. When he was at a safe distance he turned and sauntered up the street without a glance behind him. Eric, in helpless rage, might have followed, but a return of sanity told him that to do so would serve no purpose. He climbed the steps to his room, tortured by sense of helplessness and futility. He paced the floor miserably. There was no one to whom he could turn for help. The spiriting away of Yvonne Constant had been skillfully planned and carried out by Madame Ouverard and Captain Tempest—even to a note left behind by the girl stating that she had eloped.

Then, dredged up from the depths of his mind, came remembrance of something Yvonne had told him. It was that Ross Lane had ordered madame to hold the girl as a hostage but to do her no harm. They had disobeyed, had disobeyed the young man who seemed to have the power to issue commands.

Ross Lane was, Eric firmly believed, one of the conspirators—a secret agent of the Confederacy in New York. But his judgment of men told Eric that Lane was a gentleman, a man of honor even though engaged in dishonorable services for his country. Or were they dishonorable? In war what conduct prejudicial to the enemy brands one with dishonor? Lane was a military man, if his bearing spoke truth. He was a military man out of uniform, operating behind the enemy's lines—which fact, according to the usages of warfare, made him a spy. Eric was able to admit to himself that it required a very special sort of courage to become a spy—to risk not commendable death in battle, but the disgrace of a noose about the neck. The important thing to Eric, however, was that Ross Lane's command had been disobeyed. Might not, then, this young Southern gentleman resent the flouting of his authority? Might he not resent it to the point of undoing what had been done?

Though this was a remote hope, it was a straw which, lacking any other, Eric must grasp.

But Ross Lane was only a name, an individual encountered in madame's salon. He was mysterious, just as John Andrews was mysterious. Now and then he appeared in madame's house and vanished. Eric could think of no way of making contact with him except to wait for him to visit the house on Washington Square—to haunt that neighborhood until Lane should appear. But Lane might not become visible for days, and time, tragically, was of the essence.

Knuckles rapped upon Eric's door, and he opened it to find a lad on the threshold, a lad he recognized as an apprentice in the Delamater Iron Works.

"You Mr. Nelson?" the lad asked.

"That is my name," Eric responded.

"I got a message from Mr. Delamater. He wants you to come to the works as quick as you can. He wants you right off."

"Why does he want me?" Eric asked.

"He didn't say," the boy said. "All he says was you should get a move on you."

Eric put on his hat and coat and went down to the street, where a carriage awaited at the curb. He recognized Delamater's span of bays. He climbed to a seat, and the boy followed. The coachman spoke to the horses, which burst into a brisk trot. They reached the gates of the Delamater Iron Works and entered. Eric hurried to Delamater's office, where the manufacturer was waiting impatiently.

"Thanks for coming so promptly," he said. "We've a job of work to do tonight."

"Such as?" Eric asked.

"We're transporting the turret to Tom Rowland's shipyard," Delamater said.

"Tonight, Mr. Delamater!"

"And with utmost secrecy," said the ironmaster.

"Where is Sir John?" asked Eric.

"I said secretly," Delamater said with a wry smile. "Ericsson would, like as not, give the news to the papers. He has no conception of caution. And I have a feeling that caution is required."

How right Delamater was no one knew more certainly than Eric. But what would the consequences of a successful nocturnal transportation of the turret to Greenpoint mean to Yvonne Constant! He was appalled. But whatever those consequences might be, Eric was bound by duty. Even if he had desired to betray that duty it would be impossible, for there was no means by which he could reach Leadbetter or madame or Captain Tempest before the removal should be completed.

"Jeff Davis," he said, "would like to sink the turret in the East River. Mr. Delamater, this plant is spied upon. A young girl, sir, has been abducted to compel me to betray the time and method of moving. It may be, sir," Eric said in an agonized voice, "that this will mean her death."

"Life or death!" Delamater said. "The *Monitor* is more important than the deaths of a thousand. It shall move tonight. I have let it leak out that it will not be ready for ten days. I have planned tonight's work to the last detail. I've drilled the men in every aspect of their duties. Mr. Nelson, my turret will be safe in Tom Rowland's yard before daylight!"

(*Continued on Page 79*)

"We took it out of the First National of Duluth and are depositing it in the Left Bank of Paris."

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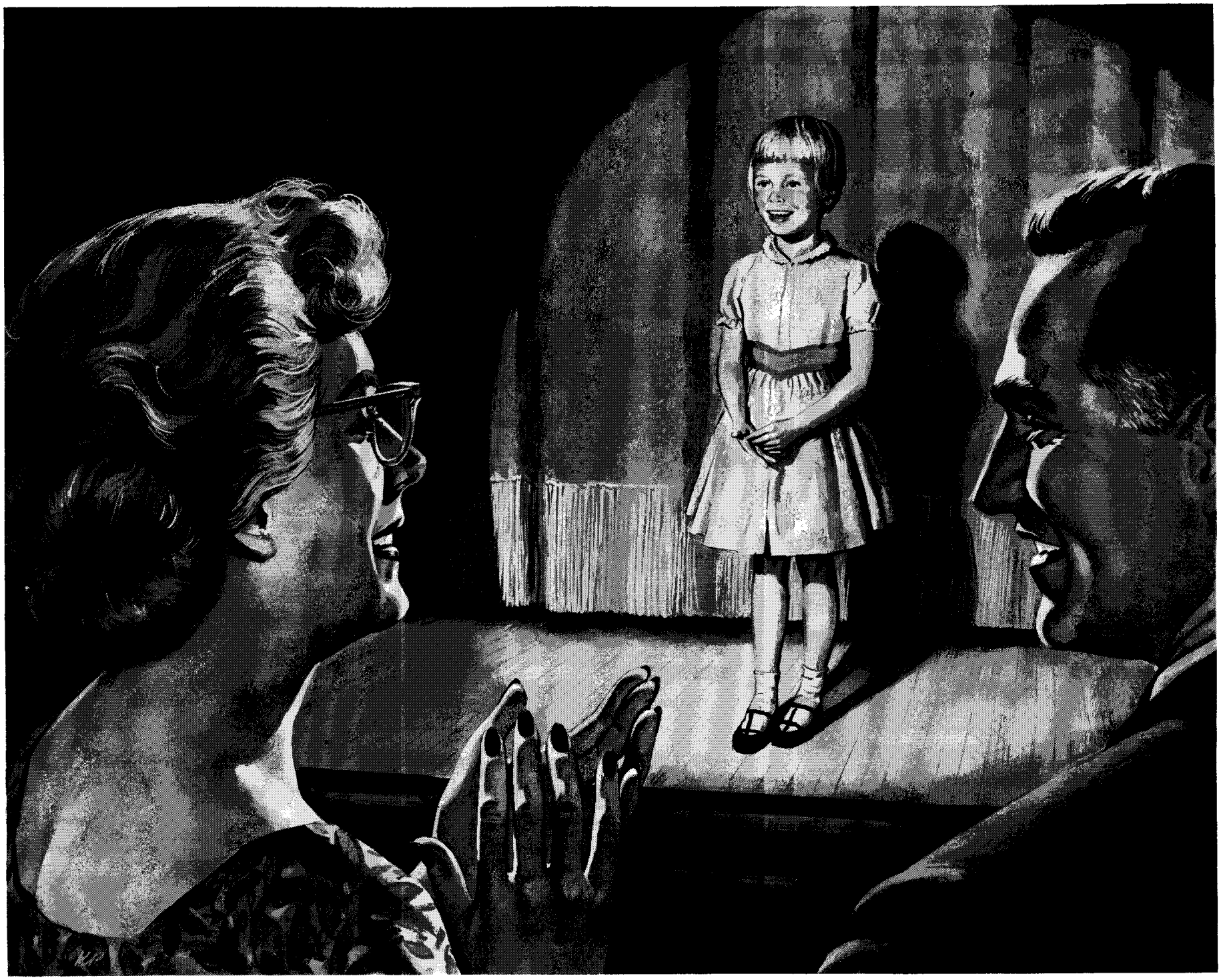

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(*Continued from Page 76*) Delamater was as good as his word. Every detail of the removal had been carefully planned and exactly carried out. The disassembled turret, its parts weighty enough even when taken separately, was toilsomely transported to the river, loaded on a scow with no misadventure and towed downstream to Greenpoint and Tom Rowland's shipyard. For once complete secrecy had been maintained, and the roundhouse which was to be heart and soul of the *Monitor* was before dawn in readiness to be placed in position in the center of the flat deck of the little vessel.

Eric Nelson had worked like any of the score of mechanics and laborers who had carried out the task of loading and unloading. It was unaccustomed labor. His hands, more used to plying dividers and drafting tools, were lacerated and swollen. He was weary as he seldom before had been. Now that the turret was resting, ready for reassembly and placement beside the scaffolding enclosing the hull of "Ericsson's Folly," he had time to think; but his weary brain refused to respond. He staggered to Rowland's office, where there was running water, removed his soiled clothing and doused himself with the stingingly cold stream. This revived him. He flexed his muscles, breathed deeply and was almost himself again.

He dressed and was ready to face the day which lay before him. No urgency would further delay his search for Yvonne Constant, even though that search meant a futile running about in circles. But his Nordic mind would not be satisfied with mere frenzied rummaging. He hastened to the ferry slip which was the point of departure for Tenth Street across in Manhattan and boarded the first ferry. He sat in the bows, hat removed to permit the chill morning rush of air to stimulate him.

Yvonne was indeed a hostage now. Leadbetter had told him she would be exchanged for information about the time of removal of the turret from the Delamater Iron Works to its destination. But no such exchange could now be made. Without doubt it would not be long before Leadbetter and his principals were informed of last night's work. And how, Eric thought painfully, would that affect Yvonne's safety? In what other way could she be useful to Tempest and Madame Ouverard? Or would her usefulness cease to exist? And what then?

Houses! Eric's mind turned to houses for no logical reason. First to the house on Washington Square with its crowded entertainments, its social events so well advertised and, in a sense, open to the public—if the public which presented itself were of sufficient political, financial or social eminence. A house so open and aboveboard on its lower floor, but so secret, so surreptitious in its upper floors. It might be—it was not impossible—that Yvonne was secreted on one of the upper floors. But Eric doubted this possibility. Ezekiel would be aware of it, and his brief interview with the frightened Negro assured him that Ezekiel himself had accepted the story of the girl's elopement with Eric. If, then, Yvonne was not in the Washington Square mansion, she might be anywhere else in New York City. But houses persisted to hold his thoughts.

There was a second house, the dwelling on Thirty-second Street where Captain Tempest seemed to be the occupant—when not recovering from wounds in Madame Ouverard's residence. There was nothing open and aboveboard about this dwelling. From basement to roof it was furtive, stealthy, presenting a blank secretive face to the street. Here the name of Jefferson Davis was the key that opened the door. And no one who frequented that house was aware that it had been touched by a breath of suspicion. Not Captain Tempest nor Madame Ouverard nor Ross Lane was aware that chance had placed Eric on that spot at the moment when conspirators were arriving for a clandestine meeting; or that, suspicions being aroused, he had watched that house when it was possible to do so and had seen Capt. Isaiah Rynders received there on some dubious errand. There stood that house—nothing but a drab erection of dingy bricks—which, or so its frequenters supposed, had attracted no undesirable notice.

What more satisfactory storage place could be conceived for the hiding away of the person of an abducted girl? It was a possibility. It might even be a probability.

Eric debarked, crossed over to the horsecar line and rode northward. He got off at Thirty-second Street and walked along that familiar block. The house, for all the signs of occupancy it exhibited, might have been vacant. He studied the situation, and it became apparent to him that nothing but force could gain admission from the street. From the front door he paced to the corner, counting his steps. At the corner he turned left and proceeded to Thirty-first Street, where he paced off the number of steps that brought him to a spot corresponding to the location of the house which was his objective. In that street, as in the street above, houses crowded wall to wall; but some fifty feet beyond was a vacant lot utilized by some carpenter or contractor for the storage of building materials. Eric, making sure there was no watchman, walked to the rear of that lot. He discovered that in the rear of the tiers of houses were tiny, ill-kept plots, not to be complimented by the name of back yards. They were fenced.

At that early hour the houses, for the most part, seemed to be sleeping. He ventured to climb the first fence. His movement gave no alarm. He proceeded, hoping no early riser would be in any kitchen to watch his clambering through a window. He reached the rear of the house of plotting. Steps led up to a kitchen door. The shades of the kitchen windows were not drawn. There was no light within. Apparently the occupants, if any, had not yet arisen. No breakfast was in preparation. Stepping lightly, Eric mounted to the door and cautiously turned the knob. The cook or other servant had not thought it necessary to lock or bolt it, and Eric opened it and stepped into a stuffy kitchen.

He stood motionless, peering about him. It was a large, square room with stove and closets. Pots and pans hung from hooks, and a wooden rolling pin. Eric, weaponless, possessed himself of this bludgeon. He passed through the buttery into a dining room, dingy with heavy oak table, chairs and sideboard. Ahead of this were front and back parlors, gloomy, uninviting. At the right were entrance hall and stairway reaching to the second story. Until this moment he had heard no stirring, no signs of life. But now he became aware of movement over his head, a shuffling of someone descending. He drew back behind portieres. A man appeared, gaping drowsily. He was large, clad in shirt and trousers with unkempt hair. His was not a pleasant face. It was a Five Points' face with bushy whiskers, low, simian forehead. Eric deemed him to be no cook or trained servant, but rather a watchman of sorts.

Compunctions did not deter Eric. He moved lightly, swiftly, and before the man was aware of an intruder, the rolling pin descended upon his thick skull. He slumped without a sound. Eric bent over him and made sure he was thoroughly unconscious, perhaps with broken skull.

Walking close to the wall, where the stairs would be least likely to squeak, Eric climbed to the second floor. Bedroom doors stood open. None of the four rooms was occupied. At the rear he found stairs mounting to the third floor, and he crept up these. There were three rooms and a sort of attic at the rear. The door of the first room was open. The bed had been slept in. Masculine clothing was scattered. It was here that the unconscious man downstairs had slept. The next door was closed, locked. Eric listened but heard no sound. The third room was unlocked and unoccupied.

If, then, Yvonne was in that house, she would be behind that locked door. It was no time for hesitation. He braced against the opposite wall, planted his heel against the lock, drew it back and kicked with all his strength. The door slammed open. Eric crouched on the threshold, rolling pin ready. There came to his ears only a muffled sound from the bed; someone, something, was there covered by blankets even to the head. He strode across the room, snatched off the cover and stared down at Yvonne, fully clothed, hair rumpled, eyes wide open and staring, hands and legs bound and a red bandanna handkerchief tied tightly across her face.

Eric loosed the handkerchief, then unbound her ankles and wrists. He held her as if she were a baby, nestling her, his cheek against her cheek.

"It's me, Eric Nelson," he said urgently, for her eyes did not seem to recognize him. "It's all right. You're safe. It's all right."

She nodded and struggled weakly to sit erect. "Eric—Eric," she said faintly. "Water, please. A drink of water."

On the bureau were a pitcher, bowl and mug. He filled the mug and she drank greedily.

"Are you hurt?" he demanded. "Have you been harmed?"

She shook her head, then flexed her arms and legs.

"Did—did they mistreat you?" he asked fearfully.

Again she shook her head. "Only—rough," she answered.

"Captain Tempest?" he asked.

"I did not see him. *Tante* Carlotta took me for a drive. We stopped at some house and she made me go in. Then I don't remember. I think I heard her say 'Hugo.' I think there was another man. Not large." She closed her eyes in the effort to concentrate. "A—a fop. With cane."

Eric nodded. *Leadbetter,* he said to himself, and then aloud: "Can you stand? Can you walk?"

She struggled to her feet and stood unsteadily. She smiled courageously.

"I wondered if you would come," she said.

"No time to talk—we must get out of here. He lifted her and carried her down the stairs. He unbolted the front door, a double door opening inward, and carried her out into the morning air.

"It will be best for you to walk—if you can," he said.

"Yes," she said docilely. And then, "Where can I go, Eric? I can't go back to *Tante* Carlotta's."

"We will find a place," he said. "First we will go to my room. You can wash and arrange your hair."

"Yes," she said. "Your room. That will be safe. But afterward?" She was walking now, her strength returning, her little feet clicking as she strove to keep pace with him.

"My proposal stands," he said firmly.

She could be roguish. It spoke volumes for the sturdiness of her character, her fortitude. Her lovely eyes twinkled and her bruised lips curved in a smile.

"This," she said, waving her arm as if to indicate what had just taken place, "was a dandy start for a courtship. It was a pleasing sample. But I'm not to be rushed off my feet, sir. There must be attentions, flowers, gallantries. Again, Mr. Nelson, I must decline your offer." She smiled up at him impishly. "But don't be discouraged, sir. You have made progress."

When they had arrived at the boarding-house and ascended to Eric's room, Yvonne's face suddenly clouded. She was

"Oh, another one won't hurt us. Sixty-five per cent of the spirits are neutral."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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appalled. "Clothes!" she cried. "I have no clothes. Only what I stand in. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Clothes?" he said. "Oh, clothes. Why, I think, Miss Constant, I may be able to provide clothes."

He went to the door, descended the stairs to the kitchen, where he found his landlady supervising breakfast.

"Mrs. Frazer," he said, "I need your assistance. There is a young lady in my room who must be protected."

"Mr. Nelson!" the woman exclaimed in shocked tones.

"There is nothing amiss," he assured her. "Nothing to which you can object. The child has had a dreadful time. Please go up to her. One sight of her will reassure you."

Mrs. Frazer, with set face, preceded Eric to his room. Yvonne stood in the middle of the floor, uncertain, appealing.

"Miss Constant," Eric said, "this is my landlady, Mrs. Frazer."

The women stared at each other, missing no detail. Mrs. Frazer's face relaxed, softened. The truth was apparent to her. She held out her arms. "Come to me," she said. "Have no worry nor fear. Jennie Frazer will look after you." She turned to Eric. "Clear out, young man. The bairn and I have clackin' to do of a private nature."

Eric found a cab when he reached the street. "Washington Square," he directed, and presently the vehicle stopped before Madame Ouverard's mansion.

"Wait," Eric said.

He climbed the steps and rang the bell. After some delay Ezekiel opened the door, staring openmouthed, his black skin seeming ashen with fright.

"Out of the way," Eric said, pushing the old man aside. He raised his voice and shouted, "Madame Ouverard! Madame Ouverard! Come down at once. Come down, or I shall come up."

Madame, in a handsome brocaded robe, appeared at the head of the stairs and demanded imperiously what was the cause of this unseemly disturbance.

"Madame," Eric said, "your niece is with me. Not in the house on Thirty-second Street. I have come for her belongings. You will pack them at once. I have a cab waiting at the door."

"What are you saying?" madame asked incredulously.

"Madame Ouverard," Eric said grimly, "if you were not a woman I should probably kill you. So do not delay. Do as I tell you before I forget that you wear skirts. If Yvonne's trunk and bags are not packed in five minutes I will not be responsible for what happens."

Madame, whatever her faults, was a fatalist. When faced by a certainty she surrendered. She summoned servants. It was little more than five minutes before they carried down a trunk and handbags packed with Yvonne's clothing. Eric superintended their placing in the cab. He remounted the steps and faced madame, who was glacial and stately.

"Madame," he said quietly, "you will deliver a message for me. You will inform Capt. Hugo Tempest that I am searching for him."

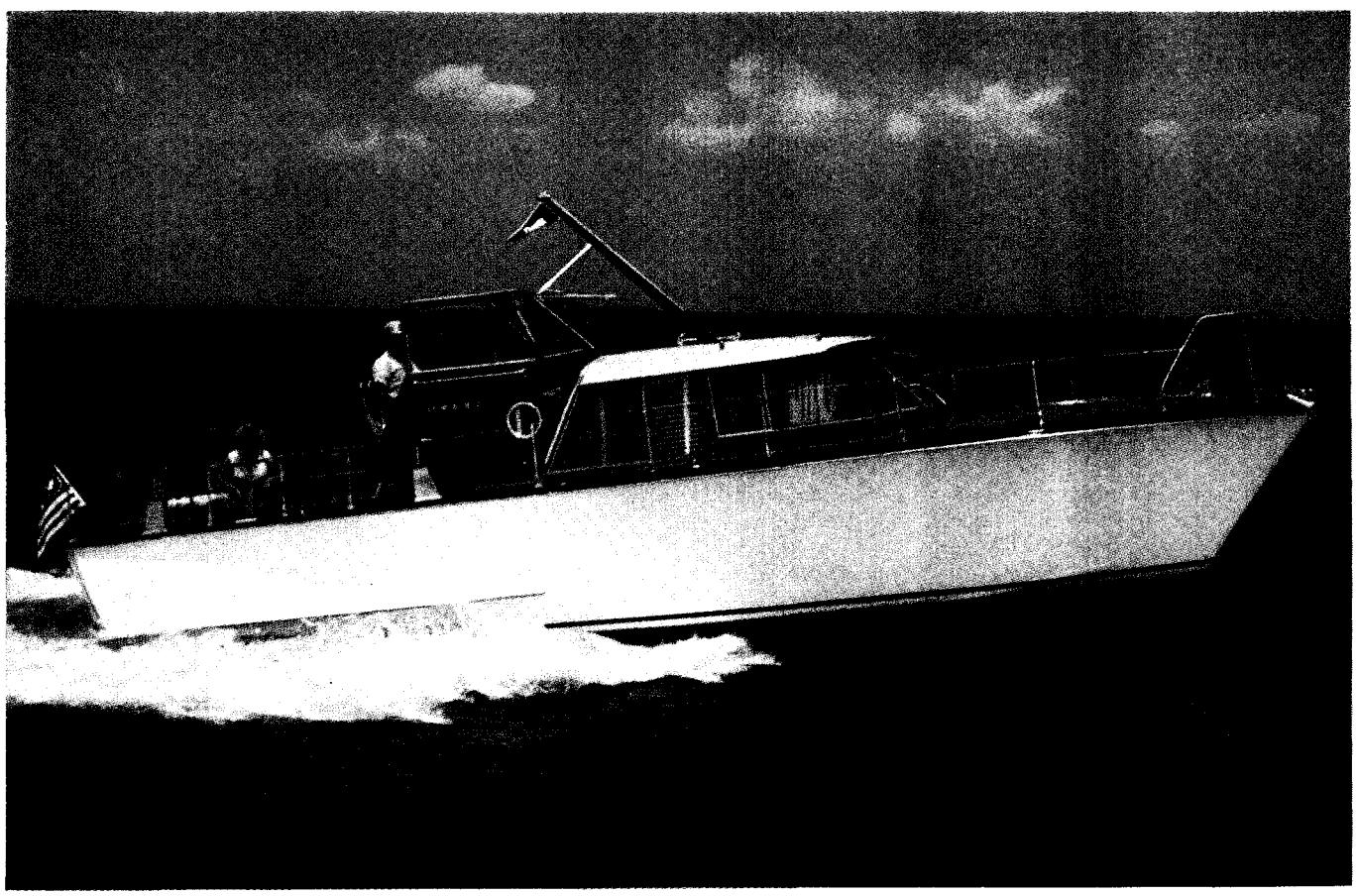
"I will deliver the message," madame said. "You have been troublesome, Mr. Nelson. I hope you find Captain Tempest and that you do not enjoy the encounter."

Washington was in a dither. Those sanguine Northerners who had been deceived by reports that *Merrimac* was a failure, or that her launching would be long delayed, were compelled now to face the truth. A mechanic, whose name is lost to history, made his way from Portsmouth with itemized details of the progress of *Merrimac* and of her potency. She would be ready for battle, so it was reported, before *Monitor* could possibly be launched. John Ericsson was bombarded by telegrams—from Assistant Secretary Fox, who wired: *hurry her to sea.* Merrimac *nearly ready at Norfolk.* Commodore Davis, that doubting Thomas, was unusually brief: Monitor *wanted now,* he wired. Lincoln requested daily information. In the greatest panic of all was grim, self-seeking, ill-tempered, domineering Secretary of War Stanton. That bewhiskered gentleman dashed from his office to the White House and from the White House to the Navy Department like a demented mother hen who sees a hawk soaring in the sky.

Frenzied plans were formulated to block the Potomac with barges filled with rock lest the monster ascend the river and destroy Washington. *Monitor* became the hope of frightened politicians. Only the Navy Secretary, Gideon Welles, remained calm, but then Mr. Welles was a calm gentleman, not easily thrown off his equilibrium. Little *Monitor* became the David upon whom all hopes were pinned to intervene with sling and pebble between terrible Goliath *Merrimac* and havoc.

Time was running out with tragic rapidity. John Ericsson spent sleepless days of labor, and he drove Eric Nelson as savagely as he drove himself. For days at a stretch neither of them left the Greenpoint shipyard—and little *Monitor* was pushed with vigor toward the time when she would take to the water.

The South, like the North, was urging haste. Confederate Secretary of the Navy Mallory was seeing grandiose visions; he disclosed his hopes to Franklin Buchanan, chosen to command *Merrimac,* and to



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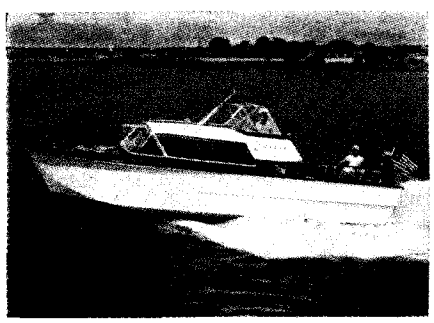

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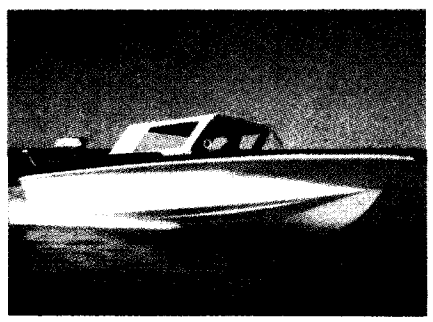

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her executive officer with the distinguished Welsh name of Catesby ap Roger Jones. Mallory envisioned the vessel he called by the new name of *Virginia* steaming to New York and burning the city.

"Once in the bay," he said, "she could shell and burn the city and the shipping. Such an event would eclipse all the glories of all the combats at sea . . . and would strike a blow from which the enemy never would recover. . . ."

Rowland's yard was now efficiently guarded. Where once had been laxness; where once had been lack of caution and loose talk, were now secrecy and proper precautions against sabotage. News, which in the beginning had reached Richmond as soon as events occurred, was now closely held. Mallory and Buchanan and ap Jones were as fearful of *Monitor* and her potentialities as Edwin M. Stanton and other Northerners were of the prowess of *Merrimac*. In their minds the crucial factor they did not know was how *Merrimac* would behave herself once she nosed out into the roads and faced the nearly two hundred guns of the wooden armada that waited across the harbor. They did not know how seaworthy she would be. She was an enigma even to those who commanded her. In that company of Southern gentlemen was no genius like John Ericsson, who *knew*. No genius with unshaken confidence in himself and in the vessel of his devising.

"*Monitor* will sink *Merrimac*," Ericsson boasted, and could not be moved from that opinion.

So matters stood as the two champions neared completion: two iron gladiators whose mission went far beyond their meeting in mortal combat in the arena of Hampton Roads. The result of their mission went even beyond the destruction or saving of the Union. It was to revolutionize warfare on the seven seas; to usher in a new era of iro. ships and iron strategy. From the day of their meeting in single combat the whole conception of warfare by every nation on the face of the earth would have to wear a new face and cope with new problems.

In this hurly-burly, in this stress and strain and bustle and hurry, Eric Nelson had scarcely a second to devote to his own private concerns. Upon one point his mind was at ease. Yvonne Constant was safe, safe under the wing of Mrs. Frazer, keeper of the boardinghouse where Eric roomed. There was a spare room for the girl. Not the luxury of Val-Fleury or of the mansion on Washington Square, but a simple, almost Spartan existence.

For the first time in her life Yvonne made her own bed and swept her own floor. Mrs. Frazer inspected and criticized and instructed. And Yvonne, instead of resenting, was grateful. It filled days which otherwise would have been tedious and lonely.

"A woman," snapped Mrs. Frazer, "whatever her degree, should know the ins and outs of managing her own house. Ye can nae instruct a servant to do what ye nae can do yoursel'. So, my bairn, ye shall learn to cook and to bake and to sew a fine seam."

"Yes, ma'am," Yvonne answered docilely.

"On a silk cushion ye have been carried," Mrs. Frazer said. "With black slaves to do your biddin'. Comes the end of this war and there will be no black slaves, and I much doubt if there will be wealth or holdin' high of proud heads. Them that only picked the roses will be delvin' in the garden. I will make a housewife of ye against the necessities of the future. In which I include a hisband and bairns."

So, while Eric toiled in Greenpoint, Yvonne became (*Continued on Page 83*)

WHO INVITED **HIM?**

"Hi, pop, I mean Mr. Brinkley. Say, cue that little chick of yours that if she's blasting off with Lover Boy, she'd better get in orbit."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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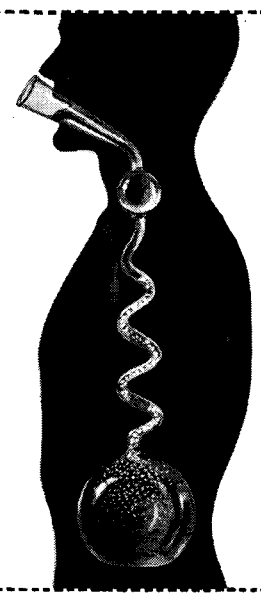

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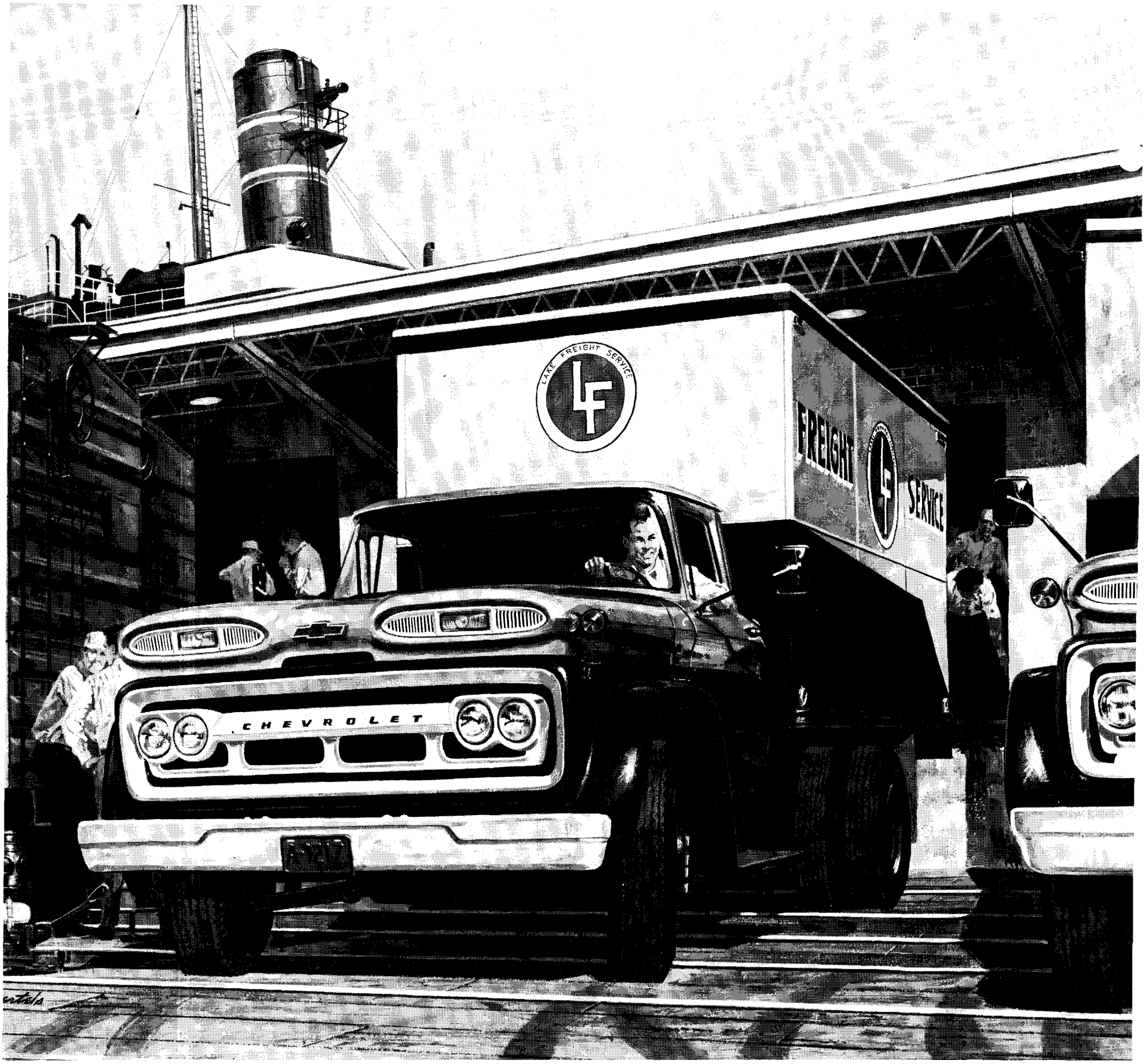

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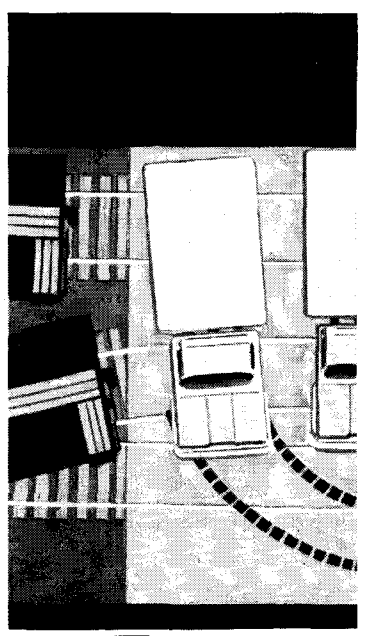

CHEVROLET

1960 CHEVROLET STURDI-BILT TRUCKS

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(*Continued from Page 81*) acquainted with dishwater and the heat of the oven and the whisking of the broom. She was content. For the first time since that day when she had overheard the talk of her *Tante* Carlotta and Captain Tempest, talk of slavers and hoards of money in Havana, she felt safe and serene. In this house, under the jealously protecting wing of Mrs. Frazer, no harm could come to her. She had stepped over the boundaries into a new world, and she found that world good.

When a moment of relaxation came to Eric he remembered his vendetta. Capt. Hugo Tempest was somewhere in the city, plotting, fraternizing with enemies of the Union, performing acts of treachery. But that consideration must be left for another day. That there would come a meeting and a day of reckoning he was certain.

January had nearly passed. *Monitor* had taken shape and, barring unexpected delays or accidents, would enter the water in only a few days. Ericsson paced her deck with Eric at his side.

"You," said the inventor, "are as well acquainted with her engines and devices as I am. It is essential that one of us be aboard when she sails. Affairs detain me, so you must be the one to go."

"Very well, sir," Eric responded. "And I hope the weather is mild, or it will be a wet voyage."

"It is not," Ericsson said sternly, "a pleasure trip."

The morning of January thirtieth was bleak with a wind-driven drizzle of rain. Notwithstanding, a crowd of invited guests and curious sight-seers crowded the Greenpoint docks, among them a sprinkling of the gambling fraternity—bookmakers there to accept bets upon whether the novel craft would float when launched or sink to the bottom with all on board.

One enterprising waterman hovered in his boat at some distance from the dock, hoping to receive a substantial reward for rescuing the crew and passengers when *Monitor* should dive beneath the choppy waves.

On board, waiting for the blocks to be knocked out, permitting the ship to slide down the ways, were Ericsson and his partners, standing some twenty feet from the prow. Farther aft stood Lieutenant Greene and Eric Nelson. In the section of the dock reserved for invited guests were Yvonne Constant and Mrs. Frazer. Eric looked down into the girl's anxious face and waved reassuringly. Over at the right, where the general public was grouped, Eric saw two faces which, with a start of astonishment, he recognized. One was the handsome countenance of Ross Lane.

The other, altered somewhat but still easily identified, was that of Capt. Hugo Tempest. As Eric stared, Tempest removed his hat as though it was uncomfortable, and the young Swede perceived what had caused the alteration of the ex-slaver's appearance, destroying his handsomeness. The man wore a wig. And his forehead was oddly puckered and wrinkled in a manner that no artificial hair could conceal.

Across that space the eyes of the two young men met, and in Tempest's glare Eric read implacable hatred. The man's lips moved, as if uttering an imprecation, and he turned to Lane. Lane shrugged.

Two conspirators, two Confederate spies, were present to witness the launching of *Monitor*. For an instant Eric's impulse was to clamber to the ground and to settle his accounts with Tempest—even in that place and in that throng. But a swift return of common sense told him it would be impossible to do so.

In a moment the blocks would be dislodged and all the world would know if Ericsson's design was a success, or if his contraption was to end in disaster.

The bookmakers at their stations were doing a thriving business. The odds offered and accepted were even money that *Monitor* would not float. A jeering voice was heard above the rumbling of the throng.

"Here's the last," the doubter bellowed, "Ericsson will ever see of his cheesebox. Unless he fishes her out of the mud!"

Tom Rowland lifted his hand in the signal, and heavy sledges, wielded by brawny men, knocked away the restraining blocks.

For an instant *Monitor* seemed to shiver, to hesitate. Then, slowly, deliberately, gaining speed as she slid, the little ship plunged stern foremost into the turgid water. There was utter silence as the stern seemed to sink beneath the surface. But, weighted with armor as she was, she rose buoyantly and floated in triumph.

A concerted gasp went up, and then, as apprehension was replaced by jubilation, a ringing cheer arose from the spectators whose privilege it was to have been present at the occurrence of a tremendous historic event.

Little *Monitor*, however, was unready even for her trial run and was moored in the East River. Between her and destiny stretched a tumultuous, storm-swept ocean which must be traversed. The North's prospects were dark indeed, but not so tragically black as they would be on the day when *Merrimac*, sluggishly but inexorably, made her sortie against her wooden enemies.

It had been one hundred and thirty-eight days since that afternoon when John Ericsson had first explained the *Monitor* to the doubting Thomases of the Navy board. In that time Ericsson's genius and determination had wrought a miracle. In that brief time he had contrived and constructed a small armored paladin to meet in the lists the missile-belching giant that carried the hopes of the Confederacy.

Eric was rowed to shore, where he sought out Yvonne and Mrs. Frazer. He escorted them to the Tenth Street ferry, across East River to the boardinghouse which sheltered them. Mrs. Frazer was dour and sparing of praise. Yvonne's lovely eyes glowed. To her this launching was Eric's achievement. Southern though she was to the core of her being, she could not restrain the elation that mounted within her at this achievement of her man.

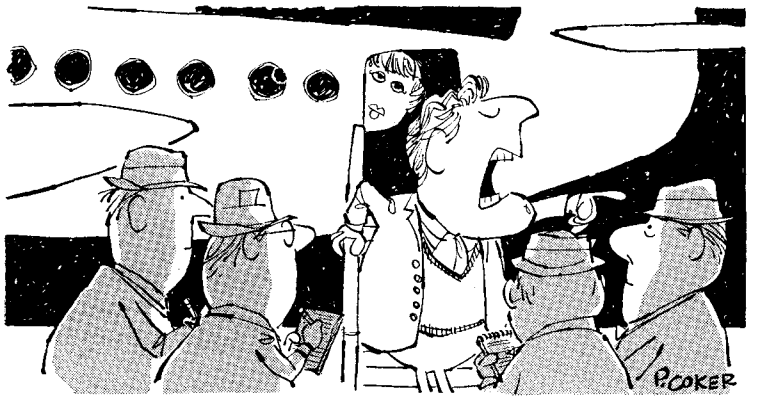
"Yvonne," Eric said earnestly, "I saw Ross Lane at the launching—and Captain Tempest too. Our eyes met. I have never before seen such stark hatred. Tempest's handsomeness is gone. It was I who destroyed it."

"He is a terrible man," Yvonne said with a shudder.

"My dear," he said, for the first time venturing to use that term of affection, "I'm to sail on the *Monitor*. I shall not be here to look after you. Already he has struck at me through you. He may try again. Mrs. Frazer, watch over her! I would not want to live if harm came to Yvonne."

"I will guard her," said the Scotswoman, "as if she were flesh of my flesh." And then, showing unaccustomed emotion, "It has been a grand, braw day, this one. To be long borne in mind."

TO BE CONCLUDED



The Perfect Squelch

The famous Hollywood playboy, like many of his kind, built his fortune on the breath of publicity. When it displeased him, however, he tried to make it hold its breath. He attempted this with newsmen who surrounded him at the airport on his return from a trip abroad, reputedly with a noted beauty who might become his next bride.

"Perhaps I shall wed," he said loftily, "but for once I wish you boys would mind your own business and run along. Just get along, will you?"

"What about the big diamond ring you bought?" a reporter asked. "Who gets it?"

The Hollywood figure broke into unprintable language. He concluded, ". . . and it's none of your blankety-blank business whose name is engraved inside it."

"Skip it," the reporter replied. "We all know what your rings say inside. 'To whom it may concern.'"

Bill Danch

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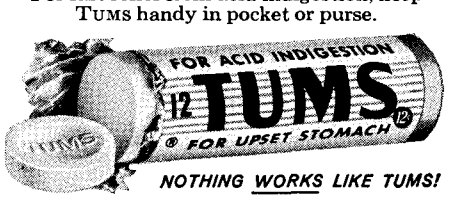

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After Khrushchev, Who?

(Continued from Page 21)

one must take advantage of such opportunities as come along, and that the moment finally comes when you have to take chances if you want to be a leader. The swiftness with which he moved after Stalin's death indicates that he followed his own prescription for tactics.

Khrushchev tells another story. One evening there was a party at the Kremlin. All the Politburo was present. There were drinks, toasts, music. Suddenly Stalin turned to Khrushchev and said, "*Khokol*, dance the *gopak!*"

The *gopak* is the leg-thrusting Ukrainian national dance. The word "*khokol*" is an insult. It is like calling a Frenchman "frog" or a German "Heinie." Stalin was showing his contempt for Khrushchev. But Khrushchev swallowed the insult. As he says, "I danced the *gopak*."

Khrushchev can trade punches with the best of them. But there was a period in his life when he had to dance the *gopak* and smile while he danced. He was Stalin's talkative Ukrainian (actually he is Russian, not Ukrainian). He could play the fool when Stalin ordered. He could make the jokes and salt the conversation with his peasant phrases. He could make himself look like a foolish peasant. He could bow like a peasant, touching the floor with his fingers. If he had to shovel manure he knew how to handle the shovel, and his nostrils were used to the smell.

I do not mean to suggest that Khrushchev survived because he was willing to play the jester at Stalin's court. That would be a gross oversimplification. But I do think he was shrewd enough to realize that the cap and bells sometimes is a good disguise and that his best chance for survival was not to be taken too seriously.

It is quite possible that this served him well with his comrades in arms in the slippery atmosphere of the Stalin cabinet. His peasant manner, his child's way of screwing up his face, his way of walking, a little like a village duck, all of this may have caused his associates to underestimate him as a rival.

Khrushchev's ways are peasant ways. He knows the peasant's habit of dealing with superiors—always submissive, always presenting himself as an ignorant clodhopper, deferring to superior city wisdom, always saying "yes" when he knows very well he means "no," always playing the game so that whatever may happen to the master, he, Ivan, will survive.

Over the years Russia has had rulers of many kinds—princes, boyars, warriors, chiefs, tyrants, fools, weaklings, madmen, geniuses—but not for centuries did a peasant take the scepter of the state until Khrushchev. As a man in Leningrad recently wrote him, no one in Russia ever dared to refer to Stalin as "Joe." But many people have taken to calling Khrushchev "Nikita *Kukuruzni*," which means "Nikita, the Cornman."

A Russian newspaperman said the other day that he felt many Americans did not quite understand what lay behind Khrushchev's rise to the top.

"You attribute this to Khrushchev's personal abilities—his success in eliminating other rivals. You make it a personal triumph in which he has won because of his own cleverness," he said. "I think this is missing the point entirely. Certainly Khrushchev is an able man. But so were the others. The reason Khrushchev rose to leadership is that he best epitomizes the mood and aspirations of the Russian people at this time. His program is the program which the people support."

Malenkov and Molotov, this man pointed out, were able, experienced political figures. They were as capable at manipulation as Khrushchev. What made the difference was Khrushchev's superior ability to communicate with the Russian people, to identify himself with the people's deep strivings and crystallize this in terms of practical programs.

Somewhat the same thing has been said by Russians about Stalin's early rise to power. They grant that Stalin was Trotsky's superior at political intrigue. But they feel that it was Stalin's program for building Communism in Russia which was closer to the people's mood of the mid-1920's than Trotsky's grandiose schemes for world revolution.

It becomes obvious from the careers of Stalin and Khrushchev that to win the great prize not only must a man possess supreme skill in political maneuver. He must be able to dissemble. He must be able to lull the suspicions of his rivals and retain the favor of his chief. He must have a solid power base and, if possible, keep himself in the background until the moment of the bid for power. Perhaps, most important of all, the successful candidate must be able to identify himself with the currents of Russian spirit and destiny.

In matching up the men around Khrushchev against these criteria Stalin's old picture game would be a useful tool. Unfortunately it has almost disappeared in Khrushchev's Russia. The pictures almost invariably are hung in alphabetical order now. But out in the Urals last summer I saw in two big industrial plants an identical row of portraits. The pictures displayed in each plant were those of: Lenin, Voroshilov, Khrushchev, Mikoyan, Suslov and Kirichenko. These displays coincided with the popular Moscow estimate that the most powerful men in the group around Khrushchev were Mikoyan, Suslov and Kirichenko—Marshal Voroshilov is an elderly man holding the ceremonial office of Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet.

By the basic tests of political skill, experience and closeness to the levers of power each of these three men seemed to qualify as a serious contender for Khrushchev's mantle. Not that this meant that any one of the three would necessarily succeed. Indeed, it was only six months after my visit to the Urals that Kirichenko—whom many had picked as the man most likely to succeed Khrushchev—slipped very badly. Kirichenko's drop once again emphasized that prediction is a little like Russian roulette. You can take a chance and win, but every so often a chance-taker has his head blown off. Bearing all the uncertainties in mind one might guess that a successor for Khrushchev in the immediate future—the next year or so—would seem to be Mikoyan.

The [redacted]ewd, battle-scarred Armenian has been the closest man to Khrushchev since Stalin's death. At each step of Khrushchev's rise Mikoyan has struck out ahead, testing the ground for Khrushchev to follow. He was the first man publicly to attack Stalin—followed by Khrushchev. And he was the first to come to America—followed by Khrushchev.

Mikoyan would step in without disturbing the course of the Soviet ship of state. His policies would differ hardly a whit from Khrushchev's. He favors better relations with the United States. A Mikoyan regime would be almost a straight-line continuation of the Khrushchev regime.

But Mikoyan is sixty-four and too old to last long at the top. His would be a

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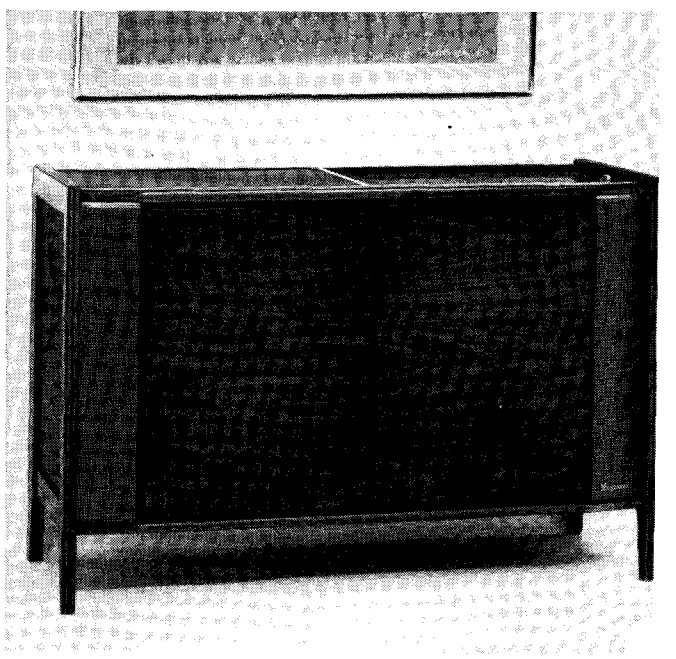

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caretaker regime, while the younger men fought it out. Leadership is certain to flow to a younger generation—the men in their fifties. In a sense this generation already feels a bit cheated. They had expected to succeed when Stalin left the stage and would have, had former Premier Georgi Malenkov made it.

Now Malenkov has lost his chance. There is no one in Moscow who thinks he can make a comeback. He has been tarred indelibly with deep guilt in some of the worst outrages of the last Stalin years. "Malenkov was a clever man. He had ability and he spoke well," one of his associates says. "But he lacked principle."

None of the men whom Khrushchev ousted in his drive for power is likely to get a second chance at the big prize. Marshal Zhukov missed the boat. But it should be emphasized that the army will have a say about Khrushchev's successor.

Of Khrushchev's defeated opponents the only one who has held general respect and public esteem is Molotov. He is regarded as an old Bolshevik, a man of courage, dignity and conviction, a living link with the prerevolutionary past. He is still spoken of respectfully by men like Mikoyan and Khrushchev. "We would trust Molotov with any diplomatic assignment," one of them said. "But we do not want him to have anything to do with making policy."

There is some embarrassment over Molotov's continuing exile to the post of ambassador in Outer Mongolia, under very strict security controls. But nobody has figured out what to do about him. This stems from the fact that Khrushchev has never driven all the Stalinists out of the party and the government. Many simply have put their heads down. There is no real chance for these men to overturn Khrushchev's policies so long as Khrushchev is successful. And at seventy

"Now, a few remarks before resigning. . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Molotov has passed the age at which he personally can pose a real political challenge. But if Khrushchev should suffer a catastrophic setback, the Stalinist opposition would spring to life and Molotov would make a convenient rallying point.

Actually the man most often mentioned in discussion of any movement back toward a Stalinist line is Mikhail Suslov. Suslov is the most enigmatic figure in the present Soviet leadership group. He ranks No. 2 in the power listings, right behind Mikoyan. He is the only one of the top group who is credited with a substantial apparatus attached to his person rather than to the Khrushchev machine.

Suslov has little to do with foreigners except for foreign Communist leaders. He rarely attends official receptions. Few diplomats have exchanged more than a few words with him. In contrast to Khrushchev's other associates who are, in the main, much like himself—gregarious, extrovert politicians, Suslov seems like a shadow of the past. His eyes behind his steel-rimmed spectacles burn with the flame of the zealot.

The presence of a conservative Stalinist in the ruling group probably is useful to Khrushchev. It provides a magnet to polarize the support of those Stalinists who survived Molotov's ouster. Suslov is useful in dealing with foreign Communist parties where Stalinist influence has never weakened—particularly the French Communist party. And Suslov may get on better with the Chinese Communists than Khrushchev.

Suslov has important lieutenants in the Khrushchev organization. He is a former editor of *Pravda*, and many of his adherents are *Pravda* men. These men constitute a formidable team with considerable access to Khrushchev and a certain influence with him. Their task is to protect Khrushchev's ideological flanks. Since Khrushchev often embarks upon pragmatic courses which have little to do with orthodox Marxism, these men are forever thrashing and churning about in the propaganda arena.

Despite his strong and able lieutenants, his network of connections with former Stalinists, his powerful allies among foreign Communist parties, his demonstrated political judgment and his key position in the hierarchy few people in Moscow believe Suslov actually will succeed Khrushchev. He has the requisite advantage of not being a front runner. He occupies a position in which he can devote considerable time to fixing his political fences. But his Stalinist convictions are so well known that he could come forward only should a series of disasters throw the whole Khrushchev program into popular doubt.

This does not prevent Suslov and the energetic propagandists around him from maneuvering to increase their power. This may eventually lead to a showdown. Skillful as Suslov has proved himself at judging political winds he would find it difficult to prevail against an equally adept politician whose program commanded a broader base of public—and party—support.

A characteristic of the Khrushchev regime is that it has brought many able younger men onto the stage. If Khrushchev retains his health and vigor for several years, these new figures will move into positions from which they can seriously bid for power. A talented man in this category is Averky B. Aristov, a serious, darkly handsome man on whom Khrushchev relies to get jobs done. I have seen him in and out of his seat on the

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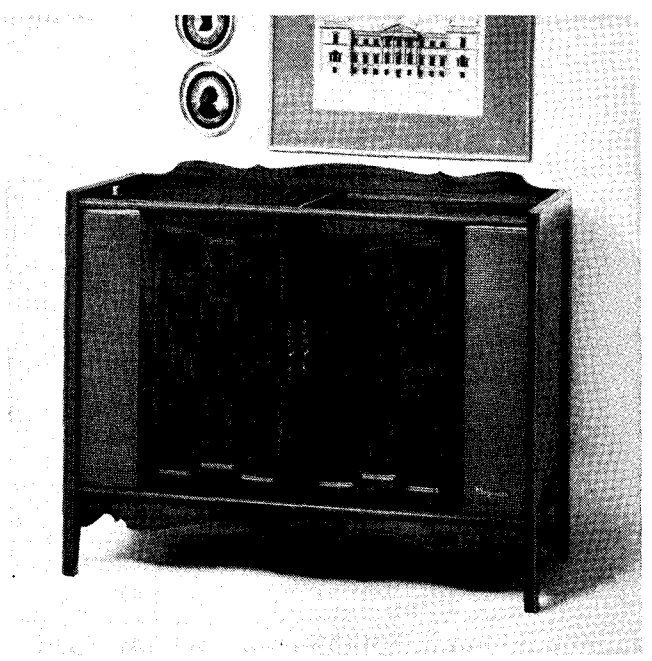

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platform during Supreme Soviet sessions half a dozen times in an hour, carrying out orders relayed to him by Khrushchev.

Aristov won his spurs in heavy industry in the Urals and for a time was Khrushchev's lieutenant in the far eastern region of Siberia, an area then dominated by the "industrial" or slave-labor department of the secret police. Now he handles important personnel questions in the Central Committee Secretariat. He was chosen to make the traditional party address on the Revolution anniversary last November—a sure sign that he has come a long way up the political ladder.

A man whose career somewhat resembles that of Aristov is Leonid Brezhnev. Like Aristov, Brezhnev is a party secretary and Presidium member. Unlike Aristov, his association with Khrushchev goes back to prewar days in the Ukraine.

Another man of genuine ability is Alexei N. Kosygin. He is the only protégé of the late Andrei A. Zhdanov to survive the terrible purge of 1948–49. In the worst of the Stalin days Kosygin's life hung by a thread. He has moved slowly and painstakingly upward in recent years. Today, mature, quiet-spoken, keenly aware, Kosygin at fifty-five directs a substantial area of Soviet industry.

"I like to talk to Kosygin," a diplomat said to me. "There is no nonsense about him. He is intelligent. He knows what he is talking about and he speaks to the point."

Some of the men just outside the inner circle are very gifted, and events might propel them closer to the top. A man like Vladimir Matskevich, for example, the Minister of Agriculture, an old Khrushchev associate from the Ukraine. He is one of the shrewdest men in the Khrushchev cabinet. Another is Mikhail A. Menshikov, Khrushchev's ambassador to the United States, whose role in opening up new relationships between Russia and the United States has given him added prestige. A third is Georgi A. Zhukov, the former *Pravda* foreign editor, who has shown his skill in the intricacies of Soviet bureaucratic warfare in the course of carrying out the Russian end of the Soviet-American exchange program.

But, in the long run, the influence of these men may not be so great as that of the Young Turks. The Young Turks are the most interesting group around Khrushchev. They are fifteen or twenty years younger than the Khrushchev-Mikoyan-Suslov generation. They are full of vim, vigor and ideas. In some ways they are reminiscent of the young "brain trusters" whom Franklin D. Roosevelt brought into Washington.

The most prominent and able among them is Alexei Adzhubei, Khrushchev's son-in-law and the editor of *Izvestia*. A whole generation of active young Soviet officials, journalists and party men look to Adzhubei and his policies. One Soviet journalist whom I know has bet a dozen bottles of champagne that Adzhubei will be the editor of *Pravda* within three years. This may come true.

Adzhubei is thirty-four years old, blond, blue-eyed. He talks hard and straight. He is not afraid of new ideas. He believes it is time for young men to shoulder greater responsibility and he is doing it. He is a graduate of Moscow University Journalism School, the first journalism graduate ever to hold a high post in the Soviet Union. He serves as his father-in-law's eyes and ears on many occasions and is a fertile source of innovating ideas.

Today men like Adzhubei and his able friends, forty-two-year-old Premier Dmitri S. Polyansky of the Russian Federated Republic and Alexander N. Shelepin, forty-two-year-old head of the State Security Committee, are more gadflies than real political rivals of their elders. But their day is coming. If Khrushchev holds office for another five or six years his successor almost certainly will come from the ranks of the young men rather than from those who now comprise the inner circle. The influence of the men of the '60's will inevitably wane and the young forty-year-olds will press forward more and more vigorously, particularly since Khrushchev encourages them to play a most active role. These are the men, regardless of the difference in age, who seem to be closest to Khrushchev in spirit and policy.

But all that is some distance in the future. What happens if the question of the succession arises sooner?

If Mikoyan is not likely to be more than a caretaker premier, if Suslov seems too tainted with Stalinist convictions for the times, if no army man is grooming for the Bonaparte role, if the Young Turks are too young—who *is* most likely to succeed Khrushchev?

The winter book favorite in Moscow until recently was Alexei Illarionovich Kirichenko. He seemed to fit the known requisites for Kremlin success. He wielded great power. He was not much in the public eye. He was little known to foreigners.

It is possible that the big fifty-one-year-old Ukrainian, a head taller than Khrushchev and built along the general lines of a New York Giants fullback, will still make the winning touchdown. But he was rated down to a long-shot when he was ordered this winter to leave Moscow and take over the Rostov provincial party secretaryship. It is a little as though President Eisenhower had sent Sherman Adams at the height of his power out to handle drought relief in the Texas panhandle.

Kirichenko may make a comeback. The Khrushchev regime is not the Stalin regime. Khrushchev insists that his aides get out and dirty their hands in the field. He sent Brezhnev out to Kazakhstan to get the virgin lands program going. Brezhnev came back to Moscow two years later without loss of status. Khrushchev sent another Presidium man, Nikolai Belyayev, out to succeed Brezhnev. But Belyayev slipped down the ladder simultaneously with Kirichenko.

Both Belyayev and Kirichenko are old and close friends of Khrushchev's, but as Khrushchev said: "Friendship is friendship and work is work."

Kirichenko's setback illustrates the slippery, treacherous path which leads to the Soviet summit. A man must not misstep. He must not climb too fast. This may have been Kirichenko's undoing. He had been handling some of the heaviest inside responsibilities of the Khrushchev regime—party organization, heavy industry and, probably, supervision of the Soviet security apparatus. Perhaps this gave him more power than he could handle tactfully.

Someone suggested to Khrushchev not long before Kirichenko was downgraded that "Kirichenko runs the party for you." Khrushchev bristled. "I am a very jealous man," he said. "A very jealous man about the party. Nobody runs the party for me." Kirichenko may have underestimated Khrushchev's jealousy.

With the tough-talking, hard-working Kirichenko out of the running, there is no clear favorite for the time being in the Kremlin sweepstakes. What can be said with assurance is that the successor will come from the same party stratum which produced Kirichenko. It is likely to be a man like Aristov or Brezhnev—a man who has worked for the last twenty years in the apparatus of the Communist Party; a man who threw his lot to Khrushchev at the right moment and moved into the inner circle with him. A man who will command the support of the regional party chieftains, the big Moscow bosses, the sledge-hammer directors of the Urals steel mills and the Donbas coal mines. When all is said and done the succession in Moscow is really determined by the party.

To the outside world the name of the successor is really not so important as what policies he would follow. The prevailing opinion in Moscow is that there is not going to be much change in Soviet orientation for some time to come. The new man may be tougher to deal with in foreign affairs. But no one in Moscow expects the man who succeeds Khrushchev to deviate for the next few years from the paths which Nikita the Cornman has already hacked out through the underbrush of Stalin's domestic and foreign policy.

The new man may be someone whose name has not even been mentioned. But with the elimination of Kirichenko some people are beginning to wonder again about Kozlov. Maybe Khrushchev wasn't fooling when he said that "Anastas and I have decided" that there is not to be the traditional struggle for power over the next succession. Maybe, after all, Kozlov is to be the new man in the Kremlin. Khrushchev has broken lots of precedents. Perhaps he can name his own heir as well.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

THE BIG COUNT
The Census Taker Is Coming
By Evan Hill

IN COLOR:

CALIFORNIA'S ARROGANT COUTURIER
The Man Who Dresses the Starlets
By Stanley Frank

ARE ELECTRIC CARS COMING BACK?
By J. C. Furnas

A POST PICTURE STORY

THE LADY AND THE LION
By Joy Adamson

LARRY SHERRY,

THE DODGERS' PRECOCIOUS PITCHER
By Milton Gross

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Sip of Death (Continued from Page 35)

We got out of the train at Locking and went up the lane, swinging our hands together. We went through the village and climbed the hillside where many footpaths angled across the grass. Someone had cut wide swaths through the bracken, and the fallen fronds lay rust-brown beside the standing green. On the crest of the hill we stopped to look down on the country lying below—soft round hills cut up neatly by hedges and copses, a narrow canal winding like a band of gray silk between the hills. I was carrying our lunch bag slung over my shoulder and I could feel the coffee flask hard against my hip. It reminded me of what lay ahead, and the beauty was almost more than I could bear.

I had made the coffee that morning, and Jess had laughed at me. "It will be bitter as gall. Your coffee always tastes like old dinner knives. Let me make it."

"When did you taste old dinner knives?"

"When I was a sword swallower, I practiced on old dinner knives."

"I made it the other time," I said. "And this is a repeat performance. You can't buck tradition."

I measured out the coffee, and I turned my back to her and put the sleeping pills and the other stuff in. She wouldn't be surprised if it was bitter: that was how she'd expect my coffee to taste. It was hard for me to hide it from her. It was all hard, but then you can't expect anything else, the way life is. You can only do what you must—and be thankful for what you've had and not cry out against fate.

On the hillside, while the coffee flask pressed against my hip, Jess ran her fingers through her hair, lifted and ruffled by the wind. I didn't know any more if she was beautiful. She was beautiful to me.

"All of a sudden I have the most uplifting thoughts," she said. "Would it be the altitude, do you suppose?"

"Were they very sordid at the bottom of the hill?"

"Not sordid, exactly. Earthy, perhaps. I was thinking about you and me."

"What are you thinking of here?"

She smiled at me. "You and me." Of course she was beautiful. Her smile had something that turned me over inside. "I was thinking about you and me very spiritually up here. They're the same thoughts I had down there, except that this big view makes them seem bigger and more wonderful." She curled her fingers into mine. "I'm sorry, darling. You know how sky and clouds and trees always make me soppy."

I had something in my eye and I got my hand away from hers. *Oh, Jess,* I thought, *stop it.* Maybe I wasn't as strong as I thought. Maybe when the time came I'd falter. But it would be over at the end of today. I could be strong for a day.

Beyond the hill there was a small wood. Jess had turned onto a narrow muddy path, where trees still green spread over small stagnant pools. Perhaps she was hurt because I had taken my hand away, but that was the way I wanted it. I could not be gentle with her, or she would have guessed.

The doctor had told me a month ago in terse, expressionless phrases, standing by the window in his surgery, watching the traffic roll by in the street below. Afternoon sunshine streaked his black hair, and his words were hammer strokes against the traffic's roar.

"But why? She's well again now." I had to swallow in the middle of the sentence, my mouth dry. "There's hardly a sign," I said, "just an occasional ache in her bones. No more sore throat, no real pain now, no weakness. She's just—well, she's just as well as ——"

I heard the pleading in my voice and stopped. The doctor's face was blank, a mask, and I could feel the nausea begin to drag beneath my ribs.

"A remission," the doctor said. "She may have six months—a year, maybe. We can treat it for a while, delay the end. And I'm sorry, old chap—pain too. It's one of the things about leukemia ——"

"You mean ——"

He nodded. "Any day—without much warning. No use fooling you. And each day, further downhill until ——"

He came back from the window, and I saw his eyes. *Thank God,* I thought, *I didn't choose medicine. Thank God that I didn't ——*

"I see," I said and I got up. "Well, thank you."

The doctor said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Marchant." He followed me to the door, saying long scientific words. "We'd hoped it was just a virus infection. Sometimes the same symptoms at first."

I reached for my hat.

"There's always hope," the doctor said. "Any day science could come up with the answer. There's constant research being done. It's hard—one of those things." He hesitated. "I wouldn't tell her, you know—not yet."

"Yes," I said. "Thank you."

My bus was coming, and I ran for it. I found a seat on the top deck beside a

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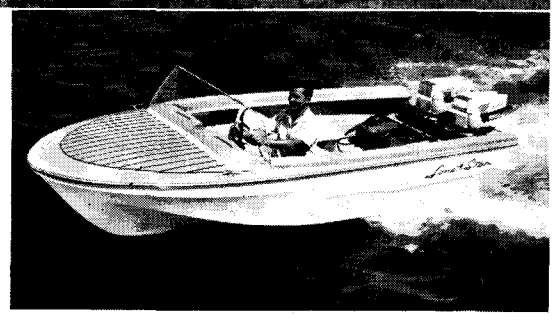

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dark, stout woman with a sticky child on her knee.

"There now, Leonard, keep your hands off the gentleman," the woman said. I felt my lips smiling, and the child stared at me with round, apprehensive eyes. *Not Jess*, I thought, and a strong white rage began to swell in my heart until my breathing was rough in my ears.

The woman said, "You can get proper winded, running for a bus."

"Yes, you can," I said. *But she will know, whatever I say.* She was waiting at home for what the doctor would say. I couldn't go home. If I smiled and my lips told her she was safe, she wouldn't be deceived. She wouldn't listen to my lips. She would know from my arms, straining to hold her; and from my eyes when I looked at her, knowing I would be losing her; and from my voice, always gentle. She would live with uncertainty, watching for an inflection to deny my words and a look to betray my knowledge. And then—in a week, a month—the pain would come again, and she would know, and this time there wouldn't be any escape.

I won't have it that way, I thought. I got up and stumbled back along the swaying aisle. If I could walk awhile over the common, I could think. But on the stairs I stopped. If I didn't go home, Jess would know too. She'd know I had needed time to compose myself. So I went back up the stairs and sat down again, and the child leaned forward solemnly and laid a fat hand on my knee.

I could walk all night over the common and I would still have to go home to her—and all I could do for Jess was in my mind already. It was like walking along the edge of a precipice, and if you had to take that walk there would be no sense in waiting around. One thing almost made me laugh: Who dared to think they could take Jess and rack her with pain and turn all beauty into ugliness for her and think I would stand by and let them do it?

Now, in the woods, I slashed savagely at a fluted brown fungus that frilled round the trunk of a tree, and Jess caught at my arm. "Michael, no! It was lovely—like a ballerina's skirt."

"It can grow another," I said.

"You are a crass realist," Jess said, smiling at me. "You have no soul for beauty."

"Nothing else is beautiful," I said, "when you are here."

"Oh, I'm a very beautiful girl," she said in a mocking voice. She came back then with a lovely light in her eyes and held up her face to be kissed; but the path was very narrow and the knapsack swung forward between us, and it was not a very comfortable kiss. We went on in silence, and the path opened out suddenly between high bushes onto a wide empty roadway with the woods thick on either side. A squirrel watched us uncertainly from a tree, then flashed away, chattering indignantly, to guard its winter supplies.

"The same squirrel," I said. "He said the same things last time."

"Some squirrels have one-track minds," Jess said.

Two persons came out of the woods, walking toward us along the road. The man was thumping the surface of the road with a stick. They came abreast of us, and the woman said, "Hi! Lovely day for a hike."

"Yes," Jess said. "Isn't it?"

"We got up to see the sunrise," the woman said. "It's a spiritual experience, really it is. It was simply beyond words. It made you feel. . . . It was a really spiritual experience, wasn't it, Ben?"

"Yes," Ben said.

"We've walked all the way from Eldergrove. That's sixteen. . . . That's how many miles would you say it was, Ben?"

"About sixteen," Ben said.

"Since this morning," the woman said. "This is the life, isn't it? I always say, if more people got into God's outdoors there wouldn't be half the trouble in the world."

"Come on, Alice," the man said.

"It's man that makes trouble in this world," Alice said. "Man has spoiled it. You have to get out into nature to feel cleansed." She measured me with her eyes. "Let me guess. Foreign office? Politics? Teacher? Something more interesting than selling shoes, anyway."

Ben said, "Come on, Alice."

"He's a lawyer," Jess said and smiled at her.

"Oh. Well, every man to his taste. I always think lawyers' offices are rather fusty." She threw her weight on the other hip. "We thought we'd stop for lunch around here. We brought some sandwiches—do you know where we could get something warm to drink?"

Jess looked at me. "We could probably ——"

I said, "Locking is that way, down through the woods."

"We weren't going that way."

"Alice!" Ben said between his teeth.

We watched them disappear among the trees. Jess said, "Darling, you're scowling."

"The hearty kind," I said. "The all-men-are-brothers kind, and isn't it a jolly, jolly world."

"Well, isn't it?" She said, "It's been good to us, hasn't it?"

I didn't say anything.

"Well, hasn't it? We found each other. And when I was sick, I might have—I might not have got well again. And here I am, almost as good as new. Only a few little aches and pains ——"

I picked up a stick lying in the grass and began to strip off the dead leaves and branches.

"Anyway, we could have given them our coffee," she said. "We could have got the flask filled up again at the inn at the crossroads."

"They probably don't like the taste of old dinner knives," I said.

"Darling, I was only joking. Your coffee is lovely."

We walked on down the long bright road, with the woods beside us and the blue sky high overhead. Last time I had walked very briskly, owning the future, owning the world, striding through the scenery and drawing deep breaths of country air. It had been a day to be young and alive. And so was this. But one of us was going to die.

"What is it," Jess asked suddenly, "that Bernard Shaw said? Something about 'youth is too good to be wasted on the young'? It isn't wasted on me."

What do you say when you know—when you know that —— She was aware of life. I never knew anyone so aware of life. She felt every minute in her muscles and her blood. I've seen her all fired up about the sound of the wind in the wires down a country road, and the look of dead leaves blowing under the street lamps on a windy night. And she loved life, and it was precious to her, and now she would lose it in pain and terror.

I took a stone and hurled it with all the force I could muster. It landed far down the road, and Jess said, "That man report to the Olympics!" She was smiling, but frowning a little in the sun. It was high noon, and the sun sent long shadows over her lashes, and her skin was smooth and delicately brown. If I could, I would have blasted the skies and hurled the stone to the very throne room of heaven.

When we came to the inn we stopped for lunch. There was a bench by the door with grass growing in ragged tufts around the supports, and we took our bread and cheese outside, and our mugs of brown ale. It was warm in the sun, and the ale made us drowsy. We sat without talking, listening to the sounds coming small and clear through the bright empty afternoon: a bee buzzing somewhere and the crisp dry rattle of leaves, the clatter of a distant machine beyond the woods and voices inside the inn. There was a very old stone wall on the other side of the road. Half a dozen sparrows twittered and hopped on the top of it for a while, and then flew off, one after the other into the field behind it; and I could not see them any more, but I could hear the twittering. It was lovely and wonderful and deadly. It was peaceful and innocent and it hid God-knew-what of death and decay, of cruelty and ravage, of promises unfulfilled and broken, of tears and terror. Last time I had been fooled by all this beauty. Now, with Jess beside me, I knew what it meant. It was the cruelest trick of all. They gave it to you so you would know what you were losing when they took it away.

"I wasn't here last time," Jess said lazily, "to talk to. Is that why you aren't talking?"

"I was saying I love you. For that I don't need words."

"I know. I was just teasing, darling. I know exactly what you were saying these last few minutes."

I didn't move, except to mark another line with the twig I had been idly dragging in the dust at my feet. The line wasn't as straight as the others.

"You were saying," Jess said in her soft voice, "the sparrows are a part of us, and the stone wall is in our bones and our blood, and whoever built it, built it for us to see. And this blue sky is our loving each other, and the fullness of today is all our yesterdays and all our tomorrows. I know," Jess said, "because that is the way it is for me too. You are in everything I think and say and do, even in the tunes I love because they mean something from years back, even in the things I remember from when I was a child. The world is you, and you are the world."

I had to swallow before I could speak, and it hurt to swallow. I threw away the twig and got up. "You are a very poetic girl, and in a minute I will be borrowing your hanky. What a heck of a thing to say in front of an English inn where I can't put my arms around you."

If you love someone you can do for them what you have to, but you should not have to. *God*, I said, *why did you give me this to do?* I could feel the trembling start in my legs and arms, the ugly rage rising, twisting my lips and tightening my jaw. I turned away and started down the hill, and I could hear her laughing as she followed. There was only half a day. *God*, I said, *let me be strong for half a day.*

Below the hill the village lay—whitewashed houses, a square of green, a pond where three ducks nodded, wooden stocks and an old stone cross. Before you reach the village, the lane turns sharply upward.

"Come on," Jess said. She caught my hand and dragged me over the brown stones, stumbling up the hill. We were laughing and breathless at the top of the hill, and when we got to the top I pulled her round so that she ran hard into my arms and against my heart. We clung, and laughed, and clung, and for a moment I forgot what lay ahead. Life became timeless again, without ending—all time ahead of you the way it is when you are young and in love. You can even forget terror and bitterness in the little moments of happiness, in immediate delight. When it came back into my mind, the sky seemed to darken and waver, and my insides were hollow and sick with the shock of it. I would make my arms remember the feel of her; I would hold her to me until I would never forget the feel of her close to me.

She lifted her head abruptly, listening, but I could only hear the trees rustling and the beat of our hearts. Then she broke away, and I heard it too—a small cry, not far away. Jess was ahead of me, on her knees under a young beech, by the time I had rounded the edge of the wood. I could see a child against the tree, a shock of fair hair, a dirty face streaked with tears. It was not till Jess moved, her fingers fumbling, that I could see someone had tied the child to the tree.

"But who would do a thing like that?" Jess cried. "To a *child*?" The child burst into fresh sobs, rubbing a newly freed hand into her eyes and turning her head away. Jess pulled her gently round with little murmuring sounds of comfort, smoothing the small chafed wrists.

"Cowboys and Indians," I said, examining the clumsy knots, "and they forgot her probably, or did it to tease." The child threw a quick look at me and lowered her head again. Her sobs had subsided to a hiccuping whimper. Jess sat back on her heels, and the child began to edge away, sniffling and casting quick, shy glances at us both. She was a sorry sight, skin bitten and scratched, hair tangled, legs reddened from the sun.

"I wonder how long she's been trapped there," I said.

She had backed away from us. Now she made a sudden dart toward the woods, throwing us one sharp glance over her shoulder, and scampered out of sight. Jess clambered to her feet, half laughing.

"Poor little soul! What an embarrassing predicament."

Clear of the woods, we walked on in silence over the grassy hills and slopes. Jess was humming quietly, stooping to pick the tiny field flowers—yellow toadflax, mauve scabious, blue harebells. It was the day I had planned, perfect and whole, the (*Continued on Page 91*)

First Comer

By Herbert Merrill

A pitcher plant is very
queer
To look at, like a pointed
ear
Somehow mislaid by elves.
It's odd
To find it cracking
concrete sod
So long before the winter's
done
Or robins whistle back the
sun.
When clouds are full of
snow and lie
Most formidably in the sky
And ice has fisted all the
stones
And cold has settled in your
bones,
Why, then the pitcher plants
come up,
Each one like a crooked
cup
Held as if most any minute
April would pour showers
in it.

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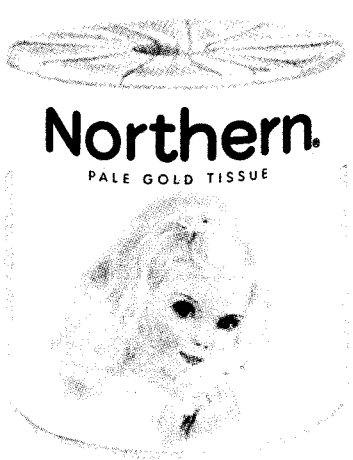
For prints of Northern's 4 little girls (11" x 14") send 25¢ in coin to Northern, Box 170, Green Bay, Wis.

When nature does
her best for you
Softness comes
in colors, too



Softness is Northern

Northern Tissue is made with fluff
Nothing else is soft enough

In fresh, clean colors and purest white

Another fine product of American Can Company

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(*Continued from Page 89*) distilled essence of a lifetime. It was the only gift I could give to Jess for our anniversary—and it was almost over.

At the top of the last long slope I stopped, and Jess, a step ahead, looked back at me with a little smile. Down below us the lane wound where our paths had crossed that day just over a year ago.

"You didn't know," Jess said, teasing me, "the last time, that your fate was waiting down there in the hedgerows. Would you have taken a different turning, if you had known?"

A compulsion of destiny had drawn us to that time and place. She had looked strong and beautiful then, as she looked now; but the seeds of death were in her then and they were in her now, and I was the only one with courage to reap that harvest.

"You're not afraid," Jess said, "to return to the scene?"

"Let's stop here," I said, "and have our coffee first."

I slid the knapsack from my shoulder and let it settle on the grass. Jess sat down where she had stood, without a word, her skirts spread over the tufty brown grass. She drew her knees up and rested her elbows on her knees, chin in hands. There was a serenity on her face that the evening sun lighted into a kind of glow. I looked away from her over the rolling countryside. She was just beyond the edge of my sight, but I knew she was there. So I would stand in the days to come and pretend she was beside me, just beyond the sight of my eyes.

I sat down on the hillside and felt the dry grasses scratch against my ankles. All southern England seemed to lie below us, the hilltops touched with bronze, the sun already gone from the hollows, the little villages muffled in wood smoke and evening mist. Folded into the distance lay the shadowy reach of the channel, and beyond that the spread of France, where Caesar's legions had marched the dusty roads and English kings led battles, and Jess and I had roamed at will on a golden honeymoon, long ago and far away.

"Do you remember," Jess said lazily, "the sun on the white walls of the houses along the Côte d'Azur the day we were driving into Italy? The look of it on the white walls and the spangles it made on the blue sea? You know where I always feel the wonder, Michael? In my throat—isn't that idiotic? Happiness always catches in my throat."

"You might choke on it someday," I said. "Like a fishbone." I couldn't help the bitterness. She didn't turn to me as she might have, her eyes troubled and surprised. She was silent for a long moment. Then she said, "I've been happy today, Michael."

She looked happy. There was that serenity on her face, a look of utter rest. It was the way I had wanted it. I reached for the knapsack slowly and drew out the coffee flask. The moment was here, and the worst of it was that I couldn't say good-by to her. I wanted to tell her I loved her; I wanted to hold her very gently for the last time and feel her warm in my arms and thank her for loving me. But if I told her, she would know it was a parting, and my gift of escape would be withered and useless. I would have to let her go and I couldn't say good-by.

In a moment she would drink, and then it would be only waiting until the gentle sleep came. She would lie back in the fragrant grasses and smile up at me, and her lashes would drop softly over her eyes, and in the day's happy fullness she would be gone, and I would be alone. I could drink, too, but that way would be too easy. I could free my love, but I had no right to free myself. You cannot escape payment—and besides, who would guard her, lying there, until they came and found her?

I took out the plastic mugs and poured the coffee. We had bought the mugs in Sorrento. We had sat on the warm stones of the breakwater, watching the fishermen stand in their boats and drag the nets in over the sides as the boats slipped and slid on the murmuring, sun-laced sea. The cliff walls towered across the bay, and I had felt suddenly small in all that immensity. Jess had paused with the cup of coffee at her lips, her eyes alight with that sudden revelation that always transformed her. Now I heard her words again: "No—not small, Michael. We're bigger than the whole universe—because our minds can encompass it."

She took the mug now, without speaking, and cupped it with both hands. A curl of steam rose from the warm liquid and was lost against the sky. My breathing began to come ragged, and I said to myself, *Steady, steady.*

She held the mug as if she wanted to warm her hands awhile, and I could feel the sweat starting down my back, under my armpits and my knees.

"The little girl, Michael"—Jess said musingly—"she would have been badly burned when the sun reached her. If we hadn't come along ——"

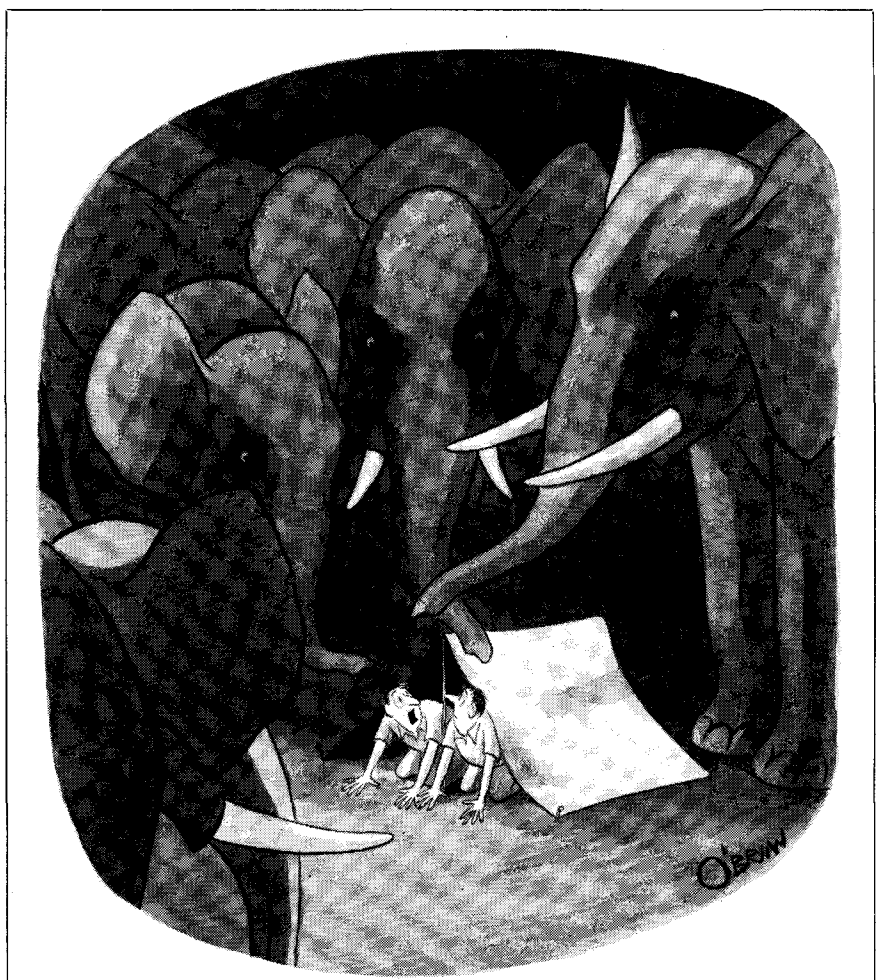
Her voice came to me faintly through the ringing and the singing in my ears. If I spoke now and said to her, Do not drink the coffee, her eyes would smile for me tomorrow, and her voice sound for me, and tomorrow would not be empty and the world at an end.

But you do not escape this way. The end would come, whatever you might do, and next time it would come in tears and torment. So I sat still and was silent, but there was something wrong with my breathing.

She touched the coffee with her tongue. "It's hot, Michael." She looked at me and smiled. "And bitter. Old dinner knives." She set the mug down on the grass between us, steadying it with one hand while she moved her knees beneath her. Her lips were smiling a little, and her eyes were looking at distances, and she stayed quite a while without speaking. I thought she was daydreaming, the way she does and you can speak to her and she does not hear you; but she took a deep breath and began to talk, looking across the valley, the words coming out as if she were feeling her way along a dark road.

"I was thinking, Michael, did you ever think that all we ever have is *now?* That all we have is a moment—and a moment—and a moment—and the present is only the past in us?" She bent her head, and her hair fell forward, hiding her face. "I used to think, when we first loved, that all I had ever done and known was you, Michael. That day we stood together in the Street of Abundance, and the wind blew, and I felt the water drip on my hand from the fountain—I thought, *This breeze on my face is my now, this moment is my time to be, the breeze and the fountain and Michael, and the ghosts of Pompeii around us, and the clouds we have watched pile up over the lake, all these,* I thought, *are my now.* Those yesterdays held my today and my tomorrow. That day is a part of us now, and this day was a part of us then. They are all one, Michael, and they are all me.

"What I am trying to say ——" Her mouth curved, tender and half-mocking, and she stared out across the drowsy afternoon, over the square tower of the church rising from the trees below and the poppies at the edge of the corn field, but not seeing any of them. "Something I read once, 'Though tomorrow come not, today the birds sing.' Anyway," she said, with wet eyes, and smiling, "what I mean is, I love you. It all amounts to that. And there's no better time and place for a silly speech, poised on a hillside above the lane where we met."



"What are we going to do? We're going to break camp, that's what we're going to do!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She looked at me and lifted her hand away from the mug, still meeting my eyes, and the coffee mug tilted slowly and the brittle autumn grasses bent and broke beneath it, and the coffee poured slowly over the brim and ran down among the blades of grass. She watched it drip away. "I wasn't very thirsty," she said at last, and she spoke so low that I almost didn't hear.

I put my head down on the circle of my arms. "Jess," I said. "Oh, Jess." Shock, that had tautened every nerve, had drained away, and I was empty of everything. I might have known I could not hide it from her—an unguarded word, perhaps, an unguarded look, or just the perception that love had armed her with. Or had she, too, gone to the doctor and shown herself brave enough for the truth? I did not know how I could have forgotten her right to make her own choice, nor the courage with which she would make it.

I sat with my head resting on my arms, watching the bruised grass stems come slowly upright in the small circle of my vision, and the rivulets of coffee make tracks between the tufts and roots, and an ant, marooned, go frantically up and down a blade, testing this new and unknown danger. After the rush and fury of battle it was peaceful to feel nothing at all, to come back to sanity, to have decision taken out of your hands.

Reality came back to me slowly, and with it came new shock, sweeping coldly through me. What had I tried to do? God, I thought, what had I almost done? I must have been mad these last weeks and days to think I had the right to decide for Jess or to deny her the time that might yet remain to her. Weeks or months, the doctor had said. In my madness, what had I dared?

Eternity passed, and I sat there, my head dropped on my hands, until the small sounds of evening began to reach me, and the world and the moment came back, and I was alive again. The liquid slowed its busy progress, began to seep into the ground, and the ant stepped gingerly off his refuge and dared the solid earth again. I couldn't see any pattern to all of this, but perhaps there was a pattern, and who was I to change it? What part did Jess have to play before the end? The little captive in the woods—Jess had heard her cry and come to help her. Who could say, in the time still left, what gaps there might be in the pattern if the one who could have filled them was gone?

I had been a little mad, but I would be all right now. It was like coming in out of a black night or coming home after a long journey. Jess sat silent, and when I lifted my head she still stared ahead, still carried that curious serenity on her face. She had made her own terms with the future. *Who knows?* I thought as I watched her. *The doctor said there's always hope. What if she is needed yet in the scheme of things? What if science comes up with an answer, tomorrow or next week or next month? What if the doctor had been wrong, and Jess never was in danger? What then? What then?*

We were both strong. Love had given us our strength, and we had used it according to the wisdom that was in us. But Jess was wiser than I.

She moved then and began to pack the mugs and coffee flask into the knapsack, and still neither of us spoke, only we smiled to each other. *Love,* I thought. *It's stronger than anything.* She buckled the strap and set the bag on the grass, and held out her hands to be helped to her feet.

"Time to move," she said. "We have a date with destiny down below. And we mustn't miss the train back home."

THE END

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Botts and the Picket Line

(Continued from Page 23)

I will get one of our latest-model Earthworm tractors equipped with our improved mud scoop and winch. I will attack yonder mass of mud and trees. By tomorrow or the next day the obstruction will be cleared away. The creek will be back in its natural bed, and all danger of flood will be past. With our splendid Earthworm equipment, such an operation will be so easy as to be almost laughable."

"It may not be as easy as you think, Mr. Botts," said the superintendent. "This morning I called up your dealer. I asked him if he could send over a tractor. He said he could not."

"What's the matter with him?" I asked. "Doesn't he want to help you?"

"He wants to help, but he can't. He says there is a strike against the Earthworm Company."

"But that's down in Earthworm City."

"Apparently, Mr. Botts, the picket lines are being extended. Your dealer says pickets are now marching around his establishment. He has had instructions from the factory that he is not to cross a picket line. So he can't take a single piece of machinery in or out of his shop. That means he can't bring a tractor here."

"This is ridiculous," I said. "I'm going over there right now. I'm going to drive one of the tractors right out of the shop myself. And if anybody tries to stop me, I'll shovel them out of the way with that mud scoop. I give you my promise that I will come in here with an Earthworm tractor, clear a channel through that mud slide and save your mill from being flooded. You can count on my help."

"Maybe we won't need your help, Mr. Botts," said the superintendent. "We have had an offer of assistance from another tractor salesman. He is on his way over now. If you turn around you can see him approaching."

I turned. I looked. Coming through the main gate was a Blue Streak tractor. As you are probably aware, Henderson, this machine is the product of the recently formed Blue Streak Tractor Company, which has hastily thrown together a poorly designed and abominably constructed mechanical monstrosity, which it is putting on the market with the hope of gathering in some of the vast sums of money now being expended on the Federal Interstate Highway Construction Program. Realizing the futility of competing with a machine like the Earthworm on the basis of mechanical excellence, the Blue Streak Company has concentrated on a flashy exterior. By utilizing the services of what must have been a strange crew of half-witted tinsmiths, working with the sort of flimsy material that is commonly used for the ducts of heating and air-conditioning systems, they have succeeded in covering the mechanical parts of the machine with a cheap imitation of one of the more extreme examples of futuristic automobile-body design. The front of the machine has a foolishly ornate grille. The sides have long sweeping lines. And at the rear are two of the largest and tallest fins I have ever seen—with the possible exception of the rear fins on Air Force bombers. To conform with the name, the entire machine is painted with horizontal streaks of three or four different tones of blue.

It was one of these revolting creations that now drove up and stopped beside us. The operator leaped to the ground and introduced himself as the Sable Flats dealer for the Blue Streak tractor. When I told him I was Alexander Botts, sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company, he gave me such a devious and shifty look that I knew at once he was not to be trusted. This first impression was confirmed as he started to put across as dishonest and underhanded a sales talk as I have ever heard.

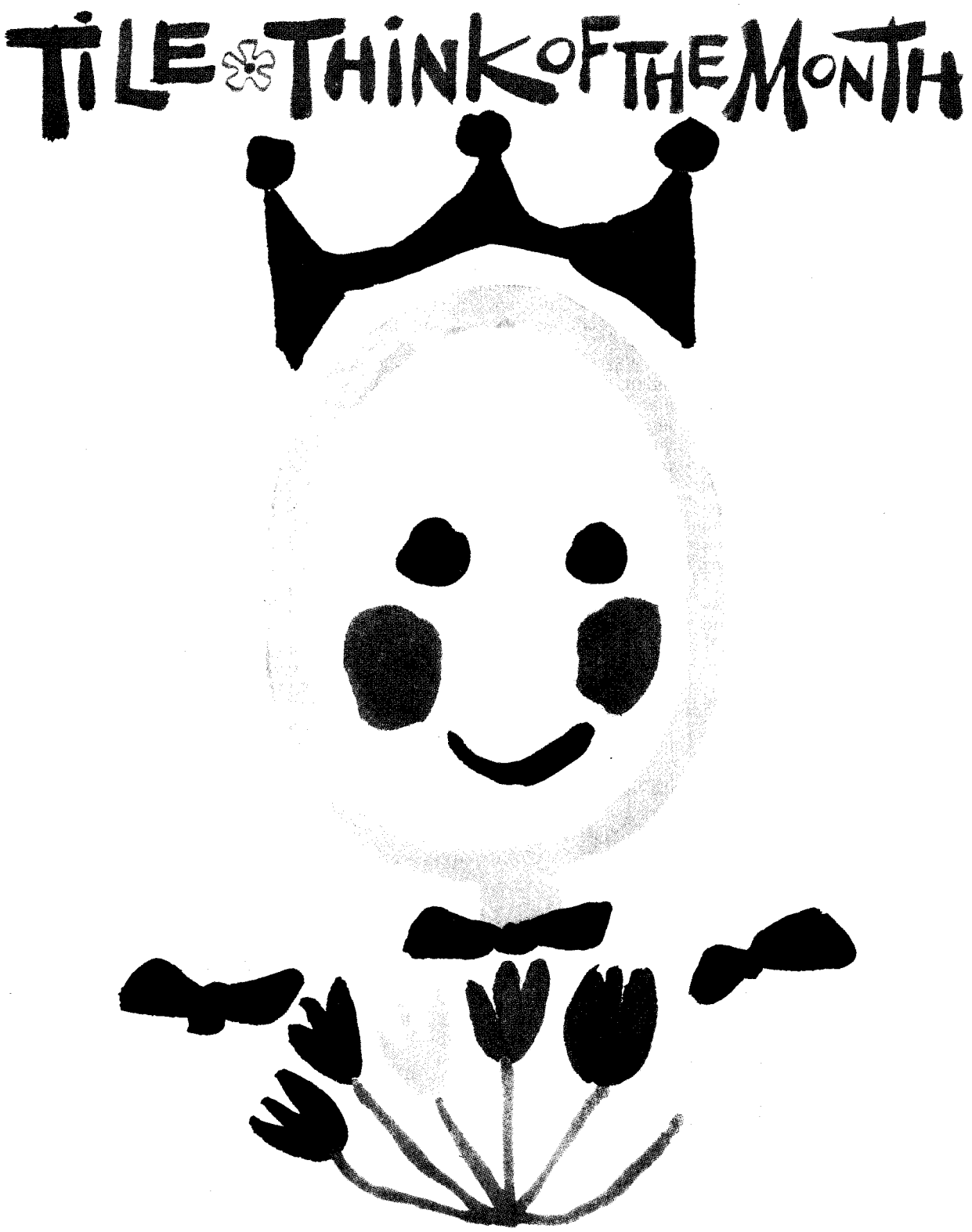
"Gentlemen," he said, turning his back on me and addressing Mr. Bolton and the mill superintendent, "before I demonstrate the efficiency of this machine by cutting a channel through that mud barrier and thus saving your mill from a disastrous flood, I want to stress the reliability and dependability of the great Blue Streak Tractor Company and its dealer organization. I understand that you are contemplating the purchase of a considerable fleet of tractors to be used not only here but at some of your other properties. . . . Is that right, Mr. Bolton?"

"It is."

"In deciding which make of tractor to buy, you would, I assume, prefer to deal with a company on which you could rely at all times for efficient service and for the prompt delivery of parts and supplies as well as tractors. Is that correct?"

"It certainly is," said Mr. Bolton.

"You are very sensible," said the Blue Streak dealer. "And this brings up a rather delicate point. It is never my policy to knock a competitor, but I feel it is my duty to mention certain facts which, for your own protection, you ought to know. The Earthworm Tractor Company is notoriously unfair to labor. It has treated its workers so shamefully that they have been forced to strike against the starvation wages and wretched working conditions which Gilbert Henderson, the fascist-



for peepul who care what other peepul are peeping at.

those peepul who beet a path to your bath... are there to peer about. they make an excuse "I must powdr my nose" but they've sed to their frends "do you really suppose we'll find it lined with ceramic tile? (the best-in-the-west HERMOSA style?) for a happy-ever-after-math, they know tile's vital to every bath... and the sturdiest, prettiest, quickest to clean... is that great glazed ceramic by GLADDING, McBEAN!

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minded, slave-driving president of the company, has forced upon them. If you deal with Earthworm, you will be dealing with a company which has been, is now, and always will be involved in strikes, walkouts and stoppages. You will be subjected to endless delays in deliveries of tractors and parts. You will never be able to count on receiving proper service."

Mr. Bolton looked at me. "Have you anything to say about all this, Mr. Botts?" he asked.

Before I could reply, the Blue Streak dealer resumed his harangue: "When you deal with the Blue Streak Tractor Company, you are dealing with a company which has never had a labor dispute. Our company treats its employees so generously that we are like a band of brothers. We work together so harmoniously that you can always depend on us for prompt deliveries and prompt service. The present situation is a very good example of what I am talking about. The Blue Streak tractor is here, ready to go to work. But where is the Earthworm?"

Once more Mr. Bolton looked at me. "What do you say to that, Mr. Botts?"

Turning my back on the Blue Streak salesman and facing Mr. Bolton and the mill superintendent, I spoke with my usual quiet dignity: "I will not demean myself by refuting the almost unbelievable tissue of falsehoods to which you have just been subjected. There is only one point I wish to make. The Blue Streak tractor is totally incapable of dealing with this mass of mud and trees. But don't worry. My previous promise still stands. I will get hold of an Earthworm tractor somewhere and I will clear away that obstruction and save your mill from being flooded. I will answer this Blue Streak person with deeds, not words."

"Fair enough," said Mr. Bolton. "If the Earthworm saves the mill, I will buy a fleet of Earthworms. If the Blue Streak saves the mill, I will buy a fleet of Blue Streaks."

"Splendid," I said.

I walked out the gate and up the main street of the town until I reached the shop and showrooms of the local Earthworm dealer. Twenty-five or thirty men were marching around the establishment. Most of them were big, muscular and dangerous-looking. They were carrying placards painted in various shades of blue paint, with words very similar to those which had been used by the Blue Streak salesman: EARTHWORM UNFAIR TO LABOR! . . . GILBERT HENDERSON, FASCIST SLAVE DRIVER! . . . WE DEMAND DECENT WORKING CONDITIONS! . . . HUMAN RIGHTS BEFORE PROPERTY RIGHTS! . . . GREEDY PROFITEERS MUST STOP GRINDING DOWN THE WORKING MAN! . . . WE HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT OUR CHAINS!

I stepped up and spoke to one of the pickets who seemed to be the boss. He was smaller than the others, but he had a much more sinister look to him. I sized him up at once as the type who would rely more on low cunning than on brute force. "I am Alexander Botts," I said. "I am sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company. And I wish to inform you that this picket line is illegal. This dealer here is an independent businessman. His employees are not on strike. He has nothing to do with the walkout at Earthworm City. So this is a secondary boycott—clearly against the law. And you are blocking a public street—which is also against the law."

The man scowled. "All right, wise guy," he said, "you had better get wise to what is going on here. This is a peaceful picket line made up of honest workmen. We are making an orderly appeal for justice against the greedy profiteers of the Earthworm Tractor Company."

"If this is a peaceful picket line," I said, "I suppose you would have no objection to my going into this building and driving out an Earthworm tractor which is needed at the paper mill?"

"I got orders to let people walk in and out of this building as much as they want. But if you tried to drive a tractor through here you would be breaking the law."

"How?"

"According to the traffic laws of every state, city and town in the country, pedestrians have the right of way over motor vehicles. We are pedestrians who also happen to be free citizens of the United States of America. According to the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, as upheld by the Supreme Court, we have a right to walk along the public street. The only way you could get a tractor out of this place would be to force us off the public street. If you did that you would be defying the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, the Supreme Court and the law of the land. You wouldn't want to do anything like that would you?"

Some men who wouldn't dream of gambling think nothing of getting married.

HOMER PHILLIPS

"All I want," I said, "is to bring out a tractor."

"You better think it over," he said. "These are peaceful pickets, but if you attack them with a tractor they would have a perfect right to defend themselves. They might start throwing some of these rocks that seem to be lying around. They might even use some of those lead pipes and pick handles they brought along. And if you once get them stirred up they might wreck your tractor. They might wreck this nice building here. They might even try to wreck you. Why don't you go in and talk to the Earthworm dealer in there? We have already discussed this with him, and he has told us he is going to act reasonable. Go ahead. We're not stopping you."

I walked in through the showroom and found the dealer in his office at the rear. I explained what had happened at the mill and what the boss picket had said to me. "This whole thing is outrageous," I said. "Those placards out there are the same shade of blue as the paint on the Blue Streak tractor. And a lot of the slogans are the same as those used by the Blue Streak tractor dealer. Maybe these pickets don't belong to the union at all. Maybe they're just a gang of thugs hired by the Blue Streak man."

"No," said the dealer. "One of the newspapermen here in town recognized the boss picket—the one you talked to—as a union organizer from Detroit. The rest of the pickets are men he brought in with him."

"I still say it's outrageous," I said. "We've got to get one of your tractors out of here and take it down to the mill."

"We can't do it, Mr. Botts. I have a letter from Mr. Gilbert Henderson himself, telling us not to cross a picket line."

"Then we'll have to call in the cops and get them to clear the pickets out of the way so we can take the tractor out. After the picket line is gone we won't have to cross it."

"It won't work, Mr. Botts. There are a lot of mills and factories in this region. The unions are very strong politically. No police officer or sheriff wants to antagonize the unions."

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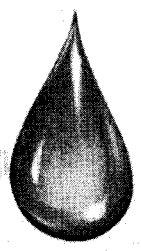

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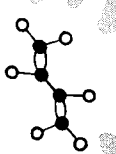

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"All right," I said. "You can give me a list of nearby Earthworm tractor owners. I'll go out and rent a machine to use at the mill."

"I thought of that, Mr. Botts. But if we tried it, the paper mill might be picketed. That would annoy Mr. Bolton, and we'd be worse off than ever."

Obviously I was getting nowhere. I walked out the door, through the picket line and down the street to the hotel, where I ate a leisurely lunch, meditating quietly on the situation and working out a plan of action. After lunch I hired a taxicab and drove down past the mill. The Blue Streak tractor was hopelessly mired in the mud of the slide. Several dozen men were working around it, but obviously making no progress. And I reflected pleasantly that even if they got it out of the mud, it would mire down again if they put it back to work. The water in the creek was rising slowly; I decided I would have plenty of time for my next move.

I directed the taxi driver to take me out to a farm south of town. After introducing myself to the owner I spoke as follows:

"When I passed over your farm this morning in a helicopter, I was much impressed by your beautiful barn. I also noticed an Earthworm tractor equipped with an Earthworm mud scoop. Is this yours?"

"It is," said the farmer.

"Do you ever rent it out?"

"I do. Yesterday I rented it to my neighbor down the road to pull his no-account Blue Streak tractor out of a mudhole."

"That's exactly the kind of job I have in mind," I said.

I explained the situation. The farmer agreed to help me out. I paid off the taximan. The farmer and I loaded the tractor onto a truck. The farmer climbed into the driver's seat. I climbed in beside him and we drove to the mill. But here we ran into a disagreeable surprise.

Half the picket line had moved to the main gate of the mill. They were carrying placards and pick handles and a few large rocks. The farmer stopped the truck. I jumped out and was confronted by the same nasty little picket boss.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Botts," he said. "I thought you might be showing up here with an Earthworm tractor."

"Who told you?" I asked.

"Nobody. I just asked myself what I would do if I was a donkey like you. And I decided the most natural thing—if I couldn't get a tractor out of the dealer's shop—would be to rent one from a farmer."

"This is worse than that other picket line," I said. "That was a secondary boycott. This is a tertiary boycott. The Bolton Paper Company has absolutely nothing to do with the Earthworm strike—and you know it."

The farmer called to me from the truck, "Listen, Mr. Botts," he said, "I didn't agree to drive through any such mob as this. The deal is off."

He backed the truck around and drove away.

I will admit that I was definitely irked. I gave the boss picket a piece of my mind. "You have no right to keep me out of here," I said.

"We're not keeping you out of anywhere, Mr. Botts. It's like I told you—this is a peaceful picket line. Of course, if you try to push these boys around with an Earthworm tractor, or with a truck carrying an Earthworm tractor, they would naturally defend themselves. Aside from that, this gate is open to anybody and anything. You can go in alone or you can take in a car, a truck, a Blue Streak tractor or any other kind of tractor except an Earthworm."

"All right," I said. "I'm going in right now. I want to talk to Mr. Bolton."

I walked through the gate and past the mill to the vicinity of the slide. Here I found Mr. Bolton observing the futile efforts of the men who were trying to pull the Blue Streak tractor out of the mud.

"Well, well," I said pleasantly. "The Blue Streak dealer doesn't seem to be doing much, does he?"

Mr. Bolton acted annoyed. "At least he is trying, Mr. Botts—which is more than I can say about you. What has happened to all those fine promises you were making this morning? You said you would get an Earthworm tractor, clear away this obstruction and save the mill from being flooded."

"Mr. Bolton, I have tried my best to get in here with an Earthworm. But I am one man against a whole mob of pickets. I will have to admit that I have failed in the first part of my promise. But the second part stands. I am going to clear away that slide and save your mill."

"How?"

"I'm going to get hold of a Blue Streak tractor, which the pickets will let me bring in. I will do the job with that."

Mr. Bolton looked surprised. "You mean you are actually going to demonstrate a competing machine?"

"That's right."

"You heard what I said this morning about buying a fleet of tractors?"

"Yes. You said if the Earthworm cleared away the slide you would buy a fleet of Earthworms. If the Blue Streak cleared away the slide you would buy a fleet of Blue Streaks."

"Then you realize, Mr. Botts, that if you do the job with a Blue Streak I am obligated to buy that make and not the Earthworm?"

"I understand perfectly, Mr. Bolton. I am willing to go ahead because, as an Earthworm tractor man, my first thought is always for the good of the customer. To me it is more important that I save your mill than that I sell a few tractors."

"And you really think you can accomplish anything with a Blue Streak? The one that is stuck in the mud over there doesn't seem to be getting anywhere."

"Part of the trouble with that machine is that it has the wrong equipment. When I come in here with a Blue Streak tractor I'm going to have it equipped with an Earthworm mud scoop and a few other Earthworm products. In that way I think I can do the job. And possibly I can sell you some Earthworm accessories."

Mr. Bolton nodded his head. "You might at that," he said.

I walked out through the picket line and over to town. I hired the same taxi to take me back to the farm where I had rented the Earthworm. The farmer introduced me to his neighbor, from whom I was able to rent the Blue Streak tractor. I then hired both of them, along with their farm hands, to do a rush job of transferring the Earthworm mud scoop and the other accessories to the Blue Streak machine. They promised to have the job done by midnight, and I came back here to the hotel.

As I expect to be very busy the next day or two, I have put in a couple of hours writing this report so you may know just what I am doing here. I will now send it off by airmail. I will eat supper, take a nap for a few hours and then drive out to the farm to take the Blue Streak tractor to the mill.

This time I will drive the truck myself. If the picket line tries to stop me I will force my way through.

Your determined sales manager,

ALEXANDER BOTTS

TELEGRAM
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
AUGUST 20, 1959

ALEXANDER BOTTS
SABLE FLATS HOTEL
SABLE FLATS, MICHIGAN

IT IS NOT THE POLICY OF THIS COMPANY TO PROMOTE SALES OF TRACTORS BY COMPETING COMPANIES. YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED TO DISCONTINUE YOUR ILL-ADVISED DEMONSTRATION OF THE BLUE STREAK TRACTOR. STRIKE WILL SOON BE SETTLED AND THEN YOU CAN PUT ON A REAL DEMONSTRATION WITH AN EARTHWORM. IN THE MEANTIME DO NOT ATTEMPT TO CROSS A PICKET LINE. DO NOTHING THAT MIGHT ANTAGONIZE ANY UNION REPRESENTATIVE.

GILBERT HENDERSON
PRESIDENT,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY

Sable Flats Hotel
Sable Flats, Michigan
Thursday evening,
August 20, 1959

Dear Henderson: Your wire arrived this morning and I will now explain just why common sense has compelled me to disregard some of your rather poorly thought-out instructions.

About one o'clock yesterday morning I arrived at the mill gate. The pickets recognized the fins of the Blue Streak tractor on the truck I was driving. They signaled for me to go ahead. When I reached the slide, I learned that the Blue Streak dealer had gone home after saying he hoped to be back in a few days with some heavier equipment.

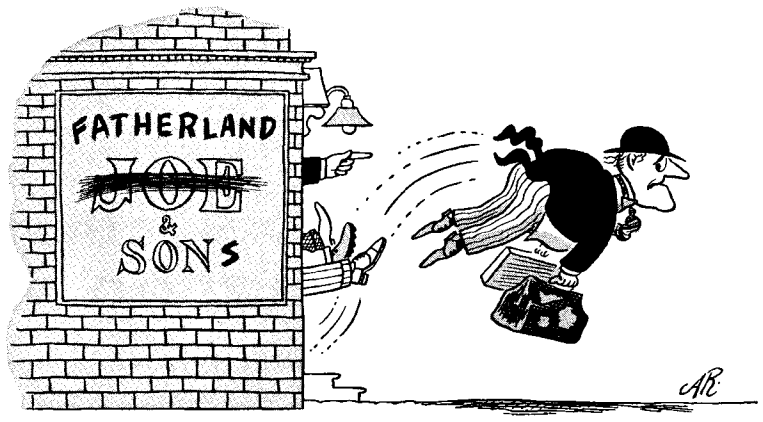
I unloaded my rented Blue Streak and used the Earthworm winch to pull the dealer's Blue Streak out of the mud and up onto high ground. Then I got to work in earnest.

The job was more difficult than I had expected, but I kept at it relentlessly. The two farmers and I worked in shifts all day yesterday, all last night and all day today. And it was well that we did. A sudden freak rainstorm raised the creek so rapidly that at one time we almost despaired of saving the mill. However, at five o'clock this afternoon, just as the muddy waters were lapping at the threshold of the door on the creek side of the mill, we finally broke through the last barrier of mud and trees. The tractor, under my skilled guidance, clawed its way onto high ground. A great surge of water rushed through the gap. The level of the creek above the slide dropped—and the victory was won.

A few minutes later the disagreeable little picket boss arrived on the scene. "I have good news," he said. "The Earthworm strike has been settled. Mr. Gilbert Henderson has seen the error of his ways. He has agreed to an honorable compromise. And we now recognize him and the entire management of the Earthworm Company as friends of labor. Our picket lines have been withdrawn, and you can now move your Earthworm tractors anywhere you want."

"Thank you," I said, with a touch of sarcasm, which he apparently missed.

"You are entirely welcome," he replied. "And I have more good news. I am happy to report that a general strike has been declared against the Blue Streak Tractor Company, whose management has suddenly become one of the worst enemies of organized labor in the entire country." After (*Continued on Page 96*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

When the Communists "nationalized" Joe's business in the old country, he escaped to the United States and went immediately to his firm's New York office. But the staff there, alerted to the Communist seizure back home, promptly threw him out. So Joe sued to show them who was boss.

"Your company isn't your company any more," counsel for the firm's staff said. "It was nationalized in accordance with the law of your government. As long as the United States recognizes that government, it cannot question the legality of its laws."

"My country stole my business from me," Joe pleaded. "I dare not even protest back home under a government which rejects free enterprise, but certainly the United States is not going to permit me to be robbed of my business and property in this country."

If you were the judge, would you award Joe his American business?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Joe won. The court ruled that while it could not tell his fatherland what to do over there, it certainly could tell it what it could *not* do in the United States—and grabbing private property without due process of Federal law was one thing it couldn't do.

Based upon a 1956 United States Court of Appeals decision.

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(*Continued from Page 94*) a few more general remarks he made his departure.

Soon afterward Mr. Bolton arrived to thank me for saving the mill.

"This puts me in a rather embarrassing position," he said. "I promised to buy a fleet of tractors of the make that succeeded in clearing away the slide. I don't like to break my promise. But I don't see how I can keep it without being unfair to you."

"That's perfectly all right," I said. "You also indicated that if you bought a fleet of Blue Streak tractors you would buy Earthworm accessories to go with it."

"That is correct," he said.

I removed a couple of side panels from the Blue Streak tractor. "If you look closely," I said, "you will see there is more Earthworm equipment here than at first meets the eye. Besides the mud scoop on the front and the winch on the rear, we have an Earthworm engine, an Earthworm transmission, and we have Earthworm roller frames and tracks. In short, beneath this silly Blue Streak tin cover we have a complete Earthworm tractor. Isn't it beautiful?"

Mr. Bolton agreed. I don't know what he is going to do about the tin covers, but he has just carried out his promise by purchasing twenty-five Earthworm tractors. The signed order is enclosed herewith by your partly obedient servant,

ALEXANDER BOTTS

Men and Capital (Continued from Page 32)

cause; for that precisely is our situation.

But first, what is the evidence that men have been gaining on machines—that skill and intelligence have become more important in what we call economic progress than in capital plant and equipment?

The change is most prominently reflected in the position of the owner or supplier of physical capital. For a half century he has been a man of steadily declining prestige and importance. Once it was taken for granted that ownership of an industrial enterprise—the ownership of the capital assets or a substantial share of them—gave a man a decisive voice in its direction. So it was with Ford, Carnegie, the elder Rockefeller, Commodore Vanderbilt and John Jacob Astor. And to be a source of capital, as in the case of the elder Morgan, ensured an almost equal power over the enterprise. It also ensured the supplier a favored position in the community. Because the provision of capital conveyed such power, the system was called capitalism.

The ownership of capital, or the capacity to supply it, no longer accords such power. Few large corporations are now run by their owners: those like Du Pont, where for many generations a talented family has had a decisive influence on the enterprise it owns, are becoming a rarity. Typically, the power now lies with the professional managers. These managers make elaborate obeisance to the stockholders. But they select the board of directors, which the stockholders then dutifully elect, and the board then solemnly selects the management that selected the board. In some cases—of which the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, once dominated by the first Rockefeller, is one—the board consists exclusively of members of the management group.

There are numbers of reasons for the rise of the professional manager, but by far the most important is that ownership of capital has come to count for much less than ownership of ability and brains. The man of ability could get the capital; the man who had capital and was devoid of other qualification was a hopeless case. So the relatively impecunious but better-trained, more intelligent, more determined or politically more adept managers have taken over. Once in office it is only rarely that the owners of capital can dislodge them.

Nor is this a misfortune for the companies in question. Some of the worst cases of corporate mismanagement in recent times have been those in which the owners of the capital have used their power to keep the professionals out. In the '30's and early '40's the elder Henry Ford used his power as the sole owner of the Ford Motor Company to remain in command. It is now freely acknowledged that the company suffered severely as a result. Following his death, the management was professionalized and much improved. The great merchandising house of Montgomery Ward provides a parallel example. Control and direction of a large company by a capitalist has become indeed a slightly risky affair.

But though it is most visible at the top, the shift of the comparative importance of men and capital is perceptible throughout the modern industrial enterprise. The procedures by which the large and successful enterprise raises funds for new plant and equipment are orderly and predictable. And, depending on circumstances, there is a considerable range of choice—earnings can be withheld, there can be resort to banks, or securities can be sold. A great deal of pompous ritual attends this process, but for the large and successful firm this signifies neither uncertainty nor difficulty, but only that we have considerable respect for money and expect large sums to be handled with decent ceremony. And the rites and ceremonials of high finance give those involved a harmless sense of their own importance.

There is no similar certainty in the procedures by which even the most successful concern supplies itself with talent. It must send its emissaries to participate in the annual talent hunt, and if the most pompous men still go to the money markets, the most eloquent go to the colleges. The bag is always uncertain and frequently inadequate. If a successful firm is contemplating a considerable expansion, it will almost certainly worry more about where to find the men than the money.

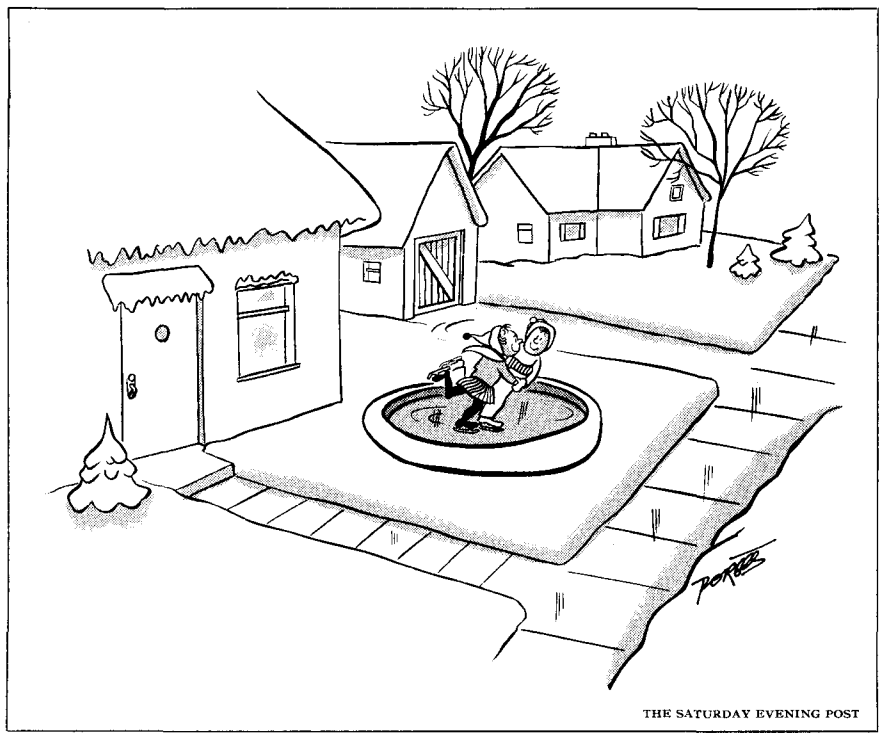
And the change is reflected in the fears and apprehensions of the community at large. We wonder whether we are investing as much as we should in physical capital; we hear that the Soviets, who in our time have largely replaced conscience as the stern small voice of duty, are doing much more. But there is a much more everyday concern about the state of our schools and colleges. Are they doing properly by our children? Where can we find the resources to enable them to do better? And increasingly we are wondering about the adequacy of our output of highly trained and educated people.

This has a very practical impact. Every family knows that the automobile industry is equipped to supply it with a new car almost on a moment's notice. Such is the admirable condition of our physical plant. But it cannot be at all sure there will be a place for the children in a good college. Such is the contrasting state of our facilities for human development.

The forces back of the change in the relative position of man as compared with capital are not new. Some of them, curiously enough, are those which at first glance seem to suggest the ascendancy of the machine.

The classical trinity of productive factors were land (including natural resources), labor (broadly defined to include both physical and intellectual effort), and capital. All production was seen as resulting from the combination of these factors in one form or another and in one proportion or another. Some economists have questioned whether there was much difference between land and capital goods—both support man's efforts to produce things. Many have insisted on adding, as a fourth factor of production, entrepreneurship, or the human effort which was devoted to organizing and managing the other three factors. Subject to these modifications and quibbles, the classical delineation of productive agents is still accepted and, indeed, is deeply imbedded in economic thought.

All production requires all three—or all four—factors, and in this sense all are equally vital. But the importance attached to the different factors has changed remarkably in the last 150 years. At the beginning of the last century—the formative years of modern economics—land seemed peculiarly important. Population was growing. Europe and Asia looked very crowded. The vast fertile spaces of the Americas, Australia and Africa were but slightly appreciated. The effect of modern agricultural techniques on production per acre was, of course, beyond view. Both Ricardo and Malthus, two of the towering figures in the history of economic ideas, concluded that man's fate would be decided largely by the relentless pressure of population on land. Labor being abundant, perhaps excessively so, it seemed far less important than land. Capital, though important, also lacked the life-and-death significance of the land supply.



As the nineteenth century passed, capital gained rapidly to a position of dominance in the trinity. The new world added enormously to the supply of land. The decisive question was its development, and for this ports, steamships, roads, railroads, farmsteads and farm equipment were needed. The land was there; the labor came almost automatically; but the more capital the greater the pace of progress.

This emphasis on capital was reinforced by the nature of industrial advance during the last century. It consisted not of the invention of a great number of new techniques but the spread of a relatively small number of spectacularly important ones. Thus, textile manufacture became a factory industry. Steam power was applied to manufacturing, transport and mining to replace power from men, animals, falling water or wind. Iron and steel became plentiful and cheap and thus available for many new uses.

These inventions resulted, so far as anyone could tell, from a combination of accident, inspiration and genius. Men like James Watt, Benjamin Franklin and Eli Whitney could not be cultivated, and while they could be protected by the patent office, that was about all that could be done to foster technological progress.

But if little could be done to stimulate inventions, much could be done about putting them to use. Saving could be encouraged by exhortations to thrift—and even more by a system of morality and religion which assured the diligent, abstemious and self-denying man esteem in this world and salvation in the next. Investment could be encouraged by stable government and laws which assured investors that profits would be theirs to enjoy. Economists came to measure progress by the proportion of the nation's income that each year was saved and invested.

Investment in physical capital is still a prime measure of progress, but it is an increasingly inadequate one. Progress is coming to depend more and more on the quality rather than the quantity of the capital equipment in use and on the intelligence and skill of those who use it.

There are reasonably good figures to guide us in making this judgment. Between the early '70's of the last century and the decade 1944–53, according to calculations made under the auspices of the National Bureau of Economic Research, the net output of the American economy increased by an average of 3.5 per cent a year. Less than (*Continued on Page 98*)

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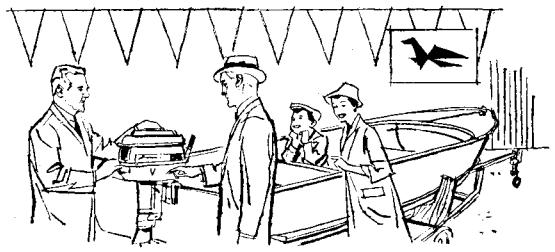

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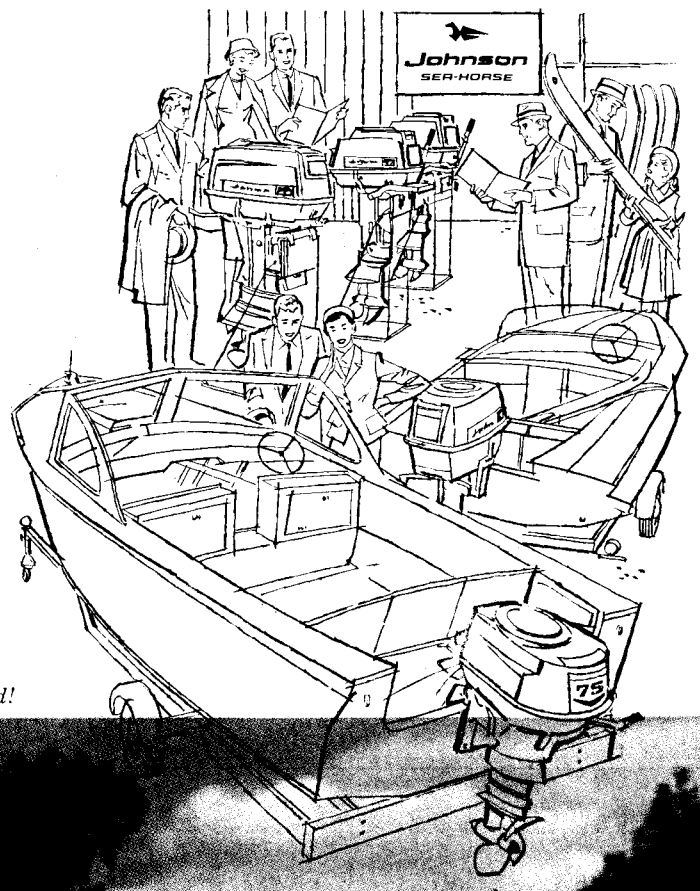
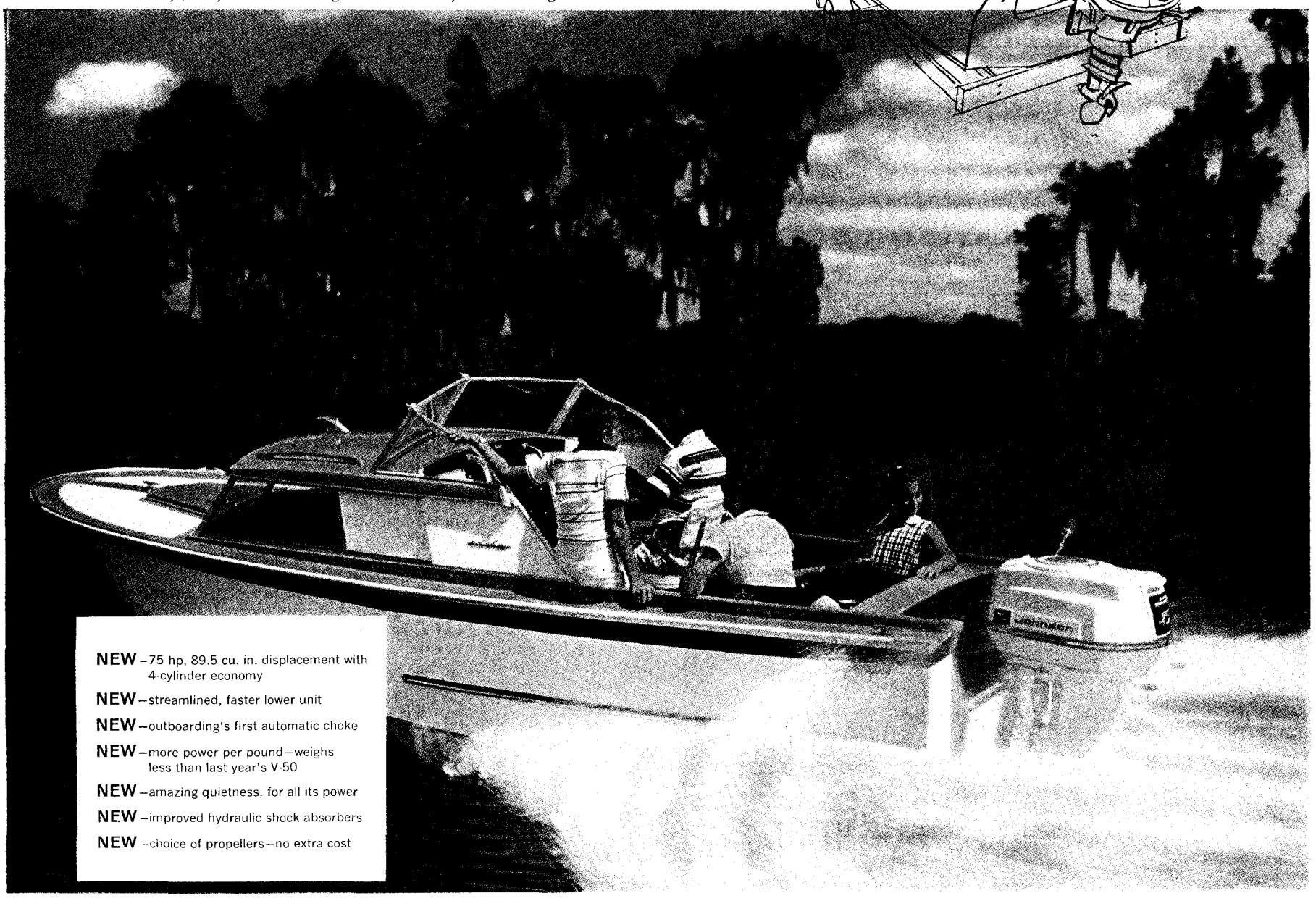


New Sea-Horse V-75, $895, electric starting included—the fastest moving Sea-Horse ever launched!



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NEW—streamlined, faster lower unit

NEW—outboarding's first automatic choke

NEW—more power per pound—weighs less than last year's V-50

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(*Continued from Page 96*) half of this (1.7 per cent) is explained by increases in the supply of capital and labor. The rest was the result of improvements in capital equipment—technological advance—and improvements in the working force, including, of course, its leadership and direction. The share in the advance attributable to technological improvement and to the improved skill and ability of workers, technicians and managers has been increasing.

But both technological advance and improved skills and abilities are the product of personal development. Machines do not improve themselves; they are the product of improved men. And most technological advance is now the result, not of the accident of inspiration or genius, but of highly purposeful effort. Once we had to wait for the Edisons and Wrights. Now, through education and organization, we get something approaching the same results from much more common clay.

So it comes to this. We now get the larger part of our industrial growth not from more capital investment but from improvements in men and improvements brought about by improved men. And this process of technological advance has become fairly predictable. We get from men pretty much what we invest in them. So now in its turn, after land and after capital, labor—highly improved labor, to be sure—has come to the center of the stage. Investment in personal development is therefore at least as useful as an index of progress as investment in physical capital. This is the kind of change which solemn men of self-confessed soundness of judgment will continue to resist; the familiar is always defended with moral fervor just before it becomes foolish.

What practical accommodation are we making to this new urgency of investment in personal development?

At first glance our position would seem to be quite good. We have been reaping large gains from the application of trained intelligence to our economic life. This is the fruit of one of the world's pioneer experiments in public education. Surely our gains will continue.

We cannot be so optimistic. Until the last century learning and even literacy were the badges of privilege. They thus became symbols of achievement and equality—symbols that our grandparents were not disposed to overlook. Hence the free elementary schools, high schools, the land-grant college system, and the remarkable number and variety of other institutions of higher (and not excessively high) learning.

This system was adequate, even admirable, so long as education was a social service designed to ensure rough equality of opportunity. It has ceased to be sufficient as education has become a form of investment.

The test of what a community should spend on a social service is what it can afford—what it believes it can spare from other forms of consumption. The test of investment, by contrast, is what will pay for itself. We apply the investment test as a matter of course to physical capital, and even the commonplace terminology reflects the different attitudes—while we "invest" in physical capital we "spend" for education.

The investment test is far the more generous of the two. It implies an aggressive canvass of all possible outlays to see what will pay off at a profit. To find new ways of investing at a profit is to prove one's enterprise. One of the most familiar theorems of accepted economics is that, subject to some lags and irregularities, investment in physical capital will occur whenever marginal return exceeds the marginal cost—that is, whenever the return to additional investment is sufficient to cover the added cost, including interest and some allowance for risk.

The test of what can be afforded, by contrast, invokes far more frugal attitudes. The outlay is vaguely self-indulgent. If we wish it, we must measure the cost in equally or more important alternatives. Virtue resides not in finding ways of investing more, but in finding ways of spending less. The community honors the man who is identified with economy. Yet, as we have seen, the outlays so economized now yield as large (perhaps a larger) return as those for physical capital.

Investment in personal development is also handicapped by the lack of a close relationship of outlay with the resulting benefit. A chemical company invests in a new plant because it knows it will get the higher earnings. If it invests in the education of a young chemist, it has no similar assurance that it will get a return from its outlay. The fellow may decide to become an artist or a farmer, or he may go faithlessly to work for a competitor.

To see what the same relationship of cost to benefit that exists for physical capital would do for investment in personal development, one need only imagine an arrangement by which promising youngsters, when halfway through high school, were indentured for life to a corporation. The latter would then be responsible for all further education and would be assured of their services for life. Performance of the companies tomorrow, it would soon be evident, would depend on the quality of the executives, scientists and other specialists being selected and trained today. The quality of this stable would become a matter of major concern. It would be under the eye of accomplished educators. Money would start flowing into it. Investment houses would seek information as to its quality. If one of the larger oil companies found that the schools and colleges available for training its oncoming geologists and engineers were inadequate, it would obviously have to take steps to remedy the situation—perhaps by establishing its own. Otherwise, in a few years it would be outclassed by the companies with better talent. And one can imagine bond issues to develop

The World Remains

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Since love's subjective, when
    it's finished,
The world remains, quite
    undiminished,
A well-oiled pageant passing by
Beneath a flawless plastic sky.

The wooden people move as
    brisk;
The life-size dogs still bark and
    frisk
Among the iron tulip beds
Still gaudy with their painted
    reds.

And once my mechanism's
    wound,
I, too, contrive to run around
My little circles, bright and gay
All day . . . all day . . .
    all day . . . all day. . . .

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stronger technical echelons. The result would be a substantial and possibly an astronomical increase in outlays for personal development—all justified by the resulting profit. All this would be the result of giving the corporation a firm lien on the individual's services and thus on the return to the money it spends on him. It would be the result of making human beings as privileged, for purposes of investment, as are machines.

The final reason for thinking that our arrangements for investing in personal development are deficient is that the Soviets have, technically speaking, superior ones. They begin with all resources under public control; hence there is no problem in transferring those to be devoted to personal development from private to public use. And outlays for physical capital and those for personal development are items in the same huge budget. The returns from one type of investment can be measured against the returns from the other. There is no inherent reason why physical capital should have a preference, as in our case. The result is that the U.S.S.R., by our standards still a poor country, treats its schools, research and training institutes, universities, and adult education with a generosity which impresses all western visitors. These outlays, not old-fashioned expansion of physical capital, were decisive for launching the Sputnik and landing its successor on the moon.

We cannot solve the problem of personal investment by indenturing our youngsters at a tender age to a corporation. And we should not expect the kindly corporation to rise to the rescue with large voluntary grants for education. Time has already been wasted on this notion. The problem is far too serious to be left to the conscience of those with a particular willingness to spend the stockholders' money.

Most likely we will solve the problem by making fuller and better use of the familiar instruments of public finance. We must see outlays for personal development not as a cost but as an opportunity. Then we must make sure that we are taxing ourselves sufficiently to exploit this opportunity. That the Federal Government must play a role is elementary. It has access to fiscal resources inherently far greater than that of states and localities; now that education has become an investment rather than a social service these resources are indispensable. There is at least a likelihood that investment in personal development is a better guarantee of effective national position than many of our present military expenditures.

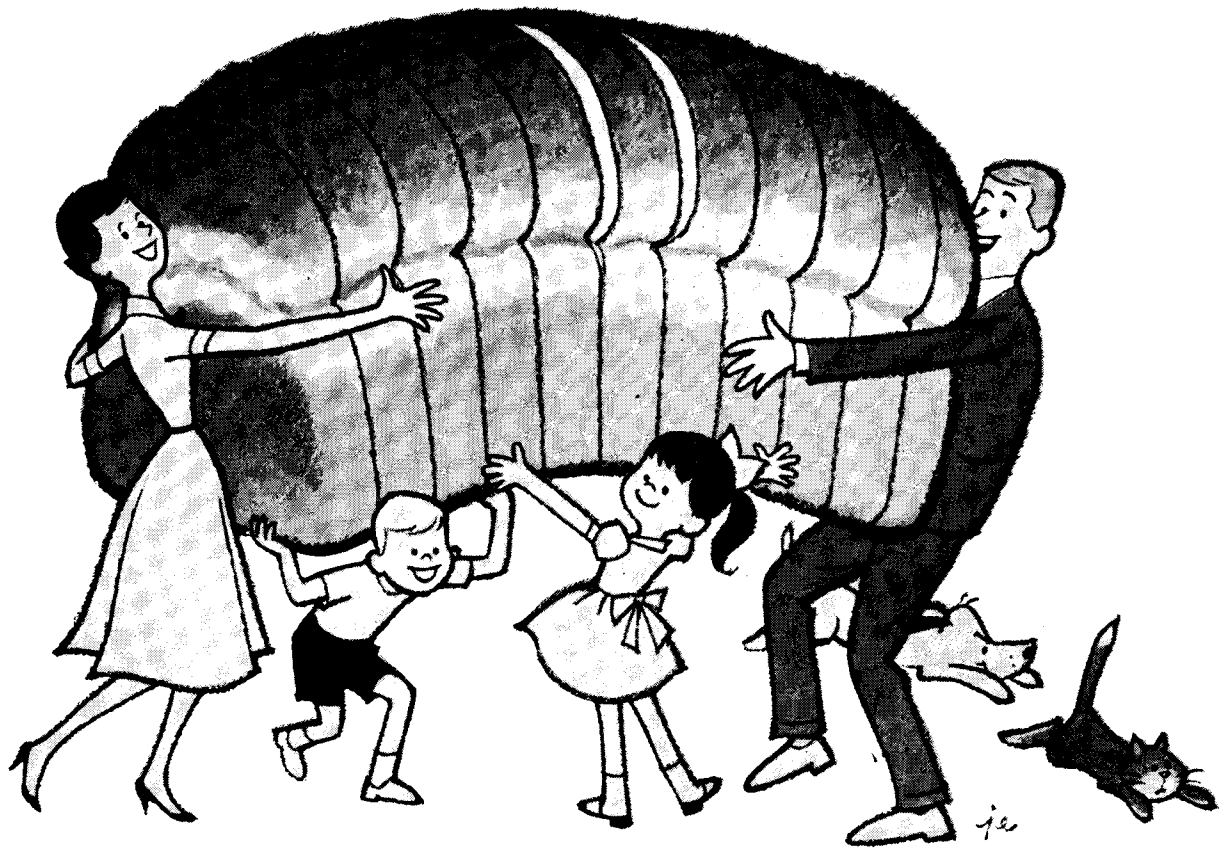
We need also to review our attitudes toward state and local taxation. In a poor country there are sound reasons for reluctance in taxing objects of everyday consumption in order to have more public services and amenities. But we are not a poor country, and personal development has become not a service but an investment. So states and localities should no longer hesitate to use sales and excise taxes to pay for schools and universities. And liberals, in particular, should control their indignation when this is proposed.

There is another possible way of putting provision for personal development on a par with that in physical capital. We assume that a corporation, either by withholding from earnings or by resort to the capital market, will assume responsibility for improving and expanding its physical plant. The pressure for voluntary contributions by corporations to education reflects a feeling that there is a similar responsibility for personal development. Corporations are the largest employers of trained talent. They reap the rewards from such people. Why shouldn't they pay part of the cost of training this talent?

Perhaps they should. And while voluntary contributions which many do not pay are inequitable as well as inadequate, a payroll tax for education and training would encounter no similar objection. As a percentage of total payroll the levy would be roughly proportioned to the quantity and quality of the people employed. Thus it would be related to benefit from past investment in personal development; and it would mean that the company was assuming its rough share of the cost of replacing with improved talent the skilled workers, technicians, scientists and executives whom it employs. Initially the tax would presumably be borne, in the form of higher prices, by the consumers of product. Ultimately the better talent would bring better methods, improved efficiency and lower prices.

Corporations are now at great pains to explain that their prices must include provision for earnings sufficient to replace and expand their physical capital. This, they regularly assure their public, means that production will continue and be more efficient in the future. But, as the National Bureau figures show, we have more to gain from improving the quality of people. So a levy for this purpose would be an even better bargain.

Maybe there are other ways of augmenting the flow of resources into personal development. Since the society is changing, we dare not assume that we have thought the last thoughts on the subject. For man has not retreated before the machine; rather the machine has become desperately dependent on the improvement of man. And our economy is better suited to supply machines than to improve men. THE END



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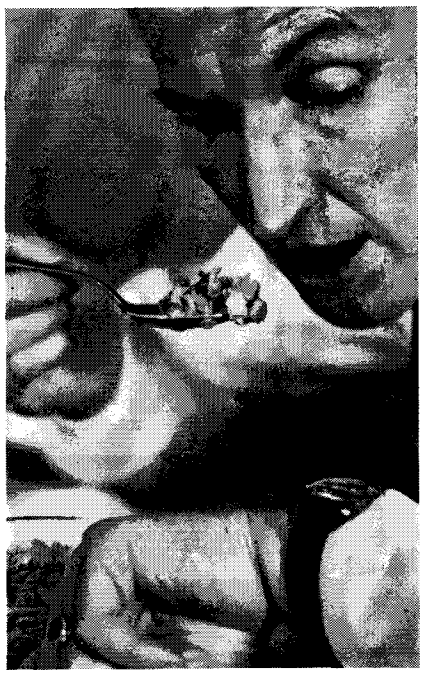

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The sunset years can be more fun when you eat plenty of good protein foods. Protein is essential for maintaining and repairing body tissues. An easy way to get important protein is a serving of Special K and milk at either breakfast or bedtime every day.

The Disease That Fooled X Rays

(Continued from Page 24)

Dr. Clayton G. Loosli, dean of the University of Southern California Medical School and a pioneer in histo research, has made some estimates on the number of Americans currently infected by the fungus. On the basis of the many studies done, he concludes the total may run as high as 30,000,000. Most of these are harmless infections which go unnoticed. Nevertheless, experts estimate that severe cases probably kill from several hundred to 1000 Americans yearly—fairly startling figures considering that a world-wide total of only about seventy-five cases were reported from 1906 to 1945.

Most doctors, hearing about histo for the first time, have wondered how this common infection could remain concealed so long in the medically advanced United States. Actually the mystery is easily explained. Dr. Michael L. Furcolow, who heads the United States Public Health Service's histo research program in Kansas City, Kansas, estimates that two thirds or more of the thousands of histo infections that occur yearly are symptomless and harmless—though even such "silent" cases often scar the lungs. Also significant in keeping the disease hidden is its peculiar ability to mimic many other common ailments. It not only imitates tuberculosis but has also appeared in the guise of chest colds, influenza, virus pneumonia, pneumonitis, meningitis, typhoid and, rarely, cancer. Occasionally it causes severe ulcerations in the mouth, intestines or genitals.

An outbreak among twenty-six soldiers in Camp Gruber, Oklahoma, for example, was reported in 1944 as "pneumonitis." While on maneuvers one cold day the soldiers had built a fire in a storm cellar; days later all twenty-six were seriously ill with lung congestion and fever, and after months of hospitalization, twenty-one were given medical discharges.

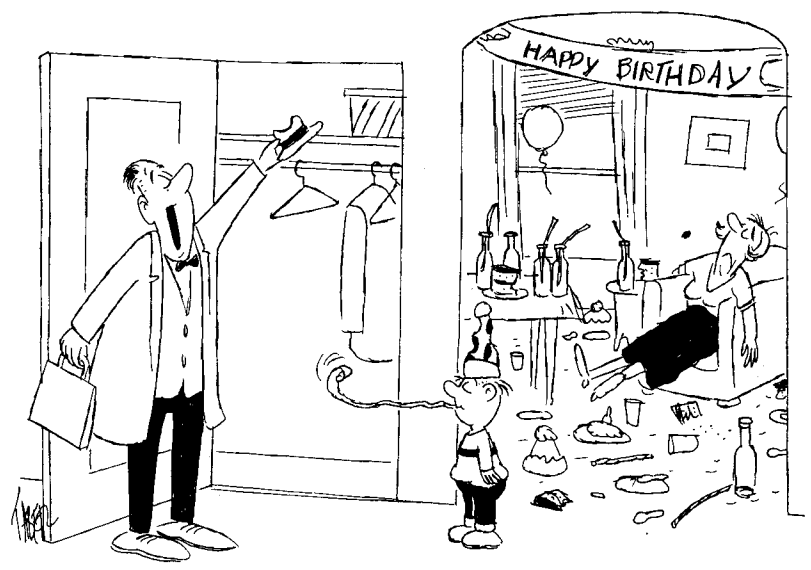
Similar episodes were reported by doctors under a variety of colorful but vague diagnoses. Thus an outbreak involving ten fishermen, laid low after digging a batch of worms, was labeled "angleworm pneumonia," while an infected party of speleologists were told they had contracted "cave sickness." The real nature of such cases was not revealed until the early 1950's when Doctor Furcolow and his associate, Dr. J. T. Grayston, tracked down many of the victims. Using X rays and recently developed laboratory tests, the medical sleuths were able to prove that histo had caused the baffling infections. One researcher, noting how often such cases occurred in people who rummaged around in musty places, has even suggested that histo is the true explanation of "the curse of King Tut"—the pneumonialike ailment that killed Lord Carnarvon soon after he helped open Tutankhamen's famous tomb in 1923.

Histo is still a tough diagnostic problem, but it is far easier to spot than it used to be. Formerly diagnosis had to be made by actually finding the fungus in the body—a tricky business. In 1948, however, a helpful blood test was devised by Dr. Daniel J. Tenenberg of the United States Public Health Service. This test reveals the presence in the blood of histo antibodies—substances the body produces to fight the infection—thus indicating indirectly that the disease is present. Other valuable laboratory tests have been devised since then, and diagnosticians have been helped enormously by the discoveries of the myriad forms and symptoms of the disease.

Occasionally an infection in a person with little immunity will disseminate. In these cases the fungus spreads via the blood stream to all parts of the body, causing a bewildering and chaotic assortment of symptoms. Though very rare, disseminated histo is of great concern because its victims often are children. About a dozen such youngsters are seen yearly at Vanderbilt University Hospital in Nashville, Tennessee, a center for the study of histo. Frequently they are critically ill when they are brought to the hospital because their disease was not recognized until late in its course.

Typical of such children was little David Grimes. In 1948 his parents consulted Dr. Amos Christie about David, who was then eight months old and apparently dying. Doctor Christie, who holds the Chair of Pediatrics at Vanderbilt University School of Medicine, is a genial, vigorous man of middle years whose discoveries about histoplasmosis won him one of United States medicine's elite awards—the John Phillips Memorial Medal of the American College of Physicians, given for an outstanding contribution to internal medicine. Doctor Christie was not cheered by either the appearance or the history of the Grimes baby. David was feverish and emaciated, and his tiny abdomen was badly bloated.

David's pretty, young mother said her son's health had been good until he was about three months old. "Then one night," she told Doctor Christie, "when I took a peek at him in his crib, I saw that he was white as a sheet and almost



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What's for supper? I'm starving."

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lifeless." A doctor, hastily summoned, put David in a nearby hospital, where tests indicated he had meningitis. Penicillin seemed to produce brief improvement, but soon David was sicker than ever. Because of severe intracranial pressure—not uncommon in meningitis—his skull was opened and a blood clot removed from his brain. Short-lived improvement was followed by another relapse. Doctors, noting his enlarged spleen and liver and some odd blood findings, made a tentative diagnosis of leukemia and referred the case to Doctor Christie.

Within a week, with the aid of laboratory tests, Doctor Christie knew what really ailed David: His blood was full of *Histoplasma capsulatum*, which had invaded many of his vital organs. To Doctor Christie, this was ominous news, for he knew that all forty-five children previously brought to Vanderbilt with disseminated histo had died. Because the situation was desperate, he obtained Mr. and Mrs. Grimes' permission to give David a drug—ethyl vanillate—that had been tested in animals, but never used in human beings. Though Doctor Christie now prefers other drugs, this one proved effective in David's case. Ten days after he began taking it, his blood was free of fungus and he was on the mend. Today David is a bright, athletic youngster who is normal in every way.

Cases like David's were among the many incidents that sparked Doctor Christie's interest in histoplasmosis. When he came to Vanderbilt in 1943, he shared the opinion of most United States physicians that it was a rare tropical ailment. The tropical label had been pinned on it back in 1905 when it was discovered in the Panama Canal Zone by a sharp-eyed young American pathologist, Samuel Taylor Darling. While performing an autopsy on a man who supposedly had died of tuberculosis, Doctor Darling spotted some strange oval organisms that were new to him. Mistakenly thinking they were protozoa—the class of organism which includes the malaria parasite—he christened them *Histoplasma capsulatum* and called the disease they cause histoplasmosis.

For many years thereafter the strange infection was very rarely diagnosed, and its true nature remained a mystery until researchers at Vanderbilt made a series of discoveries about it. The first of these occurred in 1932 when Dr. Edna Tompkins, an anatomy professor, was consulted about a dying baby with a peculiar anemia. Doctor Tompkins had seen *Histoplasma* only once, but she recognized it in a sample of the baby's blood. When the infant died, she asked Dr. William A. DeMonbreun, Vanderbilt pathologist, to make a study of the organism. Doctor DeMonbreun, who now heads the laboratories of the Nashville General Hospital, identified the cause of the disease as a fungus—not a protozoan as Darling had thought—and was able to make cultures of it. In discussing this work now, he describes the organism with something of the fondness of an art collector displaying his favorite piece. "*Histoplasma*," he says, "are very pretty, interesting things to work with. To the naked eye they look like fruit mold, but under the microscope the spore form, in which the fungi grow at room temperature, look like knobby balls. You can get the disease only by inhaling these spores, and since they quickly convert to what we call the yeast form once they get into the body, you can't catch histo from someone else. For this reason we term it a 'disease of nature'."

After Doctor DeMonbreun's work was published, no one did much about histo until Doctor Christie came to Vanderbilt in 1943. At that time many doctors were puzzled by a problem which apparently had no connection with the disease. The tuberculin skin test, a valuable diagnostic tool, was fast falling into disrepute. To be of value in screening large groups, the test should indicate with close to 100 per cent accuracy the presence of active or healed tuberculosis anywhere in the body. Lung X rays taken in some parts of the country—Seattle and Boston, for example—indicated that the skin test's accuracy was actually this high. In many Central and Southern states, however, X rays of persons with negative tuberculin tests often showed calcium deposits considered typical of healed tuberculosis.

This oddity had been noted often in Tennessee, and it puzzled Doctor Christie. "Either the test worked differently in Seattle and Boston than in Nashville," he says, "or else some other infection was causing these lung markings. About the time I reached this conclusion I saw for the first time a child dying of histo. Within a year I saw several more. I wondered why this disease . . . kept popping up in Tennessee. It seemed possible that it also existed in unrecognized, nonfatal forms which might be causing the lung calcifications common in tuberculin-negative people in this area."

To investigate this idea, Doctor Christie and his associate, Dr. J. C. Peterson, devised a histo skin test using a harmless extract of Doctor DeMonbreun's culture which caused reddening when applied to the skin of persons who had at any time been infected by *Histoplasma*. When the extract was applied to 181 Tennessee children, the results were startling: They showed that a large majority had been infected by the fungus. And among the seventy-eight children in the group whose X rays showed what appeared to be tuberculous scarring, results were particularly significant, for sixty-eight had positive histo skin tests, while less than a third had positive tuberculin tests. Similar results soon were obtained on a much larger scale when Dr. Carroll E. Palmer, director of tuberculosis field studies for the United States Public Health Service, set up histo skin tests for 3000 nurses in Detroit, Kansas City, Minneapolis and Philadelphia. These showed that about 25 per cent had at some time had histo infections—and of those whose lungs showed "tuberculous" markings, almost 80 per cent were histoplasmin-positive and only about one fourth that many were tuberculin-positive.

These results neatly solved the mystery of why so many people with "tuberculous" lung scarring had negative tuberculin skin tests: Obviously such scars were often due to histo. Thus the validity of the valuable tuberculin test was restored, the stigma of past tuberculosis was removed from many people, and histo was established as a common and usually mild infection.

Skin testing has demonstrated that histo most often flares up in our central river valleys, possibly because of climate or soil conditions which favor fungus

To Trap a Bachelor

News Item: English clubwoman suggests the arrest of all bachelors.

This really, don't you know,
Isn't quite sporting.
And what would be the
charge, ma'am?
Contempt of courting?

K. Laure

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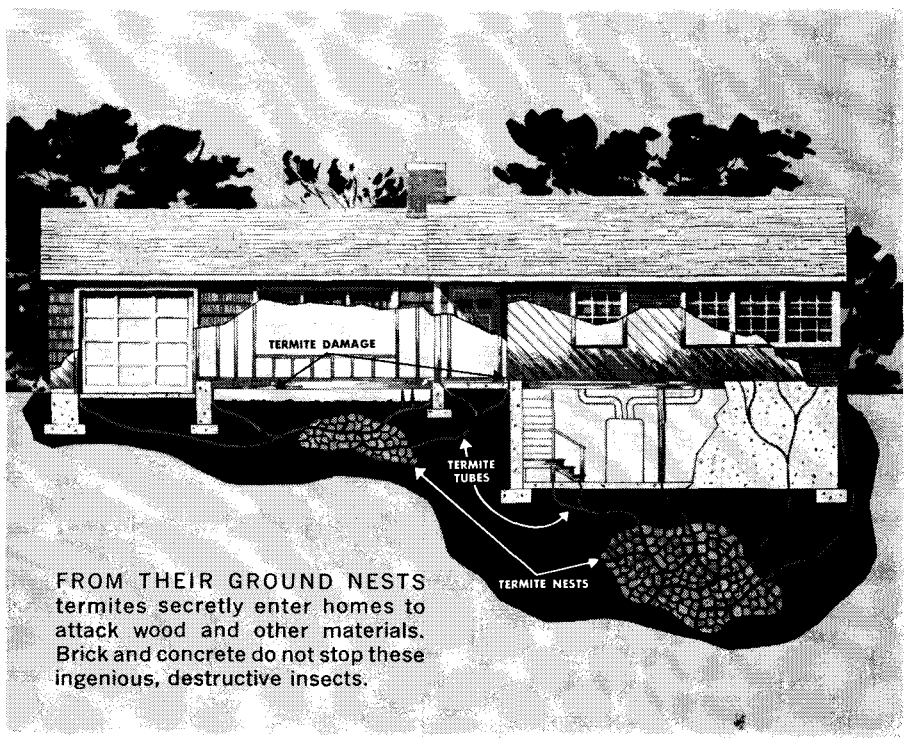

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growth. In much of Kentucky, Missouri, Ohio and Tennessee more than 80 per cent of those tested are histoplasmin-positive. In Alabama, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maryland, Mississippi, Eastern Texas and Virginia infection rates range from 30 to 80 per cent. In Arizona, Georgia, Louisiana and Nebraska the rates are much lower, and in the remaining states even less.

Dr. Jan Schwarz, director of laboratory mycology at Cincinnati General Hospital and associate director of the clinical laboratories of the Jewish Hospital in that city, states, "Here in Cincinnati very competent pediatricians consider that the most common cause of fever of unknown origin—which affects a very large group—is *Histoplasma* infection." Doctor Schwarz points out that although people usually recover spontaneously from its common, mild forms, about one death due to histo is found among each 300 routine autopsies in the laboratories with which he is associated.

The Public Health Service's Doctor Furcolow believes most deaths could be prevented by prompt treatment. Since early diagnosis of severe cases is essential, and since few laboratories have personnel who can perform the necessary tests, the Public Health Service field station in Kansas City often is consulted by physicians trying to diagnose the disease.

The field station is also concerned with preventing severe histo. In theory this should be simple, for the sources of infection are known. The fungus is most often found in damp soil—particularly soil contaminated by bird droppings—but usually causes no trouble unless stirred up in some way. Researchers believe that most severe cases of histo result from visits to enclosed places where the organism is growing profusely. Among rural populations some of the worst cases have involved people who vigorously cleaned chicken houses.

Chickens, in fact, have figured in so many outbreaks that *Histoplasma* has been nicknamed "the chicken fungus." Actually the fungus is harmless to birds, a point clarified by the studies of Dr. L. D. Zeidberg, professor of epidemiology at Vanderbilt. "When we repeatedly inoculated chickens with *Histoplasma*, they stayed healthy and the fungus rapidly disappeared from their tissues," he said. "Apparently birds neither get histo nor carry it, but droppings make a good medium for the fungus to grow in."

The Public Health Service considers the presence of so much fungus in chicken houses a menace, and advises poultrymen to wet down the interiors of old buildings before cleaning them, and to wear masks while doing so. What may happen when such precautions are not observed is dramatically illustrated by the experiences of a Missouri farm family. Soon after they renovated an ancient chicken coop, all four children and their mother were hospitalized with "pneumonia," which quickly proved to be the pneumonitis-like epidemic form of histo—so-called because a single source often infects a number of people. Eventually the stricken family recovered and re-enacted their experiences in a Public Health Service movie, which is now being circulated to educate rural audiences about the disease.

Nearly 400 cases of this epidemic form of histo have been identified in the United States. The largest outbreak occurred in a grade school in the little town of Mountain Home, Arkansas, and almost caused a panic. In February of 1955 several children there developed fever, weakness and lung congestion. When the youngsters failed to respond to any of the wonder drugs, parents became alarmed. Dr. Benjamin N. Saltzman, county health officer, pored over the children's X rays, noting with particular concern one that seemed to show lesions of miliary tuberculosis. The child was not sick enough to justify this sinister diagnosis, and Doctor Saltzman suddenly recalled that the X ray also resembled one labeled HISTOPLASMOSIS which he once had seen reproduced in a medical text. Meanwhile more cases had developed, and worried parents were clamoring for "action." Doctor Saltzman relayed an S O S to the Public Health Service in Kansas City.

Within twenty-four hours Drs. Tom D. Y. Chin and George B. Paxton were on the scene, and the town quickly became one big laboratory. The state tuberculosis association provided a mobile X-ray unit, townspeople served as clerks, parents gave permission for various tests, and physicians set to work performing them. Results showed that *Histoplasma* fungus had infected more than 100 children, of whom thirty-six had fairly severe cases. Despite the lack of effective drugs, all the children eventually recovered, though some were ill for several weeks.

Probable source of infection at the Mountain Home school—a load of coal dumped outside the windows of a classroom. The air had become thick with coal dust as the coal was shoveled through the chute windows beneath the classroom. And the situation was aggravated by the fact that school buses rechurned this dust every time they passed the area.

While such outbreaks of epidemic histo are dramatic and sometimes dangerous, the illness they cause is brief compared to that caused by cavitary histo. So well are cavitary cases masked by their resemblance to tuberculosis that, in the words of Doctor Furcolow, "No expert in the world can distinguish the two on the basis of X rays and symptoms alone." Nevertheless, it should be emphasized that the average sanatorium patient need not fear misdiagnosis, for tuberculosis can be unmistakably identified in the overwhelming majority of cases by the finding of tubercle bacilli in the sputum.

Some tuberculosis sanatoriums turn up histo cases only occasionally, while others report a rather high incidence. One of the latter is the Missouri State Sanatorium, which has, within the last six years, spotted cavitary histo in 130 persons admitted with a diagnosis of t.b. Dr. Charles A. Brasher, superintendent and medical director, says this constitutes about 2 per cent of admissions. The Middle Tennessee Tuberculosis Hospital in Nashville, also long aware of the problem, has been finding cases even more often. Dr. Wilder W. Hubbard, medical director, reports that cavitary histo has been diagnosed in about 4 per cent of recent admissions. Not long ago the Tennessee legislature amended state laws so that such patients can be cared for in state sanatoriums previously reserved for the tuberculous.

This raises the interesting question of whether, in years past, histo patients were diagnosed as tuberculous. There seems to be little doubt that this has happened. The Missouri State Sanatorium, which has one of the most advanced histo programs in the country, has reviewed the cases of patients operated on for the removal of a tuberculoma—a type of tuberculous tissue—from the lung. Before improved tissue-staining methods became available it was almost impossible to distinguish these cases from histo. Since then Dr. Henry C. Sweany, the sanatorium's director of research pathology, has re-examined tissue preserved from such operations and in about twenty instances found that the fungus disease, not tuberculosis, was the real culprit.

The surgery performed in these cases was perfectly appropriate treatment, but to set the record straight the ex-patients involved were notified of the revised diagnoses. They will find the information valuable, for employers and insurance companies generally cast a chilly eye on the formerly tuberculous patient, but look with more favor on the one who has recovered from histo. This is because the latter is less likely to have a recurrence and represents no threat of contagion.

In this connection, Doctor Hubbard points out that the stigma of tuberculosis probably was placed unnecessarily on many men found unfit for military service during World War II. Thousands were rejected for "excessive calcification"—which was medical lingo for "extensive healed tuberculosis." Doctors now know that in many cases the calcification was due to healed histo.

"Don't call us; we'll call you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Though some measures—surgery, bed rest and good diet—are helpful in both tuberculosis and histo, drugs effective in tuberculosis have absolutely no effect on the fungus disease. But the antifungal agent Amphotericin B can be life-saving—as it was in the case of an elderly farmer who first became severely ill in 1936 after cleaning out a moldy hayloft. For twenty-two years thereafter he was seen by a succession of chest specialists who thought he had tuberculosis, but were unable to establish a definite diagnosis. In 1958, seriously ill, he was examined at Sunnyslope Sanatorium in Ottumwa, Iowa, and *Histoplasma* finally was cultured from his sputum. Amphotericin B was begun promptly, and after a few months he was well enough to be discharged. Though encouraged by such results, physicians feel that Amphotericin B needs further evaluation, particularly in regard to some adverse effects, such as feverishness, which occasionally accompany its use. It also has the disadvantage of requiring frequent administration by vein over a period of several hours—a regimen which is hard on a patient who has to take it for months.

Doctor Christie finds that sulfonamides often are effective in histo. He gives huge doses of a combination of sulfadiazine, sulfamethazine and sulfamerazine in severe, disseminated cases and has seen some desperately sick children recover after such treatment.

Other physicians in Nashville also report remarkable results with sulfas. One recalls a woman who came to him with histo mouth ulcerations so severe that she could not eat. "We fixed her up," he recalls, "with a stomach tube, a formula like a baby's and a big prescription of sulfa." Another doctor tells of an elderly man with a huge sore on his tongue, swollen neck glands and a record of a thirty-pound weight loss. From these signs the physician felt certain he was dealing with mouth cancer. "The sore looked so much like it," he says, "that I was sure we would have to take half his tongue off. Then the lab report came back—the lesion was full of histo! After we gave him sulfa he recovered completely."

Unfortunately, neither sulfa nor Amphotericin B is always effective, and doctors concerned with the problem are searching for a powerful oral drug. Such a drug might also be useful in other fungus diseases; for example, coccidioidomycosis—valley fever—which occurs most often in California. These systemic fungus infections, long neglected, are now under vigorous attack. Histo, as the most prevalent, has been subjected to an enormous amount of research in recent years, and consequently a great deal has been learned about it in a relatively short period. For this reason experts are confident that this freakish and fascinating disease—scarcely recognized in the United States fifteen years ago—soon will be counted among the many problems to which American medical men have found effective solutions. THE END

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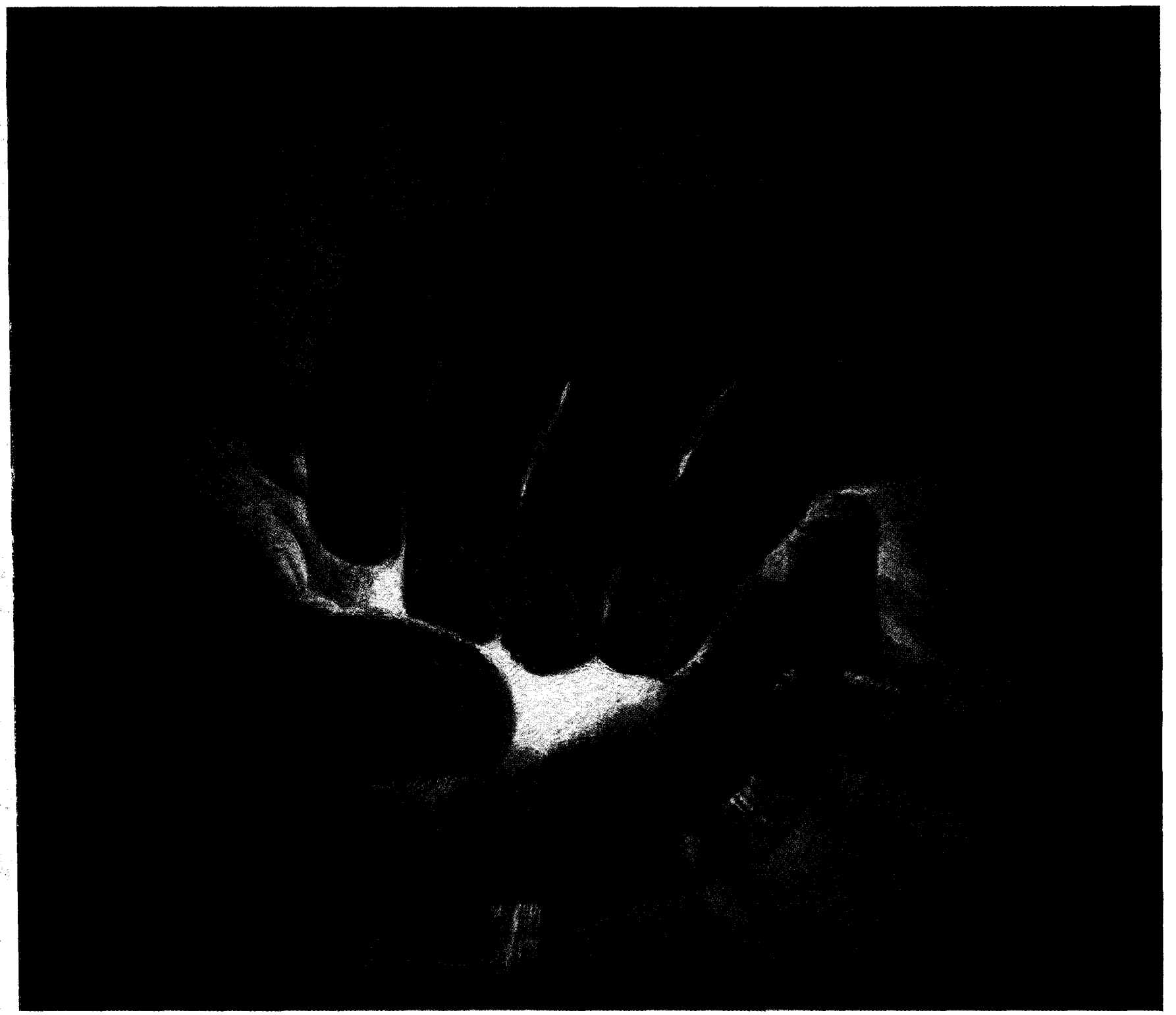

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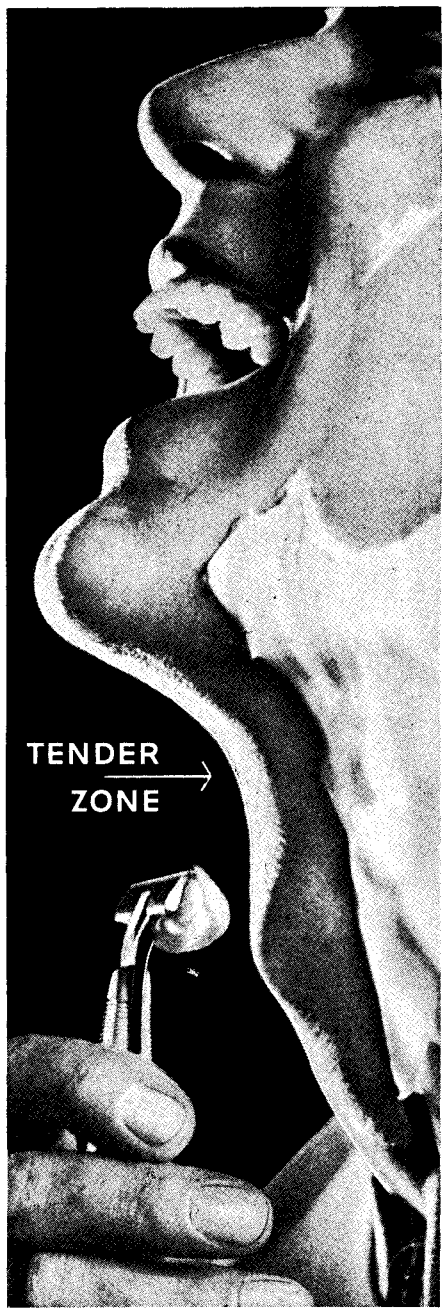

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REGULAR OR MENTHOL 69¢

Keeping Posted

He Keeps a File on the Kremlin

Reporter Salisbury in Moscow.

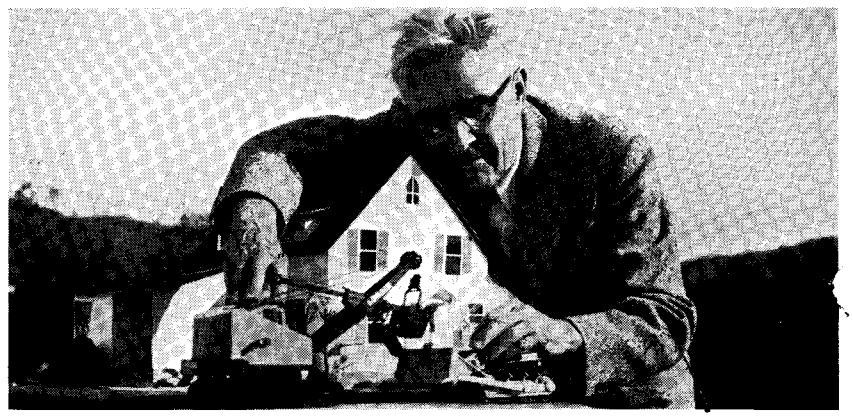
Iowa farmer Roswell Garst was somewhat annoyed by the swarm of newsmen hovering around him and his guest, Nikita S. Khrushchev, last September. "If you fellows don't get out of here," he warned, "I'm going to kick you out!" Without further ado, Garst booted a reporter, then remarked to his victim, "—even if your name is **Harrison Salisbury.**"

In his many years as a correspondent in Russia, Salisbury was kicked around quite a bit—but not physically—by the Reds. He was arrested periodically for committing the crime of taking photographs. Salisbury was born in Minneapolis in 1908, became a reporter for the *Minneapolis Journal* while still in college. He worked for the United Press for many years and was their foreign news editor in 1948, when *The New York Times* hired him to work in Moscow. After his return home in 1954, he appraised Soviet Russia in a series of articles which won him a Pulitzer prize. The series stimulated Kremlin leaders to denounce him loudly and to deny him permission to return to the U.S.S.R.

When First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan came to the United States as Khrushchev's advance scout last year, Salisbury said he would like to revisit the Soviet Union. "Why not?" replied Mikoyan, as though the welcome mat always had been out. The result of this four-month trip—which took Salisbury all the way to Outer Mongolia—is a book, *To Moscow—and Beyond*, to be published March twenty-eighth by Harper. Our page 19 article and a second which will appear two weeks hence are drawn from that book.

Story Designer at Work

How does a writer go about writing a *Post* story? Elementary, claims **William Hazlett Upson** of Middlebury, Vermont. "The actual writing—putting the words on paper—is not too important. What counts is designing the story." In our photograph we see Upson at work designing a forthcoming adventure of the world's greatest tractor salesman, Alexander Botts. The plot: Tractor operator tells homeowner his house is about to be shoved aside to make room for superhighway. Homeowner asks to be excused, slips out back door, climbs aboard power shovel and tries to push tractor off cliff (right). As tractor shrieks for help, tractor operator rushes out—"and then we have a sort of *Monitor* and *Merrimac* fight between a tractor and a power shovel." At this point Botts appears on the scene in a helicopter and things really begin to get interesting. That's all Upson will tell us about this story; he doesn't want to spoil the surprise. For a Botts story which doesn't end in the middle—his 100th *Post* escapade since he made his debut in 1927—see page 22.



William Hazlett Upson hatching plot. The tractor (right) is the villain.

Tales of the Authors

Introducing . . . Mollie Gillen.

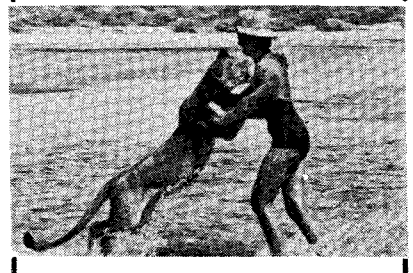
Mollie Gillen—her first *Post* story is on page 34—was born in Australia, the descendant of a convict who was transported there for refusing to obey an order about the wearing of the kilt in the Black Watch. But our author now is on good terms with the Queen's uniformed servants: She's the wife of an R.C.A.F. warrant officer in Ottawa.

Constance Gilleo began her first article for *The Post* (see page 24) in Summit, New Jersey, and completed it in Menlo Park, California, when her physicist husband accepted a job with an aircraft firm out there. "He does scientific writing, too," says Mrs. Gilleo, "but his manuscripts have titles like Superexchange Interaction in Ferrimagnetic Garnets and Spinels Which Contain Randomly Incomplete Linkages."

Samuel Grafton (page 25) muses that it is ten years since he gave up his syndicated newspaper column and settled down to free-lance writing in Ridgefield, Connecticut. For a long time he had a disturbing feeling that this arrangement lacked something vital. When he realized that this something was the noise of a newspaper city room, he moved his typewriter into the room where his children do their homework. "The effect is much the same, and I've been writing happily ever since."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Lady and the Lion"



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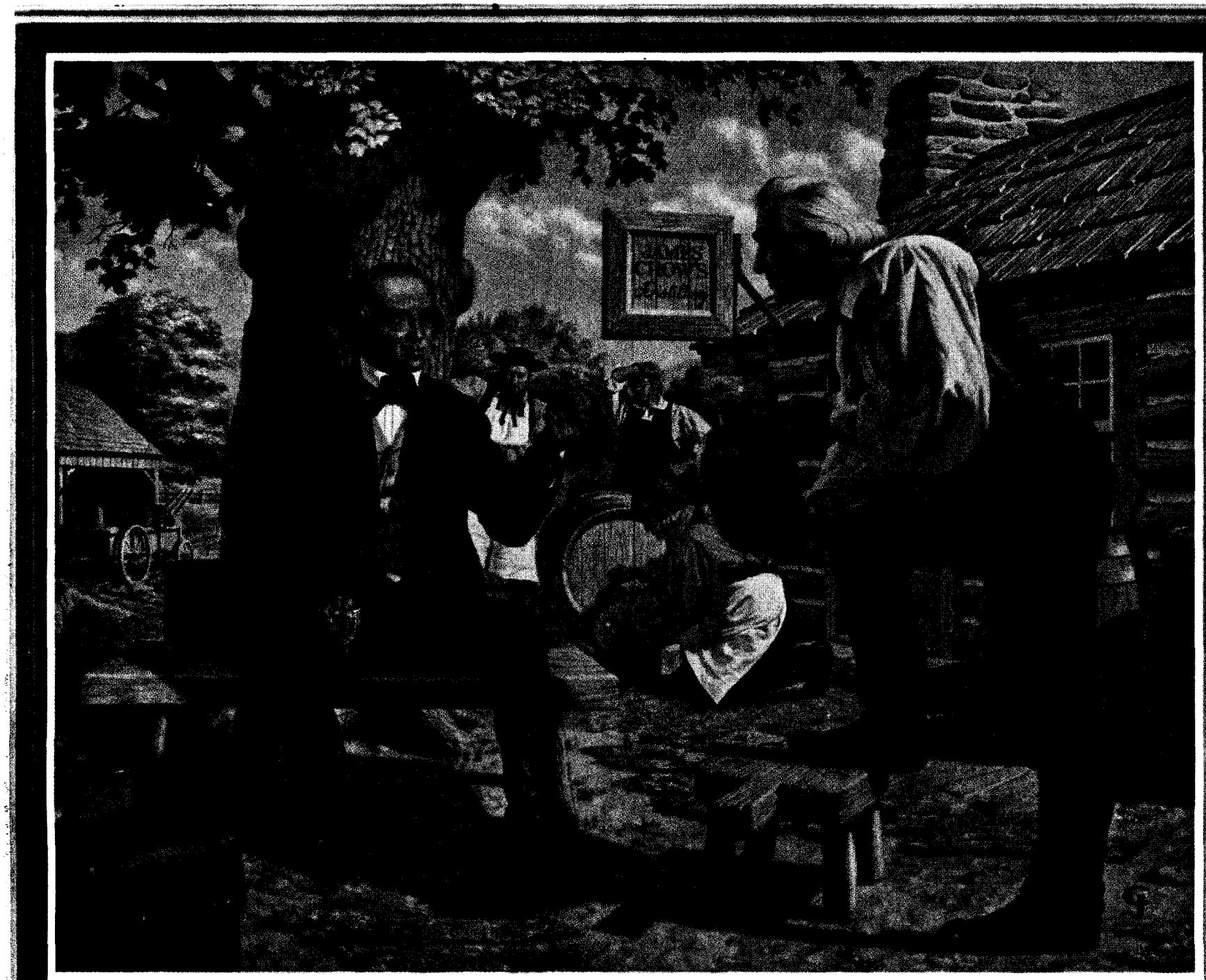

Daniel Webster visits his friend James Crow

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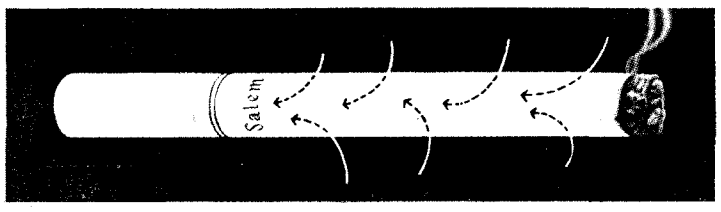

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